





Class PR 9161

Book B 59





THE  
C R U S A D E S ,  
AND OTHER  
POEMS.

BY  
JOHN BREAKENRIDGE,  
OF OSGOODE HALL, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.



The humble boon was soon obtained ;  
The *daring* minstrel audience gained.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Perchance he wished his boon denied ;  
For when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease  
Which marks security to please :

KINGSTON :  
PUBLISHED BY JOHN ROWLANDS.

MDCCCXLVI.

PR4161  
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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
CHARLES THEOPHILUS, BARON METCALFE,  
OF FERNHILL, IN THE COUNTY OF BERKS,  
LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.,  
WHOSE UNIVERSAL LIBERALITY,  
AND  
MANY ENNOBLING QUALITIES,  
HAVE RENDERED HIS MEMORY DEAR TO THE PEOPLE OF CANADA,  
THIS VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,  
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



## P R E F A C E.

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IN undertaking to submit a volume of Poems to my subscribers, I have imposed a task upon myself from which, perhaps, more mature reflection would have induced me to abstain.

I should be happy to think that each individual subscriber would find in this volume something to please or interest him.

My muse must speak for herself. With the modest Kirke White (though with much more reason for being bashful) I am inclined to exclaim—

No hand, the diapason o'er,  
Well skilled, I throw with sweep sublime ;  
For me no academic lore  
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,  
Or build the polished rhyme.

I feel that “THE CRUSADES” is a very inappropriate title for the volume; but the truth is, the longer Poem, which I have placed at the end, remained unfinished when the Prospectus was published.

In the final Poem (*Laïza*) I have hazarded descriptions founded solely upon my reading; and should I, in such things, have fallen into error, I hope a lenient judgment will be exercised.

“The Highlands of Æthiopia,” by Major Cornwallis Harris; Stephens’ “Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, etc.”; “The Crescent and the Cross”; Bruce’s Travels; and “George,” a

Novel by Alexandre Dumas; together with Victor Hugo's "Bug Jargal"; Lewis's West Indies; Lamartine's "Voyage en Orient"; and "Life in the New World, by Seatsfield"; have each in turn afforded me some information or hint on the subject-matter of the Poem.

I claim an indulgent criticism from my readers as a Canadian. Although I cannot expect that great faults will be passed over in silence, I hope that this consideration will shield me from reproof.

To those who have honoured me by their subscription, I beg leave to return my sincere acknowledgments,

And remain,

Their obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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## **The Crusades.**



THE  
BATTLE OF DORYLÆUM,  
IN THE VALLEY OF GORGON.<sup>1</sup>

---

'Tis at eve—in the valley the white tents are spread ;  
The sun, swift descending, beams lustrously red ;  
Flashing here, gleaming there, on the golden hued clouds,  
Ere the shadow of night the horizon enshrouds.

Unharnessed, the chargers all heated, behold  
The river so bright through the green meadows rolled ;  
Gleam their eyes—heave their chests—all in chorus they neigh,  
And fain would career to the waters away !

Pennants gay, nodding plumes, gorgeous banners are there,  
And the bugle note floats on the still evening air :  
Till at length all the tumult of armed thousands flown,  
Naught is heard but the tramp of the sentry alone.

\* \* \* \* \*

While they sleep—while they dream—afar off in the plain,  
To the sound of the cymbals, the trumpets refrain,  
The Sultan rides on with the speed of the wind,  
And spearmen in myriads careering behind !

Snowy white are their turbans, but brighter the play  
 Of the crescent, there gleaming beneath the moon's ray !  
 Thousands crowding on thousands, they rush evermore,  
 Banner bearers and war-breathing music before.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis morning—the sun on that vale ever fair  
 Pours a rich flooding light through the balm-breathing air ;  
 Tents are struck, flags unfurled—all is life-like again,  
 As the host of the Christians moves on through the plain.

In advance ride the Cavaliers, gallant and bold,  
 Clad in hauberks of steel, wearing helmets of gold ;  
 On they ride, gaily prancing, their hearts beating high,  
 Ever ready in battle, all fearless to die.

Soon crowning the hills that rise frowning before,  
 They see the proud Turk's marshalled legions once more ;  
 They hear the loud clash of the cymbals resound,  
 Wildly blent with the war-breathing clarion's sound !

All wondering they halt—but their hearts know no fear :  
 Exulting they bound when the foemen are near ;  
 Though thousands on thousands, in myriads they lie,  
 Like the wild beasts that crouch on their victims to fly.

Now advancing, all glorious, with banners outspread,  
 Comes the host of the Cross, by Lord Boemond led.  
 Hark ! the bugle-call sounds for the stragglers return !  
 And the Knights for the battle with fierce ardour burn.

O ! why in that hour was De Bouillon not there,  
 In the danger, the toil, and the glory to share ?  
 Far away to the Eastward his squadrons advance,  
 Never dreaming of work for the falchion or lance !

All at once comes a gallant Knight, breathless and pale,  
 And silently points—upward points through the vale ;  
 'Tis enough—“ To the rescue, De Bouillon !” they cry,  
 And wheeling, their chargers at full gallop fly !

\*       \*       \*       \*

Hark ! the thunder-stamp coming of squadrons that bound ;  
 The earth reeling, trembles and groans at the sound ;  
 Down the Moslemah dash, like the Parthians of old,  
 A legion of horse, decked with housings of gold.

Their scimitars gleam in the sun, waved on high ;  
 And borne on the air comes their fierce battle cry ;  
 Like the breakers of ocean, storm driven, they roar,  
 “ Il Allah ! Il Allah !”—they shout evermore !

O ! who in the path of their legions shall stand,  
 Unnumbered, like grains of the surf beaten sand ;  
 Vain, vain seems the valour of Christendom there :  
 Vain the prowess of Knight—vain the fervour of prayer !

O, no ! never vain ! Lo ! dismounted they kneel,  
 The Knights of the Cross, in their armour of steel ;  
 A moment, and then to the saddle they spring,  
 And forth in defiance their brave banners fling !

There, shining resplendent in crimson, behold !  
 The Cross on their standards of silver unrolled ;  
 There the flag of the Templars, alternately rayed  
 Black and white—the death bearer—is proudly displayed.

“ Fair to friends, fierce to foes”—lo ! their banner unfolds,  
 And straight in the pathway of danger it holds ;  
 O'er each cuirass is worn a fair robe, virgin white,  
 Where the Cross is embroidered, resplendent and bright.

They turn not, nor flee ; iron-visaged they stand,  
 On the foe every eye, on the lance every hand ;  
 While down, like a thunder-bolt coming, they hear  
 The trampling of squadrons, the wild battle cheer !

There, too, the Hospitallers stand side by side,  
 Whose robes, dark and mournful, the steel hauberk hide ;  
 Each Knight, nobly emulous, burning to bear  
 His part in the contest—the glory to share.

Brace your arms, noble Knights! nerve your hearts, gallant men !  
 Sternly struggle, as though ye should ne'er fight again !  
 “ God wills it ! God wills it !” to-day shall ye see  
 The armies of Soliman tremble and flee !

One moment of silence !—and then through the sky  
 The death-dealing shafts of the Osmanlis fly ;  
 They whistle, they rustle, swift-winged in their flight,  
 Bearing down the proud charger, unhorsing the Knight !

Beau-seant! Beau-seant! <sup>2</sup> *En avant*, brave Knights!  
 Where the foemen are thickest, the bold Templar fights ;  
 At that cry, swift descending, each lance is in rest,  
 To the flanks of their chargers the golden spur pressed !

O'er their helmets the gay plumes are waving in light,  
 And the sun on their armour shines lustrous and bright ;  
 Like an avalanche hurled, on the Moslems they dash,  
 And meet them at length with an earth-quaking crash !

Down topple their turbans, their banners go down,  
 Their leaders have turned, and the bravest have flown ;  
 But still, as they fly, they their arbalasts bend :  
 Retreating, a shower of arrows they send.

Swift their steeds as the wind ; light and agile they leap,  
 So that far from the death-dealing lances they keep ;  
 Till the Knights, worn and wearied, no longer essay  
 To bear down the ranks of their flying array.

They halt—form in line—every lance still in rest,  
 The steel corslet gleaming on each noble chest ;  
 While, rallying afresh to the contest, behold !  
 All brilliant with crimson, all glittering with gold,

Still squadron on squadron the Moslems rush in,  
 Like the tempest-lashed ocean, with roaring and din ;  
 Their ataghans flash, like a broad sea of steel ;  
 The Templars are stricken—Hospitallers reel !

O, woe ! for the brother of Tancred is slain !  
 The flower of our army lies stretched on the plain ;  
 Lo ! Tancred himself in the mêlée is lost,  
 Alone in the hands of the Saracen host !

To the rescue, Tarentum ! Tarentum ! they cry ;  
 And backward, affrighted, the Moslemah fly ;  
 He is saved—but thy banner, Otranto, is borne  
 Afar by the Moslems, all sullied and torn !

All at once from the rear echo cries of despair,  
 And the heavens are lit with a funeral glare ;  
 The Knights' gay pavilions are gleaming with flame !  
 The women are crying in anguish and shame !

Lo ! the Turk with his cavalry comes from the rear,  
 With the flashing of sabres, with victory's cheer ;  
 From the camp the death-wailings all dismally rise ;  
 At the breast of its mother the sweet infant dies ;

Dies the maiden in shame, by her ravisher's sword,  
 While kneeling her prayers are for mercy outpoured ;  
 For vengeance, for vengeance, O, God ! hear our prayer  
 In this hour of terror, of woe, and despair !

Hark ! hark ! from the field gallant Normandy's shout :  
 " Rally ! rally ! brave Knights, charge again—wheel about !  
 O ! Boemond, fly not—Apulia's afar :  
 Turn, for honor or death, turn again to the war !

“ Turn Tancred ! Otranto lies far from your ken ;  
 Whither fly you ? O, charge, gallant Tancred, again !  
 Bring hither my banner—‘ God wills it !’ I cry,  
 ’Tis better to fall, than dishonoured to fly !”

Shouting, Normandy ! Normandy ! fiercely he rides ;  
 And Tancred returning, the glory divides.  
 Hark ! again the blows ring on their armour of proof ;  
 Till again from their lances the foe holds aloof.

See dust on the hills to the Eastward arise !  
 In volumes extending, still upward it flies ;  
 And banners, and pennons, and lances are there :  
 ’Tis the army of Godfrey—the red Cross they bear !

Spurring on as for life, dashing down from the hills,  
 Their war-cry, resounding, the atmosphere fills ;  
 One by one, two by two, streaming onward, they pour  
 By thousands, by myriads—more, evermore.

O ! joy to the hearts of the gallant and brave,  
 Who lingered, despairing, their honour to save ;  
 To the rescue De Bouillon bears gallantly down,  
 And the Turks to the four winds of Heaven are strown.

O ! brilliant, and fearful, and proud the array  
 Of the phalanx of steel, as it sweeps on its way ;  
 Down hurling the Moslems, resistless it rolls  
 To the vultures their bodies—to Hades their souls !

God wills it ! God wills it ! resounds o'er the plain,  
 Dorylæum is won—Turkish valour is vain ;  
 Their bravest are doomed in the valley to die ;  
 The living are fain from the Templars to fly !

---

## CRUSA'DERS' HYMN

BEFORE JERUSALEM.<sup>3</sup>

---

Now onward ! for our banners in the wind are waving free ;  
 The Sultan's troops are streaming forth like to a surging sea ;  
 “ God wills it ! ” is our battle cry—Jerusalem our prize !  
 We couch the lance, we wield the sword, beneath our monarch's eyes !

Hark ! from the city of our God, our Saviour's hallowed shrine,  
 The Saracen's bold music floats, the silver crescents shine !  
 The Infidels have stalled their steeds within her sacred walls ;  
 To draw the sword, our Christian faith, our Knightly honor calls !  
 The sun is up ; on tower and wall he gilds the flashing spear,  
 But the Lord of Hosts is with us ! Shall Christian warriors fear ?

Raise not the lance, nor stay the sword from slaughter of the foe !  
 Peace offerings to the Holy Shrine, the Moslems' blood shall  
 flow !

Think on the weary pilgrim, o'er the long and toilsome way,  
 Who dragged his limbs to Salem's walls, his pious vows to pay :  
 Just Heaven ! the blighting breath of war surrounds the sacred  
 fane ;

His humble prayer is laughed to scorn—his march of toil is vain !  
 Look on the Holy City, that hath kissed a Saviour's feet !  
 E'en there the unbelieving dog with scorn our prayers would  
 greet !

Then spur the steed, and brace the arm, and shout defiance  
 high,  
 For the trumpet-call hath sounded, and the turbaned host  
 is nigh !

They come ! they come ! with hourrà wild, and many a  
 bristling spear,  
 And the war-cry of the Paynim band breaks on the startled ear !  
 They call, with words of mystery, high-shouted, earnest prayer,  
 On Mahomet, their Prophet false, his followers to spare ;  
 But we unto the living God our hopeful incense send,  
 While the shouts of rival hosts with words of adoration blend !  
 Lo ! in their van the crescent of bold Saladin afar,  
 Gleams brightly from the lesser host, and lights them to the war !  
 But our lion-hearted monarch waves aloft his trusty sword !  
 Then onward ! we will triumph in our arm of strength, the  
 Lord !

THE  
SIEGE OF ANTIOCH.<sup>4</sup>

---

With glittering spears, with banners sheen,  
And all the glorious pomp of war ;  
With valor in each Knightly mien,  
The Christian chivalry from far ;  
From every vine-clad hill of France,  
And from the banks of lovely Rhine,  
From Italy and Spain, advance  
The warrior pilgrims to the shrine  
Of him who on the Holy Hill  
Of Calvary his blood outpoured,  
Oblation meet the wrath to still  
That o'er the seed of Adam loured :  
And Britain, sea-girt Isle, hath sent  
Her heroes in the cause to fight ;  
All feuds in one great purpose blent,  
They march to battle for the right.

Godfrey De Bouillon first behold,  
In panoply of burnished steel ;  
Deftly he doth the saddle hold,  
Nor may his weight the war-horse feel :

In council calm, in action fierce,  
 And as Numidian lion bold,  
 He can in war the vanguard pierce,  
 In council, wisdom's plans unfold.

In former days, when Pilgrims told,  
 In castle hall, or lady's bower,  
 Of deeds that made the blood run cold,  
 Wrought by the bearded Moslem's power,

On those who to the Holy Shrine,  
 With sandal shoon, and scallop shell,  
 Went to implore the aid divine,  
 Pardon, perchance, to ask as well ;

De Bouillon by the rede would swear,  
 That not with staff and scrip would he  
 The cross to Palæstina bear !

His staff the steel-capped lance should be !  
 And when the glorious tidings burst  
 O'er Christendom, and Europe armed,  
 Among the Crucigerents first,

His standard borne, the foe alarmed !  
 Next him the zealous Hermit, he  
 Who first the Cross to Europe preached,  
 Till thousands, in a surging sea,

Zealots, the sacred banner reached !  
 His features marked, and open brow,  
 The signs of fervent truth unfold ;  
 Sackcloth denotes the Pilgrim's vow ;

His sword, the Priest in battle bold !  
 In order next, a gallant Knight,  
 Rides Hugh, the Count of Vermandois,  
 Blood Prince of France, and in the fight

Ever the first his sword to draw !

Then Boemond, Tarentum's Prince,  
Who, learning 'neath Amalfi's wall  
The glorious cause, unsheathed his sword,  
And giving up his broad lands all,  
His battle-axe on high he swung,  
Till on his armour crashing there  
The ponderous blow descending rung ;  
Thenceforth he vowed the cross to bear.  
But long 'twould take their names to tell,  
Each noble and each gallant Knight  
Who now the Christian vanguard swell,  
When, tried in many an Eastern fight,  
In serried ranks, with pennons gay,  
Rich streaming on the sun-bright air,  
As from the lances' heads they play,  
To Antioch their forces bear !  
From sounding trump, from clarion shrill,  
From beat of drum, and cymbal clash,  
A warlike strain the air doth fill,  
Blent with their heavy armour's crash.  
On ! where the towering palm on high,  
Untouched, its giant leaves expands ;  
On ! 'neath the burning, sultry sky ;  
On ! o'er the deserts scorching sands !  
They spare not spur, nor draw the rein ;  
Before them Antioch's walls extend :  
Lo ! rising from the plain beneath,  
They reach the mountain's summit high ;  
And bristling, like a thorny wreath,  
Their walls embattled flout the sky !  
Still dauntlessly the Christian host  
On o'er the Iron Bridge hath passed :

The Moslems fly ! The outworks lost,  
 They seek the strong-walled town at last.  
 Three hundred thousand men encamp  
   'Round the beleaguered city now ;  
 And day and night the sentries' tramp  
   Echoes with measured tread and slow.  
 Now Catapult and Mangonel,  
   With rushing sound, their missiles hurl,  
 With noise as when the fiends of Hell  
   'Gainst Heaven did their flags unfurl !  
 Each outward wall the Moslems crown ;  
   The towers repel the armèd mass !  
 Borne back, the Christian warriors own,  
   Ere won the ramparts, time will pass.

'Tis night—and on the tented field,  
   Mid revelry and wassail high,  
 Hung up the sword, unloosed the shield,  
   The waning hours unheeded fly.  
 The night that should be spent in prayer,  
   Prayer for the good and holy cause,  
 From every tent the torch-lights glare ;  
   While near the wily foeman draws !  
 The night that should be spent in prayer—  
   While sentries keep their watch and ward—  
 That night a wild debauch is there ;  
   The sentries sleep upon the sward !  
 That night, within the town, collect  
   The Turks to sally on the foe ;  
 They to the gate their course direct,  
   Thence issue, silent, firm and slow !

Then raising high their battle shout,  
 On, with impetuous rush, they pour ;  
 Like lightning-flash the revellers rout ;  
 Then seek the city's walls once more !

'Tis morning now. Th' affrighted camp  
 In arms salute the rising sun ;  
 And many a mail-clad warrior's tramp  
 Tells of the midnight mischief done !

Sullen, within his gorgeous tent,  
 From whence his Knightly pennon streams,  
 His strength with midnight revel spent,  
 Pale 'neath the morning's early beams,  
 Sits Boemond, Tarentum's Prince ;  
 Enthusiast once ; but now, at last,  
 His eyes unholly thoughts evince ;  
 His early zeal hath from him passed.

Before him now six captives bend,  
 Spies from the Moslem city, found  
 Dressed in the garb of seeming friend,  
 That in the Christian camp abound.  
 "Whence come ye, and what do ye here ?"  
 Flushing with sudden rage he cries :  
 Trembling falls on them now, and fear :  
 None to the wrathful Knight replies.  
 "Now, by the Holy Virgin ! you  
 Your tongues shall find," he says, "in hell,  
 Ye Moslem dogs ! Your prophet too  
 A savoury feast this morn shall smell !"

Straightway th' affrighted Turks behold  
 A frightful funeral pile upraised,  
 'Round which the lambent flames are rolled,  
 As if before them Hades blazed.  
 Kneeling, with piteous cries, they pray  
 For mercy in that fearful hour !  
 But still, in rolling volumes, play  
 The flames, that lights their final hour.  
 But Tancred then his bright blade draws :  
 " Nay, by the rood, ye shall not stain  
 With crimes like this, the Christian cause !  
 Pardon and send them back again."  
 Flushes Lord Boemond's face with rage :  
 " What, ho ! mine Esquires !" he cries ;  
 " Bring here my sword, my trusty Page ;  
 I'll see that each foul Moslem dies !"  
 With sudden flash, like lightning gleam,  
 Th' uplifted falchions quick descend,  
 And ere the deed could Tancred dream,  
 The Moslems' souls to Hades wend.  
 " Now, by my Knightly faith !"—thus cried  
 The generous Knight, and crashing threw  
 His gauntlet to the earth—" The dead  
 May never speak—the living do !  
 Prince of Tarentum ! By that cross  
 On which thy sacred vow was sworn,  
 That lands and gold to thee were dross,  
 Since thou the holy badge hadst borne ;  
 I tell thee thou hast sullied now  
 Thy name—thy faith—thy brethren too.  
 And were it not that all must bow  
 Their haughty will, the will to do

Of him, to battle for whose right  
 The Paynim land in arms we seek,  
 Morning or evening, noon or night,  
 To each, to all thy friends I'd speak  
 Of this thy foul and hasty deed."

"Nay!" cried Lord Boemond, "speak thy fill!  
 Nay! never stint thy Knightly speech!  
 Such words shall never thwart my will,  
 Though priests, or fools, or fiends, should preach."

Lord Tancred heeded not the taunt,  
 But, scornful, turned him to depart;  
 His was no vain or empty vaunt:  
 His speech became a soldier's heart.

"Now!" cried Tarentum's angry Prince,  
 "Burn ye the felon corpses there!  
 To friends or foes I will evince  
 I heed not either threat or prayer."  
 Straight on the funeral pile they cast  
 The Moslems' bodies, half alive;  
 And, as with the Sirocco's blast,  
 The withering flames around them drive.  
 O! righteous God! forgive the sin  
 That thus thy follower hath wrought;  
 For 'mid the camp's unholy din,  
 Some fiend of Hell begat the thought!

Alas! the midnight revel brings  
 Disaster in its dismal train:

First the destroying angel wings  
 His flight athwart th' unwholesome plain.  
 Now quick the stagnant marsh exhales  
 Thick noisome mists ; and the hot sun  
 Seems, while through upper air he sails,  
 His course 'mid liquid fire to run.  
 The king of terrors spreads his veil ;  
 Th' avenging angel strikes the blow.  
 They die by hundreds : Then the wail  
 Of anguish, mournfully and slow,  
 Rises from forth the stricken host.  
 The warrior feels his strength is naught,  
 By famine and by sickness lost :  
 By prayer, at length, 'tis sought.

Treason within the Christian camp ;  
 Despair, and cowardice, and flight !  
 Hundreds by day and night decamp,  
 And dastards shun the coming fight.  
 De Melun, and the Hermit bold,  
 The kindling spark of Europe's zeal—  
 Their valor gone—their hearts grown cold—  
 At midnight from th' encampment steal.  
 Next morn, when missed, a mighty din  
 Rises within the stricken camp ;  
 Murmurs both loud and fierce begin ;  
 The rattling arms—the charger's tramp !  
 And soon a mounted troop appears ;  
 With falcon swoop it scours the plain,  
 Till, guarded by this score of spears,  
 The traitors are brought back again.

'Tis mid-day : On the tented field  
 The Christian host is marshalled there ;  
 From glittering casque, and polished shield,  
 The sun's bright rays are flashing fair.  
 Forth, from amid the silent ranks,  
 With downcast eyes, and blushing red,  
 While at each step the iron clanks,  
 The guilty fugitives are led :  
 Shame on their brows hath set its seal ;  
 Their eyes they may not lift again ;  
 Each now doth poignant anguish feel,  
 That thus his honor he should stain.  
 Alas ! for the bold Hermit's zeal,  
 That reared the cross in Europe high ;  
 Alas ! for Count De Melum's heel,  
 Knocked off his spurs of Knighthood lie.  
 Silent, the Christian host looks on,  
 And gleams distrust from every eye :  
 Not *thus* the sacred cause is won ;  
 Than thus to live, 'twere better die.

Before th' assembled Chieftains now,  
 Prone, on the earth, the traitors lie ;  
 And, murmuring, each repeats the vow,  
 That each must take, or each must die.  
 "Here, on the holy cross, we swear,  
 Come weal, come woe, whate'er betide,  
 We faithfully the cross will bear ;  
 Foremost against the foe we'll ride,  
 Till firmly upon Salem's walls,  
 Victorious, we our banners plant ;

Until the Sultan's prowess falls ;  
 Until no Saracen shall haunt  
 The City where a Saviour died."

Aid for the famine stricken host !  
 Lo ! to Saint Simeon comes a fleet ;  
 Safe, although sorely tempest tossed ;  
 The Latins soon their brethren greet.  
 For Antioch they march. Alas !  
 A straggling and unwarlike crowd :  
 When, as they gain a rocky pass,  
 They hear the Turkish bugles loud.

Down, like the arrow from the bow,  
 With lightning speed, the Moslems bear ;  
 And swift they deal th' unerring blow ;  
 Nor age, nor youth, nor sex they spare.  
 Down, as the wheat in harvest time  
 Beneath the mower's sickle falls ;  
 Down, as to prayer, at evening chime,  
 When from the mosque the muezzin calls,  
 The followers of Mahomet bend :  
 So, 'neath the fiery Moslems' lance  
 The unresisting Christians fall ;  
 Till from the rear-guard quick advance  
 Lord Boemond's Knights, at bugle call.  
 Backward, the Paynim band they drive ;  
 Then quick retreat—then turn again ;  
 And fighting bravely, still they strive  
 The Christian camp unharmed to gain.

Once there—“ To arms! to arms!” they cry ;  
 “ The foe to Antioch wends his way ;  
 Arm ! arm ! and let our banners fly :  
 Turn out ! turn out ! in strength to-day !”

Soon, in hot haste, doth Tancred mount,  
 And from his Esquire takes his lance ;  
 And Knights five hundred you may count,  
 Who with him 'gainst the foe advance :  
 With speed of wind they prick their way  
 Out, and across the level plain :  
 They see the gleaming crescents play,  
 Hastening the city walls to gain.  
 Now on, by gallant Tancred led,  
 They rush, in one firm phalanx knit ;  
 Till half the turbaned host lie dead,  
 And many a Turk the dust hath bit.  
 There, like a meteor, streams the brand  
 Of Tancred on the evening air ;  
 Where'er he waves his red right hand,  
 Death to the foeman follows there.  
 From hill to hill the Paynims fly  
 For safety—but their flight is vain :  
 With gleaming swords, uplifted high,  
 The Knights come thundering in their train !  
 They reach the bridge—but, woful day !  
 There, too, the red cross banners wave ;  
 There, too, the Christian bugles play ;  
 There, too, they meet a yawning grave :  
 God shrive their souls ! Five thousand men  
 Have perished in that fearful fight ;

Their bodies in the Orontes lie ;  
 Their souls are plunged in endless night.

'Tis morn—within the Christian camp,  
 High council keep the Chieftains bold ;  
 The weary days their ardour damp,  
 For still the Turks the ramparts hold.  
 Then up Lord Boemond stands, and says :  
 Sith ye will make me Antioch's King,  
 The means within my power lays  
 Our host within the walls to bring.

Scarce spake he, when throughout the tent  
 A loud and angry murmur creeps ;  
 Swords rattle, sullen brows are bent  
 On him who thus his secret keeps.  
 Quick to his feet De Bouillon springs,  
 And says—"Brave Knights, now say him nay !  
 Who, to his selfish interest clings,  
 Will never faithful lead the way."  
 And Tancred by the rede hath sworn,  
 " 'Tis shame to Europe's chivalry,  
 That thus their camp, by faction torn,  
 Should e'er give place to rivalry."  
 But Boemond, with angry voice,  
 Swears he will ne'er the secret yield,  
 Till, one and all, they make their choice,  
 Him, as the City's Lord, to shield.  
 Long time in fierce debate they spend ;  
 Long time they argue, loud and high ;  
 Till, wearied, they the council end,  
 And Antioch's walls through treason buy.

'Tis eve.—The armor-forger's son,  
 A traitor, watch and ward doth keep  
 Within the walls ; for prayers are done,  
 And all, save only Ruzebach, sleep.  
 'Tis midnight.—From the Christian lines  
 Seven hundred Knights, in armour cased,  
 March, where the single guard-light shines,  
 Within the traitor's watch-tower placed.  
 Silent and firm they spur their way,  
 Across the valley steeped in shade ;  
 Nor gleaming torch, nor brand bear they ;  
 Their march must be in silence made.  
 Sullen and loud the tempest roars ;  
 The wind in eddying gusts sweeps by ;  
 And, lashing the Orontes' shores,  
 The angry waves are beating high.

The Knights beneath the watch-tower stand ;  
 The signal give—then, anxious, pause :  
 Sudden, among them falls a brand ;  
 And then his sword each Chieftain draws.

They mount the walls—they win the town ;  
 Their brazen trumpets loudly blow ;  
 Soon are the Moslem guards cut down,  
 And fast the Turkish blood doth flow.

Thus Antioch's walls are won at last ;  
 Their siege hath lingered many a day.  
 'Tis well—for thither bearing fast,  
 The Persian army wends its way.

Then glory to the Lord on high !  
 To him be glory first of all :  
 On Antioch's walls our banners fly ;  
 Thence may the red cross never fall !

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## THE

BATTLE OF ANTIOCH.<sup>5</sup>

## I.

'Twas yesternight ; in slumber sound  
 Within his chamber, lay  
 A Clerk of Provence, wearied  
 By the labours of the day :  
 His dreams were of the far off land,  
 The joyous land of France ;  
 And ladies bright, and gallant Knights,  
 All mingled in the dance :  
 But, suddenly, a direful change  
 Came flitting o'er his dream ;  
 It seemed as if the Moslem banners  
 On the wind did stream :  
 'Round him the dying and the dead  
 Were mingled on the plain ;

He heard the crashing cymbal,  
And the trumpet's loud refrain.

## II.

A Moslem's hand was on his throat ;  
It seemed his dying hour—  
Alone, unarmed, unaided,  
Within the Paynim's power.  
At once, throughout the gathering gloom,  
A glorious lustre broke ;  
And from his slumber starting up,  
The wearied boy awoke.  
In vestments such as angels wear,  
Of pure, unsullied white,  
Before him then a figure stood,  
All luminous with light.  
“Awake ! awake from slumbering ! ”  
He heard the spirit say ;  
“And arm thee for the combat, boy,  
Or ere the dawn of day.”

## III.

“What wouldst thou here ? ” all wondering,  
The dreamful boy replies,  
And trembles like an aspen leaf,  
And opens wide his eyes.  
“Awake ! awake from slumbering ! ”  
Before thee stands this night  
The spirit of Saint Andrew, come  
To nerve thee for the fight.

I come, by Heaven's high behest,  
 A messenger to thee ;  
 Hear but my words—the Moslemah  
 Before the Cross shall flee.  
 In Peter's Church of Antioch,  
 Within the chancel, lies  
 A precious relic, hidden  
 From the unbelievers' eyes—

## IV.

“The spear that pierced our Saviour's side,  
 All clotted with his blood,  
 Fresh, as when from his wounded side  
 Poured forth the sacred flood.  
 To-morrow, at the earliest dawn,  
 In solemn march, and slow,  
 Let all the Christian host to seek  
 The holy relic go.  
 Go, all the priesthood in their robes,  
 With fasting and with prayer,  
 And let each Christian Prince and Knight,  
 And each Esquire be there.  
 Awake ! awake from slumbering !  
 Hie thee to Godfrey's tent,  
 And bear to him this message, boy,  
 Before the night be spent.

## V.

“And when the holy lance is found,  
 Then sally on the foe :

‘God wills it !’ Thus his followers  
     Their foemen shall o’erthrow.”  
 He spoke—and ere the solemn voice  
     In silence died away,  
 His radiant form had melted,  
     Like the waning light of day.  
 High noon is streaming down upon  
     Beleaguered Antioch’s walls :  
 No more “To prayers !” from minaret  
     The hoarse Muezzin calls ;  
 No more the silver crescent gleams  
     From every dome on high ;  
 No more the Turkish standards from  
     Every watch tower fly.

## VI.

But clothed in Christian mitre,  
     And in vestments snowy white,  
 The Bishop, Adhemar of Puy,  
     Performs a sacred rite.  
 Barefooted, as a pilgrim  
     At the sepulchre of God,  
 With fervent faith and holiness,  
     And contrite meekness shod,  
 He leads a long procession forth,  
     And offers up a prayer  
 Unto their God Omnipotent,  
     The Christian host to spare.  
 The dream-revealed lance they seek,  
     By Heaven’s high command ;

And soon, by thousands crowding in,  
Within the Church they stand.

## VII.

Now to the vaulted roof there rings  
The crash of iron mail,  
As, clothed in armour, kneel the Knights  
The sacred lance to hail.  
“Not unto us, O God!—to Thee  
Doth victory belong!”  
Thus in the sainted Psalmist’s words,  
They raise a choral song:  
Clarion and trump, in wild accord,  
Swell up the solemn strain;  
The voices of the choristers  
Shout, “Human strength is vain!  
Not unto us, O God! to Thee  
Doth victory belong!”  
Thus, prayerfully, the hymn of praise  
Is borne the air along.

## VIII.

From forth the vault ascending  
Now, the Clerk of Provence stands;  
And lo! the lance, all red with blood,  
He beareth in his hands.  
From marble floor to vaulted roof,  
Then rings the loud acclaim;  
And thousands shout, “God fights for us!  
Hosannah to his name!”

Bright is the dawn one sultry day  
 In the summer month of June ;  
 The Christian host must sally forth,  
 Or yield to famine, soon :  
 From the citadel of Antioch  
 A black flag waves on high,  
 To warn the camp of Kerbogah,  
 The hour of strife is nigh.

## ix.

'Tis morning—within Antioch's walls  
 The clash of arms is heard,  
 As by the martial bugle's note  
 Each warlike heart is stirred.  
 By ghastly famine worn and wan,  
 But valourous and bold,  
 The bravest Knights of Christendom  
 Are in the ranks enrolled.  
 The victors of an hundred fields,  
 All cased in burnished steel,  
 No more into the saddle vault,  
 With golden armèd heel ;  
 But still with dauntless courage filled,  
 And nerved with holy hope,  
 On foot, amid the ranks, they march,  
 With Kerbogah to cope.

## x.

Forth from the gates they issue,  
 In one tumultuous throng,

Half armed, but, by the hope of aid  
 Celestial, borne along.  
 Magnificently then there bursts  
 Upon their aching sight  
 A host three hundred thousand strong,  
 All marshalled for the fight :  
 Then singing to the Lord of Hosts  
 Unnumbered hymns of joy,  
 The Christian soldiers from the gates  
 In serried ranks deploy.  
 On high each warrior Bishop  
 The sacred Cross upholds ;  
 Each banner-bearer to the winds  
 His Chieftain's flag unfolds.

## xi.

Some in the saddle, some on foot,  
 The Christian Knights advance,  
 With broadsword and with battle-axe,  
 With falchion, spear, and lance.  
 There Adhemar, in Knightly guise,  
 With helm and nodding crest,  
 Leads on the van, with fearless mien,  
 Nor doth from carnage rest.  
 Couched for the charge, the holy lance  
 He levels at the foe ;  
 And swings his battle-axe on high,  
 To deal a pond'rous blow.  
 Light on the grass the bright dew rests,  
 And flashes in the morn :

All nature, beaming, smiles upon  
The Christian host forlorn.

## xii.

Onward, with bounding hearts, they march,  
But silently and slow ;  
In steady phalanx moving,  
To the neighbouring hills they go.  
What time the Christian warriors  
Without the gate emerged,  
Courier on courier, in hot haste,  
The Persian chieftain urged.  
“ Up ! up ! most mighty Capitaun,  
And arm thee for the fray ;  
The Christian dogs e'en now  
Unto the mountains wend their way !  
Up ! up ! with lance and banner !  
See—across the bridge they rush,  
And a flame of livid fire seems  
Before their host to rush ! ”

## xiii.

But scornfully the Vizier  
Each breathless courier hears ;  
Or chides them, with impetuous wrath,  
For their unmanly fears,  
Until without his tent is raised  
A clamour and a shout :  
The cry is—“ They are down on us !  
The vanguard, lo ! they rout.”

Then Kerbogah, amazed, springs up,  
 And mounts his battle steed ;  
 He sees the Christian host  
   Across the bridge defiling speed ;  
 He sees the men who guarded it  
   Thrown headlong in the stream ;  
 And wakes to warlike energy,  
   As men wake from a dream !

## xiv.

To horse ! to horse ! cries Soliman ;  
 And twice ten thousand men,  
 With lightning speed, a circuit make,  
   Lord Boemond's rear to win.  
 Far to the right a flame extends,  
   And wildly leaps on high ;  
 And smoke, in rolling volumes poured,  
   The wind comes sweeping by :  
 But, nathless, on the Moslemah  
   Charges the Christian host ;  
 Deeply the lance is died in blood ;  
   On high the broadsword tossed ;  
 Fast fly the steel-capped arrows ;  
   Fast fall the newly slain ;  
 The Christians, fighting hand to hand,  
   The Turks bear back amain.

## xv.

Back, to the tent of Kerbogah,  
   The beaten vanguard press ;

And, rushing in, the Christian Knights  
     The God of battles bless !  
 Hark ! from the rear a thunder-sound,  
     The tramp of many feet ;  
 Emerging from the smoke, behold !  
     The Moslem squadrons fleet.  
 Ten thousand horsemen charge in line,  
     With the fierce Arab cry ;  
 And, hurled with an unerring aim,  
     The steel-capped javelins fly.  
 On high the gleaming scimitars  
     Above their heads they wave !  
 Now fight ye, gallant Templar Knights,  
     For glory or the grave !

## xvi.

Lord Tancred heard, and turned him round,  
     Then spurred his jaded steed ;  
 And through the flame, and smoke, and heat,  
     He dashed with headlong speed.  
 De Bouillon, and the gallant Count,  
     Lord Hugh of Vermandois,  
 In mid career of victory,  
     Tarentum's danger saw ;  
 Then on they spurred, and riding down,  
     With every lance in rest,  
 Back, 'mid the rolling smoke and flame,  
     The Moslem horse they pressed.  
 But Kerbogah again came up,  
     And charged them in the rear ;

Yet never did one Christian heart  
 Yield to ignoble fear !

## xvii.

For there, upon a milk-white steed,  
 Rode Adhemar, of Puy ;  
 And there, before the sacred lance,  
 Proud Kerbogah did flee.  
 Like the avenging angel's sword,  
 Where'er it smote, there fell  
 Death, havoc, and disaster,  
 Among the dogs of hell !  
 Hark ! how the shouts of "Victory!"  
 Resound o'er all the plain ;  
 In serried ranks the Christian Knights  
 Rush to the charge again !  
 "Heed not the rolling clouds of smoke ;  
 Heed not the blazing heath ;  
 Ye fight for noble victory,  
 Or yet more noble death ! "

## xviii.

Paleth the silver crescent,  
 Gleams red the fiery cross !  
 The Persian Sultan liveth not  
 To count his deadly loss !  
 Full fifty thousand Turks lie low  
 Upon the battle field,  
 No hand to wield the scimitar,  
 No arm to raise the shield !

## THE TROUBADOUR

TO THE CAPTIVE RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.<sup>6</sup>

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### I.

O ! Richard, my King, lion-hearted, behold  
From thy prison, near which the dark waters are rolled ;  
'Tis Blondell the faithful, whose troubadour lay  
Would win the sad thoughts of his monarch away ;  
As David of old, when he played before Saul,  
Could banish the demon of woe at his call.

### II.

O ! King of the lion-heart, oft hath thy sword  
Gleamed bright in the fight, for the cause of the Lord :  
How the Saracens trembled, and Saladin fled !  
How thy pathway was cumbered with dying and dead !  
The plume on thy helmet flew on like a bird,  
Where, as by the simoom, the Moslems were stirred.

### III.

Or when, in the tourney, thy long lance in rest,  
Thy spurs, all of gold, to thy charger's flank pressed ;  
With a bound, through the lists, to the tilt rushing on,  
Down hurling some Templar, or Knight of Saint John ;

When the heralds were crying—Brave Knights ! have a care ;  
Upon ye are beaming the eyes of the fair !

## IV.

O ! then, with what grace, from your steed vaulting off,  
Your helmet, all plumed, to the ladies you 'd doff ;  
How you smiled, bent the knee, to the Queen Berengère,\*  
While thousands of handkerchiefs waved in the air !  
How the charger of Saladin, proud you bestrode,  
And, fearless, to conquer the gallant Turk rode !

## V.

O ! England, arise ! for thine honour advance,  
And punish the traitor-king, Philip of France ;  
Spread out thy broad standard—“ Saint George !” be the cry;  
To rescue our Richard, brave cavaliers, fly !  
Alas ! in the dungeons of savage Tyròl,  
No hope ever comes to the poor captive's soul !

## VI.

Alas ! in her bower the Queen ever weeps,  
And treason o'er all thy broad realm, England, sweeps !  
Thy brother hath risen, and seized on the Crown,  
And still the usurper no hand hurleth down.  
Doth England forget Cœur de Lion ? O, no !  
For him the bright tears of her people still flow.

\* Berengaria. I use the French word for the sake of the rhyme.

## VII.

On my soul there comes rushing a foresight of woe,  
 And before me long years of the dark future flow.  
 The Palace of Austria, proud Schoenbrunn,  
 The Gaul hath invaded, the conqueror won.  
 Long years have gone by, but the Heavens are just,  
 And Austria's hopes trodden down in the dust.

## VIII.

But ere the avenger shall rise in his might,  
 Long ages will pass, wherein wrong conquers right ;  
 Months and years, it may be, shall flow over thy head ;  
 Thy people will mourn thee, believing thee dead ;  
 But now, and forever, there beats in one heart  
 Devotion, that living, shall thence never part.

## IX.

Cœur de Lion, farewell ! But again, when at eve  
 The world sunk in slumber, thy gaolers believe ;  
 O ! then 'neath these battlements sternly that frown,  
 I'll weep for thy wrongs, and I'll sing thy renown.  
 King of England, farewell ! for the night falleth fast,  
 And I hear the dull tramp of the sentry at last.

THE  
BATTLE OF TIBERIAS.<sup>7</sup>

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'Tis noon of night : Long since the sultry sun hath sunk to rest ;  
Long since the purple light of eve hath doffed its gorgeous vest.  
The banners of the Cross are furled ; the snow white tents are spread ;  
The hum is still—that host might seem an army of the dead !  
The champions of Christendom lie there on every side ;  
But, parched with thirst, they cry aloud for Gennesar's\* bright tide.

Réveillez ! On their standards, lo ! the early dawn doth rest ;  
It gleameth upon helm and sword, streams o'er each Knightly crest,  
Proud banners, waving pennants, and the lance's head of steel,  
And the golden spur that flasheth from the Templar's armèd heel !  
To arms ! to arms ! The Saracen and Saladin are there ;  
The Moslems' early orisons are borne upon the air !  
The crescent gleameth whitely from the Sultan's proud array,  
And on his crimson banners doth in silver beauty play !

\* The Lake of Gennesareth.

Like the snow upon the mountain top, in myriads behold  
The turbans of the Osmanlis, and Arab tribes untold !

The Christian host is up in arms ! To some war-breathing strain,

In serried ranks, the Templars proudly prick across the plain !  
And now one moment pauseth there that plumed and steel-clad band ;

Then, with their war-cries rending Heaven, they spurn the yielding sand !

Great God ! it was a gallant sight the Templar Knights to view,  
As, cased in triple harness, on their thundering squadrons flew !  
The pride of Europe's chivalry, dread thunderbolts of war,  
Resistless, on the foe they rolled—earth-shaking wide and far !

The Moslemah may tremble now ; their infantry shall fall,  
And bite the dust in agony, and loud on Allah call ;  
The horsemen of the desert on their fleetest steeds shall fly,  
And FAK-ED-DEEN, their leader, on Mahomet shall cry ;  
Already they are on them—when, from out the very earth,  
A long unbroken line of flame springs up from sudden birth !  
The sapless grass, the lowly shrubs, burn fiercely into light,  
That flashes on the armour of each gallant Christian Knight !  
They may not stay ! They mingle with the densely rolling smoke ;

The warrior priests are stricken—their goodly ranks are broke.  
*Allah Akbar!* rends the skies ; and down the Moslem horsemen bear,

While flights of arrows, winged with death, are rustling in the air !

Then sabre broad, and scimitar, and steel-y-pointed lance,  
Now reek with blood of foemen slain—now in the flame-light glance !

Now helm-clad heads are cloven—now the rattling armour rings,  
 And loud defiance to his foe each warrior Chieftain flings !  
 But vainly doth the blood of Europe's Knighthood freely flow ;  
 Hospitallers,\* and Templars, vainly deal the pond'rous blow !  
 In vain doth Lidda's Bishop high the holy Cross uprear !  
 A panic, presaging defeat, hath struck the host with fear.  
 They fly ! The sacred Cross is ta'en ! and captive is the King !  
 And Montserrat, and Chatillon, in triumph, lo ! they bring !  
 O, field of woe ! we mourn o'er thee, for glory waneth now !  
 Alas ! again the red cross to the crescent pale must bow !†

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### T H E A M U L E T.<sup>s</sup>

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O ! listen Knights and ladies all,  
 A fytle to you I 'll sing ;  
 About the far off Syrian land,  
 And BALDWIN, our good King.

\* Knights of St. John.

† The facts on which this Poem are founded were drawn from "Traits of Saracenic Chivalry" in a late number of the Dublin University Magazine. The Poem was published in "The Church." I have made one or two verbal alterations in it since.

A gallant, courtly Knight he was,  
And brave, as brave could be ;  
And kindly was the monarch's heart,  
Though great his majesty.

Bold Saladin his archers sent,  
The Christians to annoy,  
Who, mounted on their wind-swift barbs,  
Did all the land destroy.

In fiery troops they scoured the plain,  
Rode to the City's gate ;  
And many a pilgrim wending there,  
Unwitting met his fate.

Then Baldwin on the cross did swear,  
Kissing his good sword hilt,  
For every drop of Christian blood  
A Moslem's should be spilt !

Then mounted he his charger black,  
And took his lance in hand,  
And forth, with goodly company,  
He rode to rid the land.

And fast, and far, he galloped then,  
And gallantly did work,  
To chase from out his royal realm  
The unbelieving Turk.

On the dark air the bale-fires rose,  
 And flashed with lurid light ;  
 And the flames of Moslem villages  
 Burned fiercely every night.

The mother from her infant son  
 In agony did fly,  
 And loudly upon Allah called,  
 “ O ! save us, or we die ! ”

The maiden from her lover’s arms  
 In wild affright was torn ;  
 And the father cursed th’ unlucky hour  
 In which his child was born !

And woful was our monarch then :  
 He could not all restrain  
 The anger fierce that, sad to tell,  
 Did Knightly honour stain.

But from the sickening task he turned,  
 And homeward went his way,  
 For pardon for his followers,  
 At the holy shrine, to pray.

’Twas mid-day—o’er the desert lone  
 King Baldwin rode his way ;  
 The sun was sultry—and no breeze  
 Did with his banners play.

Like islands in the waste of sand,  
 Apart full many a mile,  
 The palm groves rose from out the plain,  
 In Oriental style.

Aloft, in solitary pride,  
 The palm its leaves outspread ;  
 But all beside was desolate—  
 A region of the dead !

In heavy mail and cuirass clad,  
 The Knights were faint with heat,  
 For on the brightly polished steel  
 The sun's rays fiercely beat.

They stopped beneath a palm grove's shade,  
 To rest them on their way ;  
 And there, in mortal agony,  
 An Arab woman lay.

O ! shame that e'er of Christian Knights  
 Should tale like this be told !  
 And shame upon the warrior's heart,  
 To tender mercy cold !

There stepped a Knight from out the ranks,  
 And would have pierced her through ;  
 But the King struck up the lance's head,  
 And dark his visage grew.

The Knight, abashed, shrunk back in shame,  
 Nor e'er a word he said ;  
 The King from off his charger got,  
 And raised her aching head.

“ Lone woman ! wherefore art thou here  
 In this untrodden spot ? ”  
 But she did naught but sorely groan,  
 And still she answered not.

Beneath the vaulted arch of Heaven,  
 With none to aid that day,  
 A mother, in her hour of need,  
 The Paynim woman lay.

“ And, O ! for Allah’s sake,” she cried ;  
 And fast her bosom heaved ;  
 And though the King no word could tell,  
 His heart was sorely grieved.

For, well-a-day ! the King could see  
 Her travail it was sore ;  
 And knowing that no help was nigh,  
 He pitied her the more.

Then off he took his Knightly cloak,  
 And covered her with care,  
 To shelter her from shameless gaze,  
 While she her babe did bear.

And to his trusty Squires he said,  
 “ I leave her in your charge ;  
 And if ye well fulfil your trust,  
 Ye shall have guerdon large ! ”

The King hath mounted his good steed,  
 And left his Esquires three,  
 With camels and attendants there,  
 To help, if help might be.

The day had waned—at set of sun  
 His glories fast did fade  
 Far in the west, and all the world  
 Was steeped in sudden shade.

Then, just as the red sun went down,  
 Zuleika’s babe was born ;  
 And joyfully she wept o’er it,  
 Her little child forlorn !

And in strange tongue, which they, alas !  
 Could never understand,  
 She murmured out her thanks, that she  
 Had met a helping hand.

Then up, at midnight hour, there rode  
 An Arab to the grove,  
 And on Zuleika’s name he called,  
 In thrilling tones of love.

One glad embrace, and then she told  
 How in that fearful hour  
 The Christian King had covered her,  
 And saved her by his power.

With gratitude her husband's heart,  
 At hearing this, o'erflowed,  
 And straight unto the King's Esquires  
 He turned, and lowly bowed.

“ May Allah bless your King ! ” he said,  
 “ And bless his offspring, too.  
 Tell him the hour may come when I  
 Can him like service do :

“ That in the desert-wanderer's breast  
 His memory aye shall dwell.  
 I swear it, by the Caaba's stone,  
 I yet shall serve him well ! ”

He salaamed low—he doffed his cap,  
 And kissed each Esquire's hand ;  
 “ And is there aught that I can do ? ”  
 He said : “ If so, command ! ”

Then out an Esquire spoke, and said :  
 “ Some token we would bring,  
 That we his royal will have done,  
 To shew unto our King.”

Quickly the Arab Chief replied :

“ Your wish shall be obeyed ;  
 Bear to your King this Amulet,  
 Of treble virtue made.

“ If e'er in danger he should be,  
 Then let him guard it well ;  
 It bears within a charmèd power,  
 A holy, magic spell !

“ My mother, on her dying bed,  
 To me the secret told ;  
 Since then, I know a wondrous power  
 The casket doth enfold.”

A year hath flown, 'mid war's alarms,  
 The battle-field's red glare ;  
 And Baldwin, by the Moslems pressed,  
 Is filled with grim despair !

Besieged, he lies at Ramula,  
 After the fatal day  
 When the Turkish host, in myriads,  
 His bravest Knights did slay.

With mournful air, the Christian King  
 Doth in the castle sit,  
 And memories of happier days  
 Before him dimly flit.

Beneath the rampart wall encamped,  
 He sees the Turkish host ;  
 The horsemen of Damascus,  
 The Syrian pride and boast.

They swarm without, in fierce array ;  
 But fifty Knights within  
 Are there to die upon the walls,  
 Ere they the ramparts win !

He looks upon the Amulet,  
 And to himself doth say,  
 “ O ! would that the brave Arab  
 Were here to aid this day ! ”

’Tis dewy eve—and darkness shrouds  
 The castle and the camp ;  
 And naught the sullen silence breaks,  
 Save the lone sentry’s tramp.

Suddenly, at the gate, appears  
 An Arab, all alone,  
 And at the postern gate he seeks  
 The monarch to be shown.

Straight to the King they lead him then,  
 And he falls upon his knee,  
 And thus he speaks—“ O ! mighty King !  
 Long may you happy be !

“ When on the dreary desert lone  
 My loved Zuleika lay,  
 Untended and uncared for—  
 (Rememberest thou the day ?)

“ A monarch in his pride passed by,  
 And saw her travail sore ;  
 And though she was a foeman’s wife,  
 Did her sad fate deplore.

“ If thou within thy bosom bearest  
 An Amulet of gold,  
 Thou art the gallant Christian King  
 Of whom this tale is told ! ”

Now do the Knights astonished stand,  
 When Baldwin from his breast  
 Draws out the golden Amulet,  
 And hands it to his guest !

Three times the Arab bends him low,  
 And kisses the King’s feet ;  
 Three times, with holy fervour,  
 The Amulet doth greet.

“ And now, O ! King,” he says, “ behold  
 Thy hour of need come round !  
 But I throughout the Turkish camp  
 Will lead thee, safe and sound.”

He spoke—and pressed the monarch's hand,  
 With many a salaam low ;  
 And said, “ O ! King, wear this disguise,  
 And hasten thee to go ! ”

“ For, by to-morrow's dawn,  
 The host that now environs thee,  
 In fierce assault will win these walls :  
 Flee, then, O ! monarch, flee ! ”

The King hath ta'en the Moslem dress,  
 And donned the turban there ;  
 And, thus disguised, throughout the host  
 Of foemen doth repair.

In safety they the out-posts win,  
 And there a charger find,  
 A noble barb of Araby,  
 Fleet as the swift-winged wind.

The King, he mounts, and taking then  
 The faithful Arab's hand,  
 He says, “ Thou art the noblest Turk  
 In all this Paynim land ! ”

“ O ! speed !—stay not to parley ! ”  
 The Arab Chief doth say ;  
 Then spurring his high mettled steed,  
 King Baldwin darts away !

And soon, bright as the morning star,  
That through the clouds doth break  
In beauty and in brilliancy,  
Ere sluggish men awake—

The King amid his friends appears,  
And, to their wondering eyes,  
He seems a glorious spirit  
From the realms of death to rise !

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## NOTES TO THE CRUSADES.

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Note 1, page 11.—THE BATTLE OF DORYLÆUM was the first pitched battle between the Crusaders and the Turks. The Crusaders had divided their army, and were marching in parallel lines. Soliman, discovering this through his scouts, made a dash, with all his forces, on the division (or, as we would now say, the corps d'armée) commanded by Boemond. This manœuvre, frequently executed by Buonaparte, and which, at Arcola and Rivoli, laid the foundation of his great military reputation, was not, however, as happy in its results for the Turkish commander. The details of this battle are accurately preserved in the Poem. Refer to *James' Hist. Chivalry, Harper's Fam. Lib. ed.*, pp. 119, *et seq.* See also *Gibbon's Decline and Fall, index, tit. Dorylæum*, and *Child's Ster. ed.*, pp. 1080-81.

Note 2, page 15.—BEAU-SEANT was the battle-cry of the Templars. Vide *Ivanhoe*—“The gentle passage of arms of Ashby,” where the Templar, De Bois Guilbert, makes use of this rallying word; and where, if my memory serves me, the origin of the term is explained.

Note 3, page 18.—THE CRUSADERS' HYMN was originally published in “The Church” newspaper, and was thence copied, in a very flattering manner, into the London “Churchman” magazine. It is, I think, merely imaginative, and intended to be descriptive of what *might* have been the feelings of the Crusaders on beholding the Holy City. Gibbon says that Richard Cœur de Lion—deserted by his ally, and with a mutinous army—ascended a hill which commanded a prospect of Jerusalem, “veiling his eyes,” and saying that those who had not the courage to win its walls, were not worthy to behold it.

Note 4, pages 20 to 33.—For a description in prose of the SIEGE OF ANTIOCH, which is, perhaps, *too* faithfully recorded here, see *James, chap. vii.*, p. 136.

Note 5, pages 33 to 44.—“Sixty-nine thousand Turks were killed at the BATTLE OF ANTIOCH.”—*James*, p. 159. When we remember that only forty thousand men perished at WATERLOO, it would seem that the invention of deadly missiles for warfare has rather diminished than increased the carnage of a battle-field. How is this? Let the reader turn to *Gibbon*, p. 1084, and, perhaps, he will be convinced that the “*seasonable*” miracle of the Holy Lance accounts for the slaughter at Antioch. Willing to believe it impossible that a member of the sacred profession could have perpetrated a fraud, I have changed the “Clerk of Provence” into a “boy.” I have omitted, also, the anti-miraculous catastrophe, as, of course, the Lyrist of the Crusaders should write *con amore*.

Note 6, page 44.—I cannot recollect where I read the story of Blondell, or Blundell, discovering the dungeon of the royal captive, Cœur de Lion, by traversing Germany, and singing beneath the walls of every fortress an air well known to his royal master; till at length the King from his dungeon answered it, and thus his prison was known.

“*How the Saracens trembled, and Saladin fled!*

“*How thy pathway was cumbered with dying and dead !*”

Speaking of Richard I.: “We learn,” says Gibbon, “from the evidence of his enemies, that the King of England, grasping his lance, rode furiously along their front, from the right to the left wing, without meeting with an adversary who dared to encounter his career. Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?”

Note 7, page 47.—See the note at page 49. This Poem was first published as a “Hymn” of the Crusaders; but the title was so obviously incorrect, that I am glad to avail myself of the opportunity of correcting it.

Note 8, page 49, etc.—THE AMULET is founded in fact. I wish it had something more to say for itself. See *James*, p. 187.

**Illustrations of Bible History.**



## T H E   D E L U G E .

---

In thunder from the throne of God, amid the heavens up-reared,  
The blighting words of doom came down, by sinful mortals feared ;  
And Noah heard the awful voice with trembling and in fear—  
“ Prepare, thou man of God ! the day of vengeance now is near ! ”

Now six score years have rolled away, and then upon the world,  
Down, ceaselessly—morn, noon, and night—the rains of heaven are hurled.  
Hark to the city’s hum at eve ! Gay harlots revel there ;  
Freely they quaff the ruby wine with light and wanton air :  
But while they drink, and dance, and sing, down comes the plashing rain,  
And, suddenly, upheave and swell the surges of the main.  
Obedient to the word of God, within the sacred ark  
The Patriarch, with his sons, goes forth upon the waters dark.  
The fountains of the deep unlock ; the great lakes grow amain ;  
And torrents from the mountain-top come thund’ring o’er the plain :  
The rain, the dismal rain, descends in one unceasing flood ;  
At length a dreary ocean rolls where the gay city stood.

Up, up, they climb who can, to rocks, or hills, or giant trees ;  
 Warned by the lurid lightning's flash of ever growing seas !  
 Beneath, the weak and helpless stand—the surges o'er them  
 sweep,

And they with the dead are numbered, who lie beneath the  
 deep.

Up ! up ! unto the mountains, let the mother bear her child,  
 The lover save his mistress from the foaming waters wild ;  
 Up ! up ! unto the mountains—the hoary peaks that rise  
 Beyond the ken of human eye—till the last mortal dies.  
 Climb on ! climb on ! the waves are rolling dark and deep  
 beneath ;

Stop not to look behind ye—pause not to draw your breath !  
 Let the bridegroom, from the wedding-feast up-springing, bear  
 his bride ;

Let the anguished daughter cling unto the father by her side :  
 Or be each human tie forgot ; careering madly on,  
 Let the father from his garments loose the wild grasp of his son.  
 Up, to the highest mountains—up, to the snow-capped peak  
 The doomed ones fly, a shelter from the wrath of heav'n to  
 seek.

In vain ! in vain ! forever press the angry waves behind,  
 Rising, with solemn, fearful march, the last of men to find.  
 Down flow the ceaseless torrents—upheaves the angry main ;  
 As each tall cliff is covered, hark ! the cry of human pain !  
 But still, upon the waves upborne, the ark majestic rides—  
 The Covenant of God, amid the wreck of worlds, abides.

Behold ! upon a mountain high the last doomed mortal stands,  
 And, with appealing gaze to heaven, he lifts his clenched hands ;

Beneath him still the waves increase ; the waters lave his feet,  
 And wildly roar, as if o'erjoyed, him, their last prey, to meet !  
 He clasps his brow—his frenzied eye roams o'er the waters  
 wild,

And lo ! unto his feet they bear his son, his only child !  
 'Twas yesternight upon a rock down fathom deep below,  
 O'er which the troubled waters now in noisy triumph flow :  
 The boy had clasped his father's arm, unnerved by wild  
 affright,

When the father, maddened, flung him back into the realm  
 of night !

And now before his murdered child the heartless murderer  
 stands,

And lifts appealing eyes to heaven, and clasps his guilty hands.  
 But the surge rises—on it comes, one unrelenting flood,  
 The instrument of wrath divine—avenger, too, of blood !  
 And when into the raging waves sinks down the guilty soul,  
 His mingled curse and prayer above the giant ocean roll !

Look out upon the formless void, the world of waters wide ;  
 Can aught of hope on yonder wat'ry desert be descried ?  
 Yes ! emblem of the Hope and Faith that heaven to mortals  
 gives,

Behold ! the ark—the covenant—above the waters lives !  
 There dwell the favoured family of Noah in the ark ;  
 There sweetly sings the nightingale—there carols gay the lark ;  
 Of ev'ry insect, beast, and bird, the olden world had known,  
 A pair in safety wait until the weary days are flown !  
 And underneath the vasty deep that rideth still so high,  
 Uprooted from their rocky beds, the ancient mountains fly.  
 In undistinguishable forms they lie beneath the main :  
 On all the formless face of earth hath chaos come again.

'Tis done!—a mighty wind from heaven, lashing the stormy main,

Fast sweeps away the murky clouds of late surcharged with rain.

Forth from the ark a raven sent, returneth to and fro,  
And the gentle dove at first no rest can find on earth below;  
But hieing forth again to search, an olive leaf she brings;  
Then with her mate she flies away with light and joyous wings.

And now the ark on Ararat hath rested firm and fast,  
And from the earth the dreary waves have dried away at last.  
In heaven appears a glorious arch, that spans the world outspread,  
An everduring token that the wrath of heaven hath fled.

## THE

## TOWER OF BABE L.

## I.

On the plain of Shinar standing,  
A vast tower ascends the sky;  
Earth-born against heaven-born banding,  
Stone on stone they rear on high.

## II.

See the busy thousands labour,  
 Ever labouring, day by day ;  
 Vieing each one with his neighbour ;  
 Heavenward making still their way !

## III.

Slowly rises, still increasing,  
 The bold mass of brick and lime ;  
 Still, with energy increasing,  
 Heav'ward the mortals climb !

## IV.

But they ask not aid supernal :  
 Impious their dread design :  
 Bold defying the Eternal ;  
 They forget his power divine.

## V.

'Round the walls, afar extending,  
 Winds a labyrinthine way ;  
 Horses, oxen, men, are wending,  
 With their burdens, there each day.

## VI.

Upward, still, the structure creepeth—  
 Up, amid the ether blue !  
 'Round it still the pathway sweepeth,  
 'Til from earth 't is lost to view.

## VII.

All the earth-born there combining,  
Speaking but one language all ;  
Skilled in arts, in science shining—  
Who shall bid their structure fall ?

## VIII.

God ! The winds proclaim, and thunder,  
And the livid lightning's flash !  
Lo ! The walls are rent asunder,  
Toppling with an awful crash !

## IX.

Years of patient toil, enduring,  
In a moment naught avail ;  
Art—the path to heaven securing—  
Genius, art, and science, fail !

THE DESTRUCTION  
OF  
SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

---

The anger of God from its slumber awoke,  
And o'er the doomed cities in thunder it broke !  
In the morning to Lot, lo ! the angel declared,  
No soul of the living therein should be spared !

The sun in the Orient rose in his pride,  
When Lot in the city of Zoar did hide ;  
Far down in the plain, near the doomed cities, stands  
A pillar of salt never fashioned by hands !

There Lot's wife, disobedient, returning her gaze,  
Beheld the red lightnings in mid-heavens blaze ;  
But stiff grew her limbs, and her eyes they grew blind,  
And, a pillar of salt, she stood moveless behind !

The heavens they were black, darkness veiled the dim sun,  
The daylight looked lurid, the atmosphere dun !  
Woe ! woe ! unto Sodom, her last hour came ;  
Upon her descending there leaped the wild flame !

From the thunder-charged clouds, lo ! the bright lightnings  
gleamed !

Like meteors descending, avenging they streamed !  
From Gomorrah uprising was heard the wild cry  
Of anguish, imploring for mercy on high !

Commingled, down-pouring, came brimstone and fire ;  
The red earth burned fiercely—one funeral pyre !  
A furnace of anguish, affliction and woe ;  
A hell upon earth, starting up from below !

Down toppled the idols of Moloch and Baal ;  
The lips of their vot'ries grew bloodless and pale !  
Earth shook with wild tremours, and yawned with affright !  
There gleamed in her bosom a fierce lurid light !

Up it shot—high it rolled—a vast volume of flame,  
'Til returning, still burning, down earthward it came !  
Then o'er the doomed valleys it fell like a blight,  
'Til there lived not a soul in those cities that night !

And now o'er the desolate plain ever rolls  
The sea of the dead that encumbers their souls ;  
All sluggish and mournful its waves roll along,  
Never cheered by the music of mariner's song !

Dead and still are its waters, and arid its shore ;  
Living thing there again shall appear never more !  
From its surface of death noxious vapours arise,  
And the sea-bird, affrighted, far off from it flies !

## A B R A H A M ' S   F A I T H .

---

On the rugged mountain stand  
An aged man—a blooming child ;  
Tremours shake the Patriarch's hand ;  
Rolls his eye in frenzy wild !

Near the fagot pile they kneel,  
Fashioned as an altar rude ;  
Where the sacrificial steel  
Thirsts to drink the victim's blood !

“ Father, lo ! the wood and fire !  
See, thine altar is prepared !  
But where is the lamb, my sire ?  
For the lamb thou hast not cared ! ”

Meek the father answered—“ Son,  
God will soon a lamb provide ;  
Even now a gentle one  
Standeth by thy father's side ! ”

Then the sire, with trembling hands,  
Seizes on the guileless child,  
Binds him to the altar rude,  
Which the wondering boy had piled.

Standing then above the pile,  
 Soon the murd'rous knife he bares ;  
 On his eyes, with hateful light,  
 Full the upraised weapon glares !

But from Heaven a voice is heard,  
 Calling on the Patriarch's name ;  
 And he hears this blessed word :  
 " Spare thy son from knife and flame !

" I thy dauntless faith have seen ;  
 Seen thy heart, grief-stricken, tried ;  
 In the father's woeful mien,  
 Who not e'en his son denied !

" Holy man, of pious heart,  
 Earth shall in thy seed be blest ;  
 Thou hast chosen the better part,  
 Submission unto Heaven's behest ! "

Joy ! O, joy ! behold the sire  
 Lifts his thankful gaze to heaven ;  
 And, for sacrifice, a lamb  
 To the God of truth is given.

THE

## PLAGUE OF THE LOCUSTS.

---

A strong East wind is blowing still—it hath blown all the day ;  
Now whistling, and now moaning low, as if 'twere grave or gay ;  
And through the livelong night resound its dull and hollow  
tones,

As if some dread plague, death-bearing, went circling the  
earth's zones !

The morning dawns but dimly ; over all Egyptia's land  
A shadow, growing darker every moment, seems to stand !  
Soon, in her marble palaces, and in her solemn halls,  
A horror creepeth inward—creepeth onward o'er her walls !  
O'er all the Nile's broad valley—on the yellow waving corn,  
O'er grass, and tender flowers, and trees, the horrent thing  
is borne !

Aloft, the stately palm is stripped of all its verdant leaves ;  
And never shall the harvest wheat be gathered into sheaves !  
The air is full of rustling noise—with myriad insect life ;  
Each meadow land, and pasture green, and all the towns, are  
rife !

The locusts are upon the land, a desolating cloud ;  
But still the hardened heart of haughty Pharaoh is not bowed.  
O ! never shall such dismal sight again on earth be seen !  
The sky at noon is darkened o'er by yonder living screen !  
And in the solemn temples, where the gods of granite stand,  
Thousands and millions, more and more, they crawl on every  
hand ;

In Pharaoh's palace, lo ! they creep o'er all the royal food ;  
 They taint the savoury viands—the foul and noisome brood !  
 Thousands and millions, more and more, new legions onward fly ;  
 Fresh swarms sweep on to fill the place of myriads more  
 that die !

The voice of woe in Egypt cries of famine and of pain ;  
 The husbandman that mourns the loss of all his goodly grain ;  
 Amid the grief, and woe, and fear, a darkness, as of hell,  
 O'er all the Nile's broad valley doth in mystic horror dwell.

---

## THE

## PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

---

Morning breaking, breaking brightly  
 O'er the valley of the Nile ;  
 O'er her thousand giant temples ;  
 O'er each lofty granite pile,  
 Where the Sphynxes grimly sitting—  
 Sitting staidly all the while—  
 Moveless always, stern and passionless,  
 On mortals never smile !

Wondrous empire!—wondrous people!  
 Who to marble, life have given!  
 With your art our art, contending,  
   Hath in vain for ages striven.  
 Who shall win from ye the laurels—  
   In the mystic secrets dive—  
 That, amid the rolling centuries,  
   Have bid your genius live?

Sunlight gleaming, gleaming whitely  
 On the river broad and fair;  
 On the palm whose leaves are waving,  
   Gently waving in the air!  
 On the city's streets 't is shining,  
   Shining down with heat and glare;  
 And the mart seems all deserted,  
   And the burning streets are bare!

But the sound of warriors arming  
 Comes from out the monarch's hall,  
 And the sound of pipe and tabor  
   Beating still the battle-call;  
 And the heavy roll of chariots  
   Rumbling, on the ear doth fall;  
 And the cries of standard-bearers  
   Shouting on the outward wall!

From thy hundred gateways pouring,  
 THEBES—from every brazen gate,  
 Thousand charioteers careering,  
   Driving onward to their fate!

Foremost rides the haughty Pharaoh,  
 Decked in gold and purple state ;  
 Now, his soul with anger burning,  
 Now, his heart with pride elate !

Thousand steeds the dust are trampling—  
 Streaming on the wind their manes !  
 Snowy white their glossy coats are—  
 Proudly swell their purple veins !  
 They are champing on the steel-bits,  
 Pulling fiercely at the reins ;  
 Dashing onward, ever onward,  
 O'er the broad and level plains !

Sons of Israel ! chosen people !  
 Ye are wandering far away ;  
 Through the desert, parched and dreary,  
 Through the desert lone ye stray !  
 Led divinely from your bondage,  
 Ye the voice of God obey ;  
 And by the Red Sea's shore encamp,  
 By the waning light of day.

Hark ! behind ye rolls the fury  
 And the burning breath of war !  
 Like the dread Sirocco, breathing flame,  
 Comes Pharaoh on his car !  
 And before, with stormy breakers,  
 Rolling ever from afar,  
 Uplifteth the Red Sea its waves,  
 To your onward path a bar.

But the voice of God, in tempest-breath,  
     Careering on the wind,  
 Can the mighty waters loosen,  
     Can the giant waves unbind ;  
 Though mysteriously their essence  
     Is all blent and intertwined,  
 He can bid them roll dissevered,  
     Or sweep onward unconfined !

Down comes the fierce Egyptian host  
     Where the Red Sea rolls amain ;  
 Where the Hebrew tents are fair out-spread  
     On Baalzephon's plain.  
 Down-rushing, lo ! their Captains come,  
     In the pomp of battle vain ;  
 In one hand the javelin bearing,  
     In one hand the guiding rein !

Hark ! the Lord in thunder speaking,  
     Saying from the heavens on high :  
 " Wherefore murmur ye, my people ?  
     Never doubting, onward fly !  
 For I, your God, Omnipotent—  
     I, the Lord of Hosts, am nigh ;  
 And their horsemen, and their charioteers,  
     Before your eyes shall die ! "

And, lo ! from yonder rock outstretched,  
     Looking down upon the sea,  
 (Growing fathom deep beneath whose waves  
     Fair spreads the coral tree),

There, the rod of Moses waving,  
 Bearing Heaven's great decree,  
 Biddeth the waves asunder part—  
 Bids ocean backward flee !

See ! mysteriously they 're moving,  
 Rolling back on either side ;  
 See ! the waves for ages blending—  
 Parting now, the waves divide !  
 Roaring back, with voice of thunder,  
 Pressing back, a mighty tide,  
 Leaving open a dry pathway,  
 Firm and solid, fair and wide !

It is morning. Aaron leadeth  
 All the hosts of Israel through ;  
 All the tribes are onward moving,  
 Men and women, children too !  
 And on either side, all floating  
 In the world of waters blue,  
 There the dwellers in the vasty deep  
 With wondering eyes they view !

There they see the beauteous dolphin,  
 Sporting ever, golden-hued ;  
 There the hideous shark is grinning,  
 Staring fierce in hungry mood !  
 And with glancing scales of silver,  
 Now of azure, float the brood  
 Near the army as it passes,  
 By the sight of wonder woocd.

But now, turning for a moment,  
 Backward gazing, there, behold !  
 Pharaoh's hosts are still pursuing ;  
 Through the sea their course they hold !  
 All in purple raiment glorious ;  
 Glittering all in burnished gold ;  
 Still with fiery speed careering,  
 Are their chariots onward rolled !

But upon them now descending,  
 Lo ! the wrath of God is hurled !  
 And the roaring waters backward,  
 And around their path, are whirled !  
 As in angry foam they leap aloft,  
 By the winds of heaven curled,  
 Egypt's banners, late outspreading,  
 Now are drooping—now are furled !

'Round them roar the mighty waters,  
 That the voice of God obey !  
 'Round them rush the deep's great monsters,  
 Anxious for their human prey !  
 O'er them rolls the booming thunder ;  
 'Mid their ranks the lightnings play !  
 And their grave is the relentless wave,  
 Until the judgment day !

THE  
DISCOVERY OF THE PROMISED LAND,  
AND  
DEATH OF MOSES.

---

Years have rolled on since first that host, on Paran's sterile plain,  
Have left the banks of ancient Nile, and haughty Pharaoh's reign ;  
Their journey ever onward, through a parched and desert land ;  
At length, beside their destined home, toil-worn, their children stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Eschol they have gathered from the wild but fruitful vine  
Her fairest fruit—fresh—bursting with the red and luscious wine.  
They see blue skies ; soft summer airs, from fruitful groves,  
come down,  
Loaded with nature's perfume, ere her virgin breath hath flown !  
Yet black despair swept o'er them, and “the people wept  
that night !”  
They dared defy th' Omnipotent—they trusted not His might !

\* \* \* \* \*

Onward the ceaseless tramp is still—still on ! The high behest  
 Of heaven hath left no time to pause, and for the foot no rest !  
 Low murmurs from that giant host to Heaven's high throne  
 ascend ;

Rash vows, despairing cries, with impious breathings, upward  
 wend !

To idols, lo ! they bend the knee—their rightful God upbraid,  
 Unmindful of the hundred foes His arm of power hath stayed !  
 His rights undone—His service shunned—His warnings loud,  
 unheard ;

They laugh to scorn His fearful threats—they dare arraign His  
 word !

Then pestilence, and famine dire, and war's avenging breath,  
 Unstayed, sweep terror through their ranks—dismay and hope-  
 less death !

Disease in its most loathsome form—the leprous taint is there !  
 The anguished warning thrilling rings—“ Unclean ! unclean !  
 beware ! ”

Ten thousand forms, in agony, upon that waste of sand,  
 Lie writhing 'neath the burning sun, that seems on high to  
 stand !

Ten thousand forms lie stiff and stark, and yet no burial rite  
 Divides the living from the dead, at morn, or noon, or night !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ It is enough ! ” In thunder, from the mercy seat on high,  
 The God of that rebellious race proclaims, “ They shall not  
 die ! ”

Give thanks unto His holy name—earth's sweetest incense  
 burn !

His anger fierce, when man repents, to pity aye doth turn !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Now sadly, while their choral chaunt is plaintive, wailing, low,  
 The Jewish maids, whose tresses dark, unbound, neglected  
     flow,  
 Sweep onward, breathing music; and their march resumed  
     once more,  
 The host moves on—by day and night a guide their path  
     before.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

From Pisgah's lofty mount the holy Seer hath viewed, afar,  
 The heritage of that proud race, undying verdure wear;  
 Then, yielding unto God, who gave, his last rejoicing breath,  
 Bright dreams of future glory crowned the “meek” man’s  
     bed of death!

---

## RUTH AND NAOMI.

---

“ Weep not, my daughters! Go! return,  
     Your people and your gods among; •  
     Go! To forget Naomi learn,  
     Whose tortured heart with grief is wrung !

For ne'er again shall love inspire  
 The throbings wild that once it gave ;  
 No longer warm, its wonted fire  
 Has left it like a cheerless grave ! ”

But sore they wept. The gentle Ruth  
 Still to Naomi, sobbing, clung ;  
 Her face the impress bore of truth ;  
 Her ebon hair disheveled hung !  
 O'er her pale cheeks the dew-drops rolled ;  
 Quivered her lips—her bosom heaved ;  
 Closer she strove her arms to fold,  
 And Orpah to Naomi cleaved.

But she, with mournful accents, broke  
 That sullen silence of despair ;  
 Her voice in Orpah's breast awoke  
 New hopes, new joys, that slumbered there :  
 “ Turn ye again—my daughters, turn !  
 Too old am I again to wed ;  
 This withered frame no more shall burn  
 With ardour for the marriage bed !

“ But if I hoped—and if to-night  
 A husband to my breast could fold ;  
 And if, with mother's fond delight,  
 Two infant sons these arms should hold—  
 Would ye, young, beautiful and fair,  
 Wait 'til your cheek's rich bloom has flown ?  
 For time will not the roses spare,  
 Whose flowers are fairest ere they're blown !

“ Would ye the infants’ growth await—  
 Wait ’til the spring of manhood came ?  
 Shall the young dove not seek a mate,  
 Ere fled is love’s celestial flame ?  
 Turn ye again, my daughters, turn !  
 Go ! and among your people seek  
 Brave youths with ardent love, who burn  
 To kiss the tears from either’s cheek !”

Then bitterly again they wept,  
 Those young and lovely sisters, lone ;  
 And o’er the mind of Orpah swept  
 Thoughts that her lips would never own !  
 Turning, she went, with downcast eye ;  
 But Ruth, the gentle Ruth, remained ;  
 Her gaze was steadfast, firm and high,  
 Though her fair cheek with tears was stained !

“ Behold ! thy sister-in-law hath gone—  
 Gone to her gods and kindred back !  
 Go ! leave me wretched and alone,  
 And follow in thy sister’s track !  
 Thy husband from thine arms is torn ;  
 The tie that bound me to thy side,  
 By the fell hand of death, is shorn ;  
 And thou may’st with thy friends abide !”

Then Ruth her beaming face upraised,  
 That shone with undiminished love,  
 And on Naomi sweetly gazed :  
 “ Wouldst thou,” she said, “ my courage prove ? ”

O ! ask me not thy side to leave,  
Thou mother of my husband dear !  
For I will ever to thee cleave ;  
My place through life shall still be here !

“ Whither thou goest I will go ;  
The humble roof that shelters thee,  
No other home I'll ever know  
Than that loved roof, where'er it be !  
Thy people shall be mine, and where  
Thou diest, there too I will die !  
Thy God shall hear my fervent prayer,  
Upborne to Him in Heaven on high !

“ O ! ask me not thy side to leave !  
Let me but near thee ever dwell ;  
Still to my husband's mother cleave,  
Whom I have loved so long, so well.  
And when this weary life hath ceased,  
And each within the grave is laid,  
Our love in happier worlds increased,  
We'll wander through the realms of shade ! ”

THE

## WITCH OF ENDOR.

---

The thunder clouds are looming up o'er all the murky sky ;  
The winds, unprisoned, rage and roar, as through the air  
they hie ;  
And Saul, with troubled heart, goes forth at Endor to a cave,  
Where a lone prophet woman dwells, within her living grave ;  
For mournful is the monarch's heart—the Philistines bear  
down ;  
In martial order marching, they bear to Ramah's town ;  
And on the mount of Gilboa, down-looking on the land,  
The armies of the Philistines—the foes of Israel—stand.

\* \* \* \* \*

The livid lightnings flash along the darkling veil of night,  
Illumining the ancient hills with swift departing light !  
The hollow thunders roll along, or burst with sudden crash ;  
And ever on the moistened earth the rains descending dash.  
At length the monarch stands alone within the wizard's cave,  
Anxious the words of fate to hear—the voice of doom to brave.  
There, sitting in a sullen mood, her hands upon her face,  
He sees an ancient Saga sit, alone in that drear place.

A veil of smoke pervades the cave, and seeks the upper air ;  
 A dampness hangs upon the walls, all dripping, cold, and  
 bare !

There, simmering in a cauldron huge, upon the smouldering  
 coal,

Dank herbs their noisome exhalations 'round the chamber roll ;  
 And ever and anon the withered prophetess throws in  
 Some foul and foetid living thing, with all its mottled skin !

\* \* \* \* \*

With haggard look, she sees the monarch stand within her cave ;  
 And her locks, like serpents writhing, around her shoulders  
 wave ;

Her eye beams with intensest light—there 's fury in her gaze,  
 Glowing, as if there burned within, a fiend-like, hellish blaze !  
 "O ! wherefore art thou here ?" she cried, threatening with  
 outstretched arm ;

"Hast thou a talisman to save from witchcraft and from  
 harm ?

Turn, ere my spirits 'round thee press, and drag thee down  
 to hell,

When never shall your cruel fate your weeping kinsmen tell !  
 Turn, ere the mother who bore thee, her son would never know !  
 Turn, ere the wrathful fiends of hell around their victim flow !"

\* \* \* \* \*

"O ! hear me, woman !" cried the King—"I come thine aid  
 to ask :

Canst thou the dead men disinter ?—then quick perform thy  
 task !"

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Now, foul befall thee,” cries the witch, “ that me to death  
wouldst bring !

Thou knowest this thing forbidden is by Saul, our mighty King ;  
Thou knowest how his sword hath slain the wizards of the land,  
And those who raise familiar spirits with a magic wand ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Now, by the living God ! ” cried Saul, “ I swear to thee  
this day,

No harm shall happen to thee, if thou dost my words obey.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Then spake the hag, with fiendish laugh, that echoed through  
the cave :

“ And who is he whom thou wouldst see fresh risen from the  
grave ? ”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Bring up the Prophet Samuel, who dead in Ramah lies,  
In all his ghostly cerements in which he mouldering lies.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Then o'er the seething cauldron, bending down, the withered  
witch

Moved round and round, with rapid hand, a slender hazel  
switch ;

And fast the volumed steam went up, and fast the cauldron  
boiled :

In vapoury wreaths it rose, and upward through the cavern  
coiled !

The hag recoiled and shrilly screamed, with terror and affright ;  
 For soon there burst from out the earth a bright unearthly light !  
 And to the monarch thus she spoke, in anger and alarm :  
 " And is it thus that you have sworn to shelter me from harm ?  
 O ! wherefore didst thou lie to me ? for thou art Saul, the King ;  
 I know thee by his words whom thou from out his tomb dost  
 bring ! "

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

" Fear not, O ! witch of Endor ! " then the monarch, trembling,  
 cried ;  
 " But tell me, from the ghostly realm what shadow hast thou  
 spied ? "

As thus he spoke, a shivering came across his stalwart frame ;  
 He saw the smoke intensely bright—it seemed a living flame !  
 And groanings from the earth came up, and through the  
 cavern roared,

As if some spirit mournfully for rest and peace implored !

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

" What seest thou from the realms of shade ? " " I see," the  
 saga cried,  
 " The forms of Gods ascending up, that on the whirlwind ride !  
 An old man from the deep comes forth, a mantle o'er his head,  
 A white unsullied shroud, the vestment of the newly dead ! "

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Then up there rose a ghastly form behind the wreathing steam,  
 All clothed in flowing drapery, that did transparent seem !  
 His visage it was pale and wan, his grisly beard hung down  
 In Patriarchal guise, upon his white and flowing gown.

The monarch saw and knew the form—the Prophet loved  
of old,  
A chill ran through his shiv'ring frame, that made him icy  
cold !  
He bowed his head unto the earth, until the shade swept by—  
Until a hollow voice proclaimed, the risen dead was nigh !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Why hast thou me disquieted, and wherefore called me here ? ”  
The phantom said in measured tones, sepulchral, deep, and  
clear.  
“ O ! Prophet, I am sore distressed, and anguished is my heart ;  
The favour of the Lord of Hosts now doth from me depart :  
No more in dreams He answers me, nor will the Prophets hear,  
Though Philistines against me march, with banner, sword,  
and spear !  
To Urim He will answer none, nor to my fervent prayer :  
Therefore, I would that thou, the dead, to me His will declare.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ O, King ! thy glory waneth, and thy kingdom fades away !  
The Lord of Hosts is angerèd and wroth with thee this day !  
Wherefore, when the voice of God to thee, the deed com-  
manding, came,  
Didst thou not waste th’ Amalekites with sword, and spear,  
and flame ?  
Lo ! on Gilboa’s height I see a battle-field outspread ;  
The gory earth, encumbered, reeks with dying and with dead ;  
And there, upon the field, I see thee, monarch, with thy son,  
Thy kingly crown departed, and thy race of glory run.

Close by his armour-bearer, lo ! I see King Saul lie down  
 In the dust, with all his valour—trampled under foot his  
 crown !

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, with a mighty groan, the King upon the earth did fall,  
 And the spirit, waning, seemed to sink into the cavern wall !

---

THE

JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.

---

Eve declining on the mountain ;  
 Upon Lebanon's tall head,  
 Waning sunlight, swift departing,  
 Pours its hues of brilliant red.

Steeped in shade lay all the valley ;  
 Deeper grew the darkness still ;  
 'Til, at last, the sun descended,  
 Shadows crept upon the hill.

On the hill-side slept a monarch,  
 Young and noble, fair and bold ;  
 Slept he in his tent so gorgeous,  
 All of crimson cloth and gold.

O'er that tent the lofty cedars,  
 Gnarled and knotted, huge and old,  
 Whispered ever in the breezes,  
 And a tale of wonder told :

“ List, ye nations,” cried the cedars ;  
 “ For, beneath our arms outspread,  
 Lo ! the wisest of earth’s monarchs  
 Now he rests his youthful head ! ”

And the giant trees they murmured,  
 Waving in the soft night breeze,  
 As if love were through them thrilling,  
 Through the proud and kingly trees.

While the youthful monarch slumbered,  
 Gently breathing whilst he slept,  
 ’Round his couch strange visions wandered ;  
 Through his brain strange dreamings swept.

On the night-wind he heard voices ;  
 Angels saw he round his bed ;  
 All of light their glowing mantles,  
 Halos crowning every head.

Music heard he—heavenly breathings,  
 Such as mortals seldom hear ;  
 Choral symphonies, seraphic—  
 Angel voices, full and clear.

As they ceased, a light prodigious  
 All the inner tent illumed ;  
 And a look of adoration  
 Every angel face assumed.

“Son of David ! Youthful monarch ! ”  
 Cried a voice of depth and power ;  
 “Thou art King o'er all my people ;  
 High and far thy wish may tower !

“Wouldst thou wish for endless riches,  
 Wealth and grandeur, pride and state ?  
 Boundless wealth from Ethiopia,  
 Boundless gold shall on thee wait !

“Speak, and fear not, what thy wish is ;  
 Boldly speak, and never fear ;  
 I, thy God, am omnipresent—  
 I, thy God, thy prayer will hear ! ”

Then Solomon, still dreaming, spake—  
 Thus the trembling monarch said :  
 “Give me wisdom and discernment ;  
 A good heart and a wise head ! ”

When he 'woke, the bright light, waning  
 From the chamber, died away ;  
 Ceased the dreamings of the monarch ;  
 Dawning came the light of day.

Glanced the old primæval forest  
 In the sunbeams broad and bright ;  
 And the woodland glades looked lovely,  
 Now in shadow, now in light.

Mid-day—in the hall of judgment,  
 With a bearing proud and high,  
 Sore complaints of all his people,  
 First to hear, and then to try—

Golden crowned, a mighty monarch—  
 Lo ! he sits ! Upon his brow  
 Dwells of thought the mighty impress,  
 That within his mind doth grow.

Before him now two harlots came :  
 Came one with a downcast eye ;  
 But the other was unblushing,  
 And upon her lips a lie.

In the arms of her who blushed not  
 Slept an infant, sweet and fair ;  
 And the other's eye dwelt on it,  
 Wild with frenzy and despair.

“ Mighty King, the infant mine is !  
 Him, with pain and travail sore,  
 With the anguish of a mother,  
 And in shame and sin, I bore ! ”

Then out spake the flaunting harlot,  
 And she cried—“ O ! righteous King !  
 See, the infant cleaveth to me !  
 I the child to life did bring.”

Then in loud voice the crier called,  
 “ Silence ! hear our Lord the King,  
 While he gives his righteous judgment  
 On this great and weighty thing.”

“ Bring ye here the sword of justice,  
 And the hapless child divide,”  
 Cried the monarch in his wisdom :  
 “ Let not justice be denied ! ”

But on her knees the mother fell ;  
 And she cried—“ O ! spare the child ! ”  
 And her voice was shrill and trembling,  
 And her gesture fierce and wild.

“ Mighty monarch ! give the infant  
 To this woman—I have lied !  
 It is hers—O ! let her take it ;  
 But do not the child divide ! ”

“ Stay the sword, O ! armour-bearer !  
Do not strike, but stay the sword !  
For, behold, it is her infant  
Who hath thus for life implored ! ”

Then throughout the hall of judgment  
Rang a long and loud acclaim ;  
Thousand voices, mingling, shouted,  
“ Glory to our monarch’s name ! ”

**Miscellaneous Poems.**



N A P O L E O N   B U O N A P A R T E ,  
AND  
T H E   F R E N C H   R E V O L U T I O N !

---

Peace o'er the nations reigns !  
Gay revel in the monarch's hall—  
Sweet music's soul-entrancing strains !  
Licentiousness, that bodes his fall,  
Runs riot in the noble's veins !  
Cares not the feudal Lord  
For all his vulgar horde  
Of starving tenantry :  
A hundred minions work his will ;  
What recks he whether well or ill—  
His life glides smoothly by !

Heed not the brilliant throng !  
Its joyous days are brief and few ;  
An hour it glitters, and 't is gone—  
Swept by a vast, a wild, a new,  
A world-engulphing stream, along !  
Groans in the peasant's cot :  
Priests, nobles, hear them not !  
But they *shall* hear them well,  
When, waking in their might, they ring  
O'er nobles, courtiers, priests, and king,  
Death's solemn, startling knell !

Up springs the Fourth Estate !  
 New lights are dancing in our eyes :  
     A godless creed usurps the place  
     Of Faith—Religion wanes, and dies !  
     Men meet their Maker face to face,  
     Upon their lips a lie !  
     “ There is no God ! ” they cry :  
     “ Mankind shall never hear,  
     Up-waking from the silent tomb,  
     Or words of life, or words of doom,  
     To daunt them, or to cheer ! ”

Peace brooding o'er the world !  
 Yet warlike fires alive within,  
     And murmurs, passionate and strong—  
     Prophetic of the coming din—  
     Are bearing horrent war along !  
     Tremours first move the crowd ;  
     ‘Til, hark ! they shout aloud,  
     “ Death to the Bourbon King !  
     Woe ! principalities and powers !  
     The giant strength of numbers ours—  
     Your funeral dirge we sing ! ”

Pikes at the palace gate !  
 The roll of ordnance in the street :  
     Strange murmurs first—then outcries loud—  
     A mighty roar of voices ! As they meet,  
     The gathering bands inflate the crowd.  
     Woe to the gallant Swiss !<sup>2</sup>  
     France, has it come to this ?

Is loyalty of foreign birth ?  
 Dying, as brave men ever die,  
 O, Switzerland ! thy warriors lie,  
 By numbers borne to earth.

No bounds to the wild sea  
 Of human wrath, that swells and raves !  
 A feudal King, a Princess fair—  
 Their *garde du corps* the rabble's staves—  
 Die dauntlessly in open air !  
 'T is done ! Peace flies the world ;  
 War hath his flag unfurled ;  
 Proudly on high to soar,  
 'Til, springing from the blood-red field,  
 A warrior shall the sceptre wield,  
 And freedom be no more !

Clouds, storms, and tempests now !  
 The storm of nations' deadly hate ;  
 The tempest in the war-cloud's breath ;  
 The cloud itself, an armèd State,  
 Hurling the thunderbolts of death !  
 Down, one by one, they fall—  
 Kingdoms, Republics, all  
 Prostrate before the foe !  
 Alone, the sea-girt Isle maintains  
 Her freedom !—proudly, peace disdains,  
 And strikes for weal or woe.

Eagles, with outstretched wing !  
 Mute emblems, ye ! Yet how ye speak,  
     As, on the warlike banner perched,  
 Fresh battle-fields for prey ye seek.  
     Say, if *his* inmost soul be searched,  
         Who, with the victor's tramp,  
             Hurries from camp to camp,  
                 To gorge ye with fresh slain ;  
 Then, will that iron breast disclose  
 Such lust for triumph o'er his foes,  
         As shall his laurels stain ?

Aye ! ever onward pour,  
 O'er fair Italia's smiling plain,  
     Hosts upon hosts ! The cannon's roar—  
 The rattling musketry—the train  
     Of glittering bayonets before !  
         The victor mounts his car ;  
             Loosed are the dogs of war ;  
                 The Cæsar's legions fly !  
 Now RIVOLI, and ARCOLA,<sup>3</sup> proclaim,  
 In thunder, Buonapartè's name ;  
         And conquest is the cry.

Lo ! upon LODI's bridge,<sup>4</sup>  
 With cheek unblenching—dauntless soul—  
     Waving the tri-colour, he stands !  
 Around him warlike thunders roll,  
     And cluster Gallia's martial bands :  
         The plunging shot flies fast ;  
             The bravest stands aghast ;

But “ onward ! ” is *his* cry !  
 And fast, through flame and smoke, he goes,  
 A thunderbolt against his foes—  
 A child of victory !

And Italy is free !  
 O, freedom ! in thy sacred name  
 Can tyrants thus the world enslave ?  
 Thy birth, oppression, men proclaim  
 The heritage that freedom gave !  
 Hark ! “ Liberty ! ” they shout.  
 The brave cry ringing out,  
 Resounds from hill to hill ;  
 The ancient Alps their echoes give,  
 And bid that word of promise live :  
 Alas ! a tyrant will !

O ! wonderful career !  
 Within the Legislative Hall,  
 ’Mid shouts that e’en would rend the grave,  
 He stands—admired, yet feared by all ;  
 While low the Austrian standards wave.  
 All hail ! O ! victor, hail !  
 Trembling, the world grows pale,  
 And bows before thy might !  
 He hears—and, thrilling to his heart,  
 The first glad words of homage dart,  
 And guide his future flight !

The gardens of the Tuilleries !  
A mighty shout, piercing the air !  
The hum of that wild multitude,  
So fearful late, again is there !  
But now no more it cries for blood.  
“ The victor ! ” shouts each voice ;  
He comes—O ! France, rejoice !  
The child of freedom, he !  
He comes—the trophies on his car  
Of Italy’s successful war :  
And France is tyrant free !

O ! death-devoting lie !  
Awake ! O, Austria ! mark thy doom !  
On to the Danube, more and more,  
With lightning flash, and thunder boom,  
The conqueror’s serried legions pour !  
Thy blood, O ! France, flows free,  
Poured forth for victory :  
More freely yet *shall* flow,  
When, with the Empire’s glittering horde,  
Along the Danube’s valley poured,  
A monarch he shall go !

Dark Egypt rears her head !  
Strange visions haunt the hero’s mind :  
Her mystic faith—her ancient power !  
His brows he would with laurels bind,  
Won from the solemn land where tower  
The Pyramids of old !  
The ships their sails unfold ;

The ancient ocean sweep.  
 And “ Sultan Khebir ”<sup>5</sup> on thy plain,  
 Egyptia, stands ; while from the main  
 Boom Britain’s thunders deep !

Brave NELSON of the Nile !  
 Ship after ship, Aboukir’s bay,  
 Led on by NELSON’s hate of France,  
 Steer for thy shore, in stern array,  
 And steadfast ’gainst the foe advance !  
 Their anchors drop, “ Yo, ho ! ”  
 Rattling, they plunge below,  
 Till each her place hath won :  
 Then wakes a mighty crash and roar ;  
 And giant thunders tell the shore,  
 The Frenchman’s sands are run !

Despair within his heart !  
 But dauntless is the victor’s eye ;  
 His words like fire ! Unflagging hope  
 Glows in his port and bearing high !  
 Who can with him in valour cope ?  
 The Titans lie before—  
 The Pyramids of yore !  
 And there, in dense array,  
 The Mamelukes, with warlike grace,  
 Bestride their noble Arab race  
 Of chargers, fleet and grey !

On ! to the battle-field,<sup>6</sup>  
 In serried ranks, and trim array,  
 The dark-browed grenadiers of France,  
 While on their bayonets sunbeams play,  
 Joyful, with gallant shouts, advance.  
 Behold him in the van !  
 His eagle eye doth span  
 The rushing squadron's force—  
 The desert host, that, thousands strong,  
 Bears down, in one tumultuous throng,  
 To sweep him from his course !

The bristling squares are formed !  
 Then comes a thunder-crashing sound,  
 Seeming the very earth to shake !  
 Ten thousand horsemen onward bound ;  
 A gallant, fearful charge they make !  
 Now, forth the cannon pour,  
 With one continuous roar,  
 Their missiles swift and dread !  
 Long lanes they cut amid that host,  
 As when, 'mid forests, tempest-tossed,  
 The giant trees lie dead.

They halt, but do not flee !  
 Numidia's lion not more bold :  
 Shouting “ Il Allah ! ” down they dash !  
 Though many a noble steed lies cold,  
 They charge, at length, with earthquake crash ;  
 But not a square then breaks ;  
 While, far and wide, awakes,

'Round that devoted band,  
 The Sultan Khebir's rolling fire !  
 They gnaw their swords for very ire,  
 And perish where they stand !

Vast struggles, and vast crimes !  
 He dons the Moslem's faith to-day—  
 To-morrow ravages and burns :  
 Now hears the bearded Imaum pray ;  
 Now on the warlike Murad turns.  
 On ! To the desert, on !  
 Or e'er his power is gone,  
 His magic influence o'er.  
 They march through Syria's burning sands,  
 Wasting, with fire and sword, her lands,  
 And reach the sacred shore.

Of Jaffa's slaughter, tell,<sup>7</sup>  
 O ! muse ; and, while the burning tear  
 Of pity starts for those who fell  
 In one red murder, born of fear,  
 Invoke the very fiends of hell  
 To curse the damning deed !  
 Three thousand captives feed  
 Th' uncovered fosse with dead !  
 Th' ensanguined sea rolls back her flood,  
 As if surcharged with human blood,  
 And moaning, as in dread !

O ! infamous, great crime !  
 Not all the laurelled wreaths that twine  
     Around thy memory—dread scourge !  
 Nor though an hundred tapers shine  
     Before thee, night and day, can purge  
         That darkest crime away !  
     Not all that sophists say ;  
         Not flattery's boldest flight,  
     Can wipe away unholy deeds !  
 Thy monster murder freshly bleeds,  
     And shall thy soul affright !

The blood-stained walls of Acre !<sup>8</sup>  
 There, Richard stormed a Paynim band,  
     The Holy Cross upon his breast ;  
 And won the ramparts, sword in hand—  
     Boldest Plantagenet, and best !  
     Who summons Acre now ?  
     He who, upon his brow,  
         The seal of triumph wears !  
 But though the bastions, crumbling, fall ;  
 Though yawn the breaches ; still, the wall  
     The Turkish standard bears !

Ships in Saint Jean's bay !  
 The flag of England waving there !  
     Succour, beleaguered men, at hand ;  
 And timely, too ; for, onward bear  
     The columns of assault—a band  
         By battle tried of old ;  
         Who death as nothing hold,

Balanced with victory !  
 With one impetuous rush they reach,  
 To fall, by hundreds, in the breach,  
 And miserably die !

Ambition's wildest flight !  
 Hurled back on Egypt's burning soil,  
 Whither should now his steps be bent ?  
 Him could the walls of Acre foil ?  
 Aye ! but the very change hath lent  
 New glory to his dream ;  
 And changed the burning theme  
 Of conquest, and of fame,  
 From East to West—from Hindostan  
 To where the Cæsars' glory ran,  
 And won a deathless name.

Aye ! won a deathless name !  
 Then cast away the crown of Rome !  
 For thee, O, Paris ! glory-crowned ;  
 Birth-place of triumph, and *his* home—  
 For thee his eager steps are bound.  
 Once more upon the sea ;  
 A charmèd life bears he,  
 And NELSON's search evades.  
 The ship her wings hath lightly spread ;  
 The land of promise is a-head ;  
 And Egypt slowly fades.

Consul, Dictator—now  
 The foremost Triumvir he sits ;  
     And wields the rod of empire well  
 The power supreme his genius fits,  
     And in his eagle eye doth dwell.  
     He can the nations goad,  
     Or form a glorious Code :  
     A Legislator wise :  
 A Code for ages to endure ;  
 A wreath of glory—bloodless, pure—  
     For free-born men to prize !

And is ambition quenched ?  
 Have peaceful arts subdued the fire  
     That burned for conquest; as if life  
 Had nought to kindle his desire  
     But arms—the battle-field's great strife—  
     The column's heavy tread—  
     The carnage, and the dead—  
     The strategy of war ?  
 Ah, no ! Those thoughts are burning still ;  
 But tempered is the warrior's will  
     By visions loftier far !

The diadem of France !  
 The blood-stained throne, by gory hands  
     Besmeared—red with the blood of him  
 Who, guarded by infuriate bands,  
     Yielded to every rabble's whim !  
     Seeks he the Bourbon's throne ?  
 No ! Prouder still hath grown

The dauntless upstart's dream.  
 'T were but to raise the fallen race !  
 Did he supply their kingly place,  
 'T would very madness seem !

Fear in the Tyrant's heart ! <sup>9</sup>  
 The weary night brings not to him  
     The Lethe of unbroken sleep ;  
 The sun at mid-day height seems dim ;  
     Wild tremours o'er his heart-strings creep.  
     The dagger haunts him now !  
     Pale is that mighty brow,  
     As Cromwell's was of old.  
 He sees, in every face, a foe !  
 The very Throne—a hidden woe—  
     A horror doth enfold !

Hunt out the Bourbon blood !  
 From every vale—from every cot—  
     From brave LA VENDEE's sacred shore ; <sup>10</sup>  
 Whose loyal peasants ne'er forgot  
     The Kings who reigned, by right, of yore ;  
     Seek for the scaffold food !  
     Hunt out the Royal brood !  
     'T is meet it thus should be,  
 That he who seeks another's Throne,  
 Should wade through blood and death, alone,  
     To regal dignity.

Invoke red murder now !  
 Let all the fallen fiends of hell  
     Join in the chorus, long and loud,  
 And chaunt the virtues high that dwell  
     In one to mad ambition vowed !  
     Murder shall check him not ;  
     Nor can his mem'ry blot,  
     So that he liveth still !  
 The Glory and the Pride of France,  
 Unstained, through murder may advance,  
     A Throne of blood to fill !

The fortress of VINCENNES !  
 The midnight hour, fit for dark deeds !  
     Within the castle's fosse a grave !  
 There D'ENGHIEU innocently bleeds !<sup>11</sup>  
     No power to aid—no law to save !  
     A victim to the will  
     Of one, whose deeds shall fill,  
     As with a trumpet-blast,  
 Resounding hell with horror dread ;  
 And, clustering 'round his dying bed,  
     Torture his soul at last !

The towers of NOTRE DAME !<sup>12</sup>  
 Where, late, within the temple, stood  
     The flaunting whore, thin-veiled. Behold !  
 Men gather now in joyous mood ;  
     All glittering in Imperial gold,  
     And brilliant waving plumes.  
     The clear bright sun illumines

The vast cathedral now.  
 The choral chaunt to Heaven ascends ;  
 As with the martial music blends  
 The tyrant monarch's vow !

**ENGLAND !** thine hour is come ! <sup>13</sup>  
 So, from the Tuilleries, proclaims  
 The haughty monarch of an hour,  
 With voice of thunder—breathing flames :  
 Then hurls against thee all his power !  
 Now must the leopards flee, <sup>14</sup>  
 With terror, to the sea !  
 Nor shall their ships avail !  
 With flashing wing the Eagle comes,  
 'Mid warlike trumps, and rattling drums,  
 And England's star grows pale !

One moment of great fear !  
 The next, a nation's heart is roused !  
 The monarch, on his glorious Throne ;  
 The stalwart yeoman, humbly housed ;  
 The clansman from the Highlands lone ;  
 With one heart-stirring cry,  
 To arms, for England, hie ;  
 And thousands seek the field :  
 Each Briton's heart's heroic blood  
 Pours on, in one tumultuous flood,  
 The sea-girt isle to shield !

Such were thy glorious days,<sup>15</sup>  
 O ! England's noblest virgin Queen,  
 When, looming from the mighty deep,  
 The giant armament was seen,  
 Threatening, along the seaboard creep !  
 Brightly the beacons gleamed !  
 From hill to hill there seemed  
 To leap the living flame !  
 Then up the God of battles rose,  
 And hurled his vengeance on thy foes !  
 Be glory to His Name !

Bear back, thou tyrant King !  
 Usurper of th' Imperial Throne—  
 Crowned with thy diadem of thorns !  
 Our sea-encircled isle, *alone*,  
 Thy hosts defies—thy fury scorns !  
 Behold ! her ensign wave—  
 Behold ! her seamen brave  
 Anchor—beside thy shore !  
 Bootless, alike, thy threats, thy gold ;  
 The hour of England is not told ;  
 Her star shines forth once more.

Changed is the seat of war.<sup>16</sup>  
 With lightning speed—with hurried tramp—  
 Diverging from thy shore, Boulogne,  
 The thousands from th' invading camp  
 Are on devoted Austria thrown !  
 Vienna's gates are won !  
 Thy halls, O ! Schoenbrunn,

The conqueror receive !  
 Nor shall the Scythian sword avail ; <sup>17</sup>  
 Nor mounted thousands, clad in mail,  
 Thy fortunes to retrieve !

The sun of Austerlitz !  
 Watchword of many an after year,  
 When fate above the hero loured !  
 In thundering charge, the squadrons hear  
 Upon the allied armies poured !  
 Long fight they—but in vain !  
 Hurled backward from the plain,  
 The treacherous ice they win :  
 Thousands on thousands, driven there,  
 Maddened by fear, disgrace, despair,  
 The wild waves swallow in.

And now, on Jena's field,  
 Are tricolour and eagles seen !  
 And Prussia, that nor friend, nor foe,  
 Had boldly frowned, or smiled serene,  
 Falls, crushed with sudden overthrow.  
 Not Europe's proudest force ;  
 Not well-trained foot and horse,  
 Can save the Prussian realm !  
 From fort to fort, the booming sound  
 Of dread artillery goes round,  
 A nation to o'erwhelm !

May such forever be  
 The fate of those who in the cause  
     Of freedom, and religion, too,  
 And Europe's peace, ignobly pause,  
     Nor prove to patriotism true !  
     Great Frederick ! hadst thou lived,  
         First in the breach had strived  
             Thy spirit's fiery glow !  
 But now—thy course of glory run—  
 Lost is the master mind that won  
     Silesia from the foe !

Lo ! at the hero's tomb  
 A hero stands !<sup>18</sup> and genius bows  
     To its departed prototype.  
 But shall not this the land arouse,  
     And bid its sons for war be ripe ?  
         Banner, and sword, and shield,  
             Their monarch once did wield,  
                 Are now the victor's spoil !  
 Aye ! while in France Te Deums swell,  
 Rage in the FATHERLAND shall dwell ;<sup>19</sup>  
     Its children's blood shall boil !

The Crown of Charlemagne !  
 Thoughtful and sad, alone—alone  
     The monarch sits, in seeming trance ;  
 His dynasty shall fill the throne,  
     And rule the destinies of France.  
     O ! dream replete with woe !  
         Man, 't is thy deadliest foe

That doth for utterance burn !  
 See grief upon thy lordly brow  
 With mad ambition striving now !  
 Ah ! which the scale shall turn ?

But, see ! whose form is there ?  
 The gentlest matron France can boast ;  
 For aye to mercy's cause inclined :  
 The loyal heart that, once 't is lost  
 To him, he ne'er again shall find :  
 The Empress, JOSEPHINE !<sup>10</sup>  
 She, whose true love did shine,  
 A jewel fair and bright,  
 Purest of all the brows that bound  
 Of him whom giant treason crowned,  
 And blood, and godless might.

Her arms are 'round him thrown !  
 Behold her passionately weep !  
 Too truly hath her *heart* divined  
 His thoughts that, unrevealèd, sleep ;  
 That with his loftiest hopes are twined.  
 She fears the mandate dread !  
 Her gloomy fate hath read,  
 And trembles 'neath the blow :  
 Without reproach, save only tears,  
 Her undeservèd doom she hears—  
 Unutterable woe !

A year hath rolled away :  
The house of HAPSBURGH hath allied <sup>21</sup>  
    Its name to the usurper's fate ;  
And that which war its arms denied,  
    Hath wrought the policy of state.  
    ROME ! <sup>22</sup> thou a King must own !  
        Bear him the Iron Crown !  
        Now is the purple won !  
The cannon of the INVALIDES—  
The herald of the FATHER's deeds—  
    In thunder greet the SON.

The coming voice of war !  
Onward, the giant murmur strides ; <sup>23</sup>  
    And, like the whirlwind in its course,  
It gathers strength as on it rides,  
    Shouting, “ To arms ! To horse—to horse ! ”  
        On, o'er the nations, on !  
        From where the rising sun  
            Shines down, with golden beam,  
On silver-spangled domes and towers,  
To where, in this far land of ours,  
    The hoary eagles scream !

On ! O'er the nations, on !  
O'er SWITZERLAND, bold freedom's soil ;  
    The land of lion-hearted TELL :  
(There, too, did patriot HOFER toil,  
    And leave a hero's name to dwell  
        Enshrined in every heart  
        Allied to freedom's part) :

There rolls the gathering flame !  
 On mountain-tops the beacons blaze !  
 From hill to hill the watchword strays,  
 The murdered HOFER's name !

On ! o'er the nations, on !  
 The gathering cry is, blood for blood !  
 Insult for insult—wrong for wrong !  
 Long hath the impious tyrant stood  
 The scourge of Europe—aye, too long !  
 'T is England fans the flame ;  
 Trumpets her hero's name—  
 The Champion of the world ;  
 He who, from off the fields of Spain,  
 The Gallic Marshals hurled amain  
 Back, with their banners furled !

Immortal WELLINGTON !  
 From field to field thy standards fly !  
 Thy serried columns, marching, fight :  
 VITTORIA and BUSACO, high  
 Thy name shall raise, with glory bright !  
 And SALAMANCA's field,  
 With DOURO on thy shield,  
 And BADAJOZ, shall shine !  
 And liberated Spain shall raise,  
 To honour thee, the voice of praise,  
 E'en on the banks of Rhine ! <sup>24</sup>

On rolls the breath of war !  
 From camp to camp—from hill to hill,  
     The soldiers of the Empire fly !  
 The PYRENEES with armies fill,  
     And echo thunder from the sky !  
     Onward ! one struggle more  
     To gain the Gallic shore,  
     And hurl th' usurper down !  
 Onward ! for fate is louring o'er  
 Napoleon, on the Baltic shore !<sup>25</sup>  
     Fortune his arms hath flown !

Onward ! for Moscow now !<sup>26</sup>  
 On, to the NIEMEN's frozen stream,  
     Five hundred thousand men are poured !  
 Spoiled child of fortune ! how his dream  
     Of mad ambition high has towered !  
     Against the haughty Czar  
     He hurls the bolt of war ;  
     To all save conquest blind !  
 His path the dauntless Russians fill ;  
 Defeated, but unconquered, still  
     A rallying point they find !

The Holy City \* see !  
 Before them in the glorious light  
     Of the clear, cold, dazzling morn,  
 Her domes, with gold and azure bright,  
     Up, 'mid the sunlit heavens are borne !

\* Moscow.

Nor ward nor watch they keep :  
 A doomèd silence, deep,  
 Broods o'er yon towers !  
 E'en from his proudest triumphs now,  
 Unnumbered woes, unlooked for, flow ;  
 And fate, relentless, lours !

Another Empire fallen !  
 From the old KREMLIN's † sacred halls  
 The scourge of Europe dictates peace ; <sup>27</sup>  
 And on the prostrate Czar he calls  
 The Holy City to release !  
 Peace ! 't is forever fled ;  
 First shall, with blood, be red,  
 Dark BERESINA's tide !  
 First shall those towers be wrapped in flame,  
 A halo, pointing where the fame  
 Of Buonapartè died !

Hark ! to the brazen clang ! <sup>28</sup>  
 With never-ceasing din it tells  
 Some sudden tale of heavy woe !  
 Why ring the loud alarum bells ?  
 "To arms ! to arms !—the foe ! the foe !"  
 Hark ! in the Court below  
 The tramping squadrons go,  
 As if in sudden fright !  
 Why doth the victor's courage fail ?  
 Ask, why upon his visage pale  
 Flashes yon lurid light ?

† The Palace of the Czars.

The ceaseless rolling drum ;  
 The hurrying tramp of steel-clad men ;  
 The crash of many falling towers ;  
 And then, that livid flame again—  
 Hell hath let loose on earth her powers !  
 Tyrant ! it is thy doom !  
 In that flame-lighted gloom,  
 Behold the hand of fate !  
 With eddying whirl—with giant force,  
 The conflagration keeps its course ;  
 Nor shall the fires abate !

On, to the KREMLIN, roll  
 The flames, that gather new-born might  
 As round the stately pile they glow !  
 A wild—a spirit-stirring sight !  
 Upward their snake-like coils they throw !  
 On ! over dome and tower,  
 The dread abode of power,  
 Relentless—on they whirl !  
 The victor, vanquished, stands aghast :  
 He sees th' avenger rise at last,  
 Him from his throne to hurl !

Awhile he gazes there,  
 Mute with astonishment and awe :  
 Strange forms amid the furnace leap,  
 And fiends his very heart-strings gnaw,  
 Until his quivering flesh doth creep !  
 Wildly, the red flames rise,  
 Eager to seize their prize—

Yon glittering cross on high !  
 Around the silent monarch stand  
 A bold, but wonder-stricken band,  
 Urging him still to fly.

Alas ! for glory, conquest, all  
 The evanescent breath of fame !  
 Spurred by despair, he rushes out  
 Amid the world of smoke and flame ;  
 Amid the raging fires, that flout  
 The clear, cold starry sky—  
 He sees his legions fly,  
 Hotly, as if the foe  
 Were pressing onward in the rear,  
 In phalanx firm, near and more near,  
 To work his overthrow !

The Russian camp by night !  
 The silent countermarch, to bring  
 The vanguard on the flying foe.  
 Around them burning embers wing  
 Their flight !<sup>29</sup> Solemn their march, and slow !  
 Their country shall be free !  
 The distant flames they see  
 Redden the Northern sky.  
 Russia beholds her funeral pyre,  
 But swears that she, from yonder fire,  
 Will date her freedom high !

Unutterable woe !  
 Woe to the Gallic legions brave !  
 Woe to the eagles high that soar !  
 Woe to the tri-colours that wave,  
 Half furled, by BERESINA's <sup>30</sup> shore !  
 Anguish, dismay, despair,  
 Brood over thousands there ;  
 While the relentless foe,  
 From town to town—from hill to hill,  
 Pursues the worn-out remnant still,  
 Spared by the wintry snow !

No outlet for the mass  
 Of wretched fugitives, who strive,  
 Phrenzied with fear, to journey on !  
 O ! who of all that host shall live  
 To tell of all the brave men gone ;  
 To tell how all were tried ;  
 How heros bravely died,  
 The snow-wreath for their grave ?  
 Few ! few !—for, hark ! the cannon's roar  
 Booms from the rearward evermore—  
 The death-knell of the brave.

The gallant VICTOR, foot by foot,  
 Full in the rear, the torrent stems ! <sup>31</sup>  
 But vain are human efforts there :  
 A giant host the rear-guard hems ;  
 And even he to yield must bear.  
 All is in vain ! Away !  
 The Russian batteries play,

With ceaseless havoc dread,  
 Upon the trembling mass below,  
 Who, crowding on the pontoon, go,  
 The dying o'er the dead !

Sudden the bridge gives way,  
 While yet towards it, crowding on,  
 Thousands, and tens of thousands, pour.  
 Hark ! to the shrill death-cry ! 'T is done !  
 The Gallic army lives no more !  
 Russia is free again !  
 Full thirty thousand men  
 Perish beneath the wave !  
 But still the rear-guard struggles on,  
 Its way through hostile masses won,  
 A gallant few to save !

The Emperor in France !  
 Gloom on the hueless faces there :  
 Distrust and doubt surround him now ;  
 And e'en *his* clear cold eye doth glare  
 Sullenly 'neath his pallid brow.  
 " Men, arms, munitions, give !  
 France yet again shall live,  
 Victor o'er all the world !  
 Again the tri-colour shall wave  
 O'er Russian hind, and Austrian slave,  
 In pride once more unfurled ! "

Fear by the cottage hearth !  
 From all the “pleasant land of France,”  
   Seek out the youthful conscripts now ;  
 Leave they the evening greensward dance,  
   And forward to the frontier flow.  
     The mother’s eye is dim ;  
     In tears the maiden’s swim ;  
     Dead is the warlike sire :  
 Ah ! who the gallant youth shall save  
 From glory and an early grave—  
   From battle, sword, and fire !

On ! o’er the nations, on !  
 The din of war, redoubling, flies :  
   From mouth to mouth, with lightning speed,  
 The cry “To arms for Europe !” hies :  
   France, ’t is thy hour of utmost need :  
     “ The fight of giants ” comes ;  
     Hark ! to the allied drums ;  
     ’Neath LEIPSIC’s walls they beat :  
 Like a wild beast within his lair,  
 The Emperor of France lies there,  
   To fight—for a retreat !

Again the crash of armies !  
 The multitudinous sounds again,  
   Of the great battle-field, I hear ;  
 The squadrons charging on the plain ;  
   Th’ unheeded cry of pain or fear ;  
     The loud artillery’s roar,  
     Booming for evermore ;

The brazen trumpet's note ;  
 The thousand battle-cries that blend,  
 As foes on foes their fury spend,  
 The hard fought field denote.

Fight on, fight on, ye brave !  
 Tools of a reckless despot's will ;  
 Fight on, and die ; or if ye live,  
 Live but the flying ranks to fill ;  
 For him your hearts' best blood ye give.  
 Now that his eagles fly,  
 Ye can but bravely die—  
 Die in a tyrant's cause.  
 The day, the hour, have come at last,  
 When all the victor's hopes are past,  
 When all his triumphs pause !

Monarchs and people now  
 No longer yield to weak alarms :  
 The TUGENDBUND<sup>32</sup> uplifts its voice ;  
 The Fatherland springs up in arms ;  
 Its liberated sons rejoice !  
 “ For FATHERAND,” they cry,  
 “ We conquer, or we die—  
 The cause of freedom ours ! ”  
 Our songs the nation's heart shall nerve ;  
 Our warriors ne'er from battle swerve,  
 While danger o'er us lours !

On ! o'er the nations, on !  
 O'er the untrodden fields of France  
     The din of war comes rolling back ;  
 Thither the allied troops advance,  
     Fast closing on the Emperor's track :  
         And Austria, too, is there ;  
         Not kith or kin can spare  
             The tyrant at his call.  
 At CHAMPAUBERT and MONTMIRAIL <sup>33</sup>  
 He stands ; but naught can now avail ;  
     Great Buonaparte must fall !

Lord of a petty Isle !  
 His lofty spirit may not brook  
     The insult, deadlier far than death :  
 To France again his visions look ;  
     There will he yield his latest breath ;  
         There render up his trust ;  
         There mingle dust with dust—  
             In his adopted land.  
 But first again its banners bear,  
 Triumphant, through the battle's glare,  
     And bid its empire stand !

Palace of FONTAINBLEAU !  
 Scene of his triumphs and his woes !  
     Again within thy walls he stands ;  
 His bosom heaves with joyous throes ;  
     Around him gather trusty bands.  
         Hark ! deafening cheers resound !  
         France hath her hero found ;

Long may the Emperor live !  
 Through France the warlike words resound,  
 And Europe shall, at that dread sound,  
 Again for empire strive !

The plain of WATERLOO !  
 At AGINCOURT—on CRESSY's field,  
 England and France have met before.  
 May God the righteous nation shield,  
 And give it victory once more !  
 Firm stands each British square,  
 Though charge the old guard there,  
 All clad in heavy mail !  
 And, as the squadrons backward fly,  
 Beneath the murderous fire they die,  
 That comes like storm of hail !

No more the theme pursue !  
 What tongue shall tell, what pen relate,  
 How, 'mid the sulph'rous smoke of war,  
 From dawn of day 'til evening late,  
 They bravely fought ; or how the star  
 Of conquest, waning, fell !  
 Ah ! who in truth can tell  
 How virtue triumphed there !  
 Prostrate, at length, the mighty foe  
 Of England, and the world, lies low,  
 Never to rise again !

## ECCE HOMO! \*

---

O ! what a world of thought upon that brow !  
Sad, yet serene—compassion's mercy seat !  
Grief, measureless—unfathomable woe—  
Veils the angelic eyes.

They speak a holy mystery !  
Within those gentle orbs a deity,  
Incarnate, dwells, and mourns—aye ! tears of blood  
Weeps for the guilty race of fallen man !

'Tis not the scoffer's jest—the insult rude—  
The ruffian blow—the cruel crown of thorns—  
The cry for blood, that now the savage crowd  
Yells in his ear—appal him : Deeper far  
The mighty grief lies hidden !

O ! face of heavenly mould—what eye could view,  
Unmoved, thy matchless beauty ? Who to doubt  
Would dare, while on him beamed those gentle eyes ?  
O ! sure, the painter's hand some aid from Heaven

\* Written after seeing a fine line Engraving from a Picture in the National Gallery by LEONARDO DA VINCI. To those who have seen a good engraving of this picture ; or, more fortunate still, have beheld the immortal original, my words will be inadequate to remind them of its matchless beauty.

Won to its task ; for, while we gaze, we feel  
 As if a deity before us stood,  
 And, with His meek upbraiding gaze, did plead  
 With us, His erring creatures.

What human heart melts not at thine appeal,  
 Saviour, with angel\*face and seraph's mien ?  
 What eyes their tribute of rich tears refuse ?  
 None ! O ! forever hath the artist there  
 Impressed his Maker's image—full of truth,  
 Angelic meekness, and unselfish woe.

Not such the grief of Niobe, who stands  
 In marble sorrow—Heavenward lifts her hands—  
 The gods imploring to restore her sons.  
 Her's is a mortal mother's thrilling woe ;  
 Sublime, and yet of human mould ; wherein  
 The woman writhes beneath the cruel wounds  
 That rob her of the fond delight of yore  
 She felt, when, with a thrill of joy, she pressed  
 The infants to her bosom. Gone, alas !  
 Forever gone. Lo ! quivering they lie  
 Where, from the clouds, the vengeful lightnings fell.

O, no ! not such ! The love that, here enthroned,  
 Dwells in those orbs, by God-like sorrow veiled,  
 Has naught of self ! Pure, stainless, undefiled,  
 It pities and deplores the fate of man,  
 And offers up—a noble sacrifice !—  
 Self, on the altar of the Father—God !

God incarnate, hail ! The world redeeming !  
 Ever live, within this heart, thine image !  
 King of the hearts of men ! Thy crown, the prayers  
 Of conscience-stricken millions ! Saviour, hail !

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## C A N A D A .

A PRIZE POEM AT UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

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Land of the East ! where spicy gales perfume  
 The tepid air—where thousand flow'rets bloom ;  
 For thee it was t' inspire the sage's mind  
 With thoughts that led him a new world to find.  
 Some western passage to thy shore might be ;  
 Some land, the bourne of yon expanded sea,  
 Might lie unnoticed and unknown—a clime  
 Where Nature flourished since the birth of Time !

Prophetic thought ! which fired his soul with zeal,  
 No time extinguished, no neglect could chill ;  
 Nor raging seas, that rolled in pride afar,  
 Could daunt his bosom, or his project mar ;

Nor cynic sneers, nor courtly coldness, break  
 The spirit once to great emprise awake !  
 But where the land ? No hazy shores are seen ;  
 And grant them there—what dangers roll between !  
 The unknown perils of a boundless sea ;  
 A coast, perchance, of rock, if coast there be.  
 Such sneers as these, with superstition's aid,  
 Repulsed the hero, and his plan delayed ;  
 Whilst he, at courts and camps, still strove to gain  
 A timely aid, ere aid should be in vain ;  
 'Til one, with generous sympathy, at last,  
 An eye of favour on the sailor cast.  
 Thine, Isabella ! thine, in deathless fame,  
 Lives, nobly blended with Columbus' name !  
 Cheered by thy smiles, with fresh and favouring breeze,  
 They ventured forth to tempt the distant seas.  
 A daring few, a scant, but hardy, band,  
 With doubtful hopes they quit their native land :  
 Onward they sail—and on ; yet nought appears—  
 Whilst hope fades fast, and clam'rous grow their fears ;  
 'Til, when, at length, all hearts save one despaired,  
 From the high mast the cry of “ Land ! ” is heard.

Soon they approach that land ; and, suppliant there,  
 One moment kneel, to breathe the grateful prayer ;  
 The next, a banner proudly waves, unfurled—  
 First Eastern standard o'er the Western world !  
 Where now the cynic sneer, th' incredulous smile ?  
 Where, baffled arts of treachery and wile ?  
 Meanwhile, Britannia, mistress of the main,  
 Lets not the brightness of her laurels wane.

Should other nations of their exploits boast,  
 While Britain's bulwarks mouldered on her coast ?  
 Her spirit roused, with rival ardour vies,  
 To bear her part in deeds of enterprize.  
 Soon from her ports adventurous bands she pours,  
 To try their lot on transatlantic shores :  
 Fearless, the dangers of the deep they dared ;  
 For trials strange, in foreign lands, prepared ;  
 To brave the hardships of the settler's life,  
 The red man's tomahawk and scalping-knife !  
 Then spreading forests, of gigantic oak,  
 First felt the burden of the woodman's stroke ;  
 Then woodland glades first learned to bear the grain,  
 The yellow ear then ripened o'er the plain,  
 And many a village reared its spire on high—  
 The sweet reward, the home, of industry !  
 Far, through the lapse of by-gone years, we trace  
 A fierce, a free, a wild, unsettled race—  
 Lords of the tract two ocean seas enclose,  
 From equinoctial suns to Northern snows !  
 Here stretched a wide and undulating plain ;  
 Rank grew the grass, uncultured sprung the grain ;  
 Here forests dense, o'er upland, hill, and dale,  
 Oft whispered softly 'neath the breathing gale :  
 These were their own, ere yet the white man came,  
 With grasping hand, a conqueror's right to claim.  
 Inglorious conquest ! that, for selfish gain,  
 Drives the poor savage from his native plain !  
 Hid from the sun, where lordly forests gleam,  
 Whose pendant boughs o'erhang the murmur'ring stream,  
 The Indian Chief oft lonely sits, to pore  
 O'er former days of gladness—now no more !

When his old sires, unenvied and unknown,  
 Could call those fields, then forests wild, their own ;  
 When, with light heart, the hunter chief pursued  
 The flying game through trackless solitude ;  
 At eve, the youthful Chief returned with spoils  
 Won by the shaft, or skilful hunter's toils,  
 And, at some blushing damsel's feet, he laid  
 The hard-earned fur—a pleader with the maid.

The eagle spirit of their Chiefs is crushed !  
 Their fierce war-whoop in wide extinction hushed !  
 No more the snow by buskined feet is pressed ;  
 For warlike deeds no more the paint is dressed ;  
 The light canoe no longer skims the wave—  
 His native land is but the Indian's grave !  
 Thrust from his grounds, and backward forced, to seek  
 Subsistence hard, in regions cold and bleak,  
 Far from his once-loved haunts ; with many a sigh  
 He wanders forth, with broken heart, to die !  
 Turn we from this, a sad and gloomy theme,  
 And view those lands where limpid waters gleam ;  
 No Fauns their woods, no Nereids bright their waves  
 Can boast, nor Naiads in the fount that lave !  
 Yet, where majestic Huron's waves expand,  
 And wash, in pride, their native forest land,  
 The Indian, skilled in legendary lore,  
 Oft tasks his mem'ry for the valued store :  
 He tells, while hushed in mute attention stands  
 A swarthy circle of these warrior bands,  
 How the great hunter, with his dogs and bow,  
 Goes forth, released from meaner realms below,

With scanty fare, and roams the promised ground—  
 The field of hope, where antlered stags abound ;  
 Where beauteous maids await the hunter's spoil,  
 And the Great Spirit grants release from toil !  
 Nor less his skill to fill the peopled wood  
 With forms of adoration : tales of blood  
 Have too their God ! A hero here was laid,  
 And oft, at nightfall, lingers still his shade !  
 Legends like these, by superstition wove,  
 Supply materials for the tale they love.

But chief for thee my lay her muse designs,  
 Fair land of ocean-lakes and towering pines ;  
 Thee, Canada ! the Briton's second home  
 When fortune tempts him from his first to roam ;  
 And thou art blessed in Britain's fostering care,  
 That fain would see thee great, as thou art fair !  
 Shielded by her, behold thy sons around,  
 Their labors with success securely crowned ;  
 See woods and swamps transformed by magic toil ;  
 Here cities rise—there golden harvests smile :  
 Nor boast we less that learning holds her sway  
 Where howling wilds once stretched across the way.  
 Here, for the youth whose future hands might guide  
 His country's council o'er the eventful tide,  
 He—whom (while each his long-tried worth approves)  
 A monarch honors and a people loves—\*  
 Here raised a seat, where youthful minds might learn  
 To court fair virtue—hideous vice to spurn !

\* Sir John Colborne, now Lord Seaton, is here alluded to. He founded U. C. College.

Here Britain's sons, who fondly long to stray  
 Where Milton, Burke, or Newton, led the way,  
 May one day head, with honors won, the van,  
 And bind new laurels 'round the brows of man !

Vast Huron ! emblem of a lordly tribe,  
 Whose children yet thy sparkling waves imbibe,  
 Thou spread'st abroad thy flood, uncurbed and free,  
 Through darkling woodland, by the lone prairie !

Superior far extends her watery waste,  
 Pure and unsullied, as a virgin chaste !

Erie, Ontario, next in order lie,  
 Their waters sparkling 'neath a milder sky ;  
 On these hath Commerce spread her busy sail,  
 Cleared the dense woodland and the wildering vale !

And thou, great stream, whose awful waters flow,  
 Pond'rous and ceaseless, to the abyss below—  
 Say if, since time began, thy mighty tide  
 Has thus for ever with the thunder vied ?

Or, when the deluge overwhelmed the earth,  
 Some wreck of o'erstrained nature gave thee birth ?  
 Still roll thy waters ; still thy waves are seen ;  
 And while they are, declare that they have been !

And flow thou must, till stayed by His command  
 Who poured thee first from out his " hollow hand ! "

Peace to the hero's ashes where he bled,  
 On yon high mountain's gore-empurpled head !

Long may each Briton, pausing on that rock,  
 Pay grateful tribute to the name of BROCK !

But pass we on, along the mighty chain  
 Of linkèd waters stretching to the main ;  
 And see, where broad Saint Lawrence rolls his tide,  
 And barks of commerce on his bosom glide ;

His arms, outstretched, a thousand isles embrace,  
 Whose fairy forms his am'rous waters grace ;  
 Glorious he rolls, a tributary stream,  
 To where the salt waves of old ocean gleam !  
 But, lo ! from ocean's depths what giant form  
 Aloft, erect, withstands th' eternal storm,  
 And sparkling gems its crested head adorn ?  
 'T is there Quebec salutes the rising morn !  
 A lordly fortress, guardian of the land !  
 By art and nature destined to command ;  
 Here see what work th' aspiring insect man,  
 By mind pre-eminent, is formed to span !  
 Key of the land, our country's strength and pride,  
 Long may thy walls impregnable abide !  
 For thou *hast* heard the cannon's awful roar,  
 With pealing echo, thunder on the shore !  
 Telling of war and death !—the herald dire  
 Of many a wailing cry, and many a funeral pyre !

O, war ! unsparing, all insatiate war,  
 This fair earth's bane, mankind's ill-boding star !  
 Could'st thou not spare the young, the bright, the brave ?  
 Lo ! Britain mourns upon her hero's grave !  
 Yet mourn not—weep not—dash the flowing tear—  
 Quell the fond grief, and check the rising fear !  
 The hero died, but on the bed of fame,  
 Won the fond object of his life—a name !  
 What nobler death-bed could a victor have—  
 A brilliant triumph and a soldier's grave !  
 Bright was his fate ! for Victory twined the wreath  
 That graced his temples, as he slept in death !

My native land ! has this been done for thee ?  
 And shall we ever say done uselessly ?  
 Nay ! thou wilt cling to Britain fondly still,  
 Thy shield from danger—thy defence from ill !  
 Shall mad delusion make thy children strive  
 Against the fostering hand that bids them live ?  
 Is *that* a chain to struggle to untwine,  
 That knits her welfare and her heart with thine ?  
 Cease, cease ! for shame ! let not the world descry  
 Such blot upon thy long-tried loyalty !  
 But to high Heaven let ardent prayers be sent,  
 That Britain's safety with our own be blent ;  
 That whilst firm hands shall still our councils guide,  
 And Emigration pour her swelling tide,  
 Succeeding ages may with former vie,  
 To prove they know and love true British liberty !

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### M E D E A T O J A S O N.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE FROM OVID'S EPISTLES.

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When for my skill your humble prayer you brought,  
 My aid was granted, almost ere 't was sought ;  
 Well I remember how that aid was won :  
 'T was asked—'t was given—Medea was undone !

Then, my sad thread of life, the fatal three  
 Wierd sisters, fell, who shape our destiny,  
 With hands unerring should have swiftly spun  
 The spindle 'til they had each coil undone.  
 Then could I, frail Medea, well have died,  
 Unstained my honour, and unhurt my pride !  
 Since then I've lived an age of dreary pain ;  
 Still clogged with life—still burthened with its chain !  
 Ah, me ! why, urged by youth's untiring arm,  
 Did ever vessel, hewn from Pelian farm,  
 Come forth to search the Phrygian fleece of gold ?  
 Why did we e'er Thessalian bark behold ?  
 Or why did youths, from glowing Greece, e'er lave  
 Their arid lips in this our Colchian wave ?  
 Why were your flowing locks of auburn hue,  
 Your form of manly beauty—all untrue !—  
 And the feigned sweetness of that syren tongue,  
 So dear, so far too dear, to maid so young ?

But when our strand that stranger ship had won,  
 And with her crew had all our coast o'er-run,  
 Ungrateful Jason, with no favouring charm  
 To shield his traitor limbs from pending harm,  
 Forth should have gone to meet the flaming breath  
 And tortuous horns of oxen, fraught with death ;  
 Forth from his hand he should have strown the seed,  
 That foes all armed (prodigious tale !) should breed :  
 So should the tiller of the soil be slain  
 By his own harvest, sprung from poisonous grain.  
 O ! godless wretch ! with thee what fraud had died !  
 Then had not fate to me *some* peace denied !

There *is* a pleasure—'t is my sole delight!—  
 Backward to urge reluctant memory's flight ;  
 Ingrate ! to love that I did fondly waste  
 On thee ! This last sad solace now I taste.

Ordained by fate's directing hand to turn  
 Your venturous bark to Colchis, you discern,  
 Ere long, my father's kingdom—at that day  
 Peaceful beneath the good Æetes' sway.  
 There I, Medea, was as fair as she,  
 Old Creon's daughter, wedded late to thee.  
 Rich as *her* father is, in princely state—  
 The old Æetes boasted wealth as great :  
 One over Corinth, sea-bound, either way—  
 By rival oceans laved—extends his sway ;  
 The other rules the snowy Scythia o'er,  
 Where to the left extends the Euxine's shore.  
 With hospitable cheer, my father's pride,  
 The Grecian youths he bid unto his side ;  
 And wearied, ye the painted couches pressed—  
 High piled in state—vouchsafed at length to rest.  
 Then I beheld you—then my feeble heart  
 First felt thy power—first knew thee as thou wert !  
 O ! fatal hour ! In that sweet pang I find  
 The life embittered time has left behind !  
 How long I gazed ! How perished in that gaze !  
 With unknown fires I burned—as when the blaze  
 Of torches, streaming with a meteor glare,  
 Bear to the gods on high the suppliant's prayer.  
 Fate drove me on—for manly grace was thine ;  
 Thine eyes soft lustre stole the light from mine !

Traitor ! you saw your power !—for who that loves  
 Can hide the fire the inward soul that moves ?  
 Unguarded passion breaks forth, self-betrayed,  
 And shews, by its own light, the havoc made !

Meantime, thy task is given thee—to deck,  
 With yoke unused, each bull's terrific neck ;  
 Bulls whose dire horns would work more seamy scars  
 Than e'er did weapon on the field of Mars ;  
 Whose respiration—horrible to name—  
 Came forth in many a tongue of lurid flame !  
 Brazen their feet—their snouts with brass o'erlaid,  
 Blackened by breathing flames that through them played !  
 More, thou wast ordered, with devoted hand,  
 Through that wide field to scatter o'er the land  
 The dragon's teeth, whose seed should give to day  
 A host war-breathing—fiercely bent to slay  
 Him from whose hand they sprung—(prodigious birth!)—  
 A harvest dire to thee who tilled the earth.  
 One labour more thou hadst—by cunning skill,  
 The dragon's never-closing lids to fill  
 With sleep—ne'er known before to him who kept  
 The Golden Fleece, with eyes that never slept.  
 Thus did Ætes then your task propound :  
 Ye rise together, saddened at the sound ;  
 With downcast faces all. The lofty board  
 Deserts the purple couches at the word.  
 Say, where was then Creusa's royal dower—  
 Where sire and daughter in that fearful hour ?  
 Sadly you went ; and your averted face  
 I with fond eyes, surcharged with tears, did trace ;

My tongue's low murmurs trembled as they fell,  
 And, in soft accents, faltered forth "Farewell!"  
 When on my bed at length my limbs I rest,  
 By unavailing sorrow sore oppressed,  
 The long, long night, is spent by me in tears ;  
 Before my eyes the bull's fierce breath appears ;  
 Waves the dread corn in battle's stern array ;  
 While the fell dragon sleeps not night or day !  
 First wild with love—next, fear my heart doth move ;  
 These anxious tremours but increase my love.  
 'T is morn : my watchful sister seeks my side ;  
 Sees my neglected ringlets flowing wide ;  
 Prone on my bed I lie : my face appears,  
 And all things near, bedewed with bitter tears.  
 She for the Grecian youths comes suppliant there ;  
 (Creusa asks—she, too, shall win her prayer !)  
 For thee my sister came with piteous tale ;  
 To thee—for thee alone her prayers avail.

Within a grove where daylight never broke,  
 Dark with o'er-arching pines and leafy oak,  
 Long Dian's altars stood, and still they stand,  
 With Goddess chiselled, by barbarian hand,  
 From gold. We thither came—I know not how :  
 Once there, your faithless vows thus freely flow :

" Fortune hath made thee mistress of my fate,  
 And life, or death, on thy decision wait.  
 Power to destroy is thine—if thou couldst find  
 Such power pleasure to a maiden's mind ;

But I, preserved from cruel fate's decree,  
 Will be a triumph worthier far of thee !  
 Thou hast the power my coming ills to bind.  
 By these misfortunes—by thy nature kind—  
 Apollo's never-dying light divine,  
 Whose eye, all-seeing, o'er this world doth shine—  
 By Dian's sacred rites and triple face,  
 And other Gods, if other's here have place—  
 Have mercy, maiden, upon me and mine ;  
 So shall thy kindness make me ever thine !  
 And if a Greek thy soul doth not disdain  
 (But me, forsaken of Heaven, doth hope sustain),  
 May this, my breath of life, be lost in air,  
 If other maid my marriage bed shall share !  
 Witness to this my vow, as thou art great,  
 Be thou, dread guardian of the wedded state ;  
 Thou, Queen of Heaven—great Jove's immortal spouse,  
 And she, whose marble shrine now hears my vows !”

These words—and of thy speech small part were these—  
 And thy right hand in mine entwined, could please  
 My heart, and move compassion in a maiden's breast,  
 Too simply soft. Then, too, thy tears were pressed  
 To aid thy suit—were they with fraud imbued ?  
 And thus, a simple girl, I yield, subdued.

Unwont, the brazen-footed bulls you yoke ;  
 By the sharp plough the solid earth is broke :  
 Now, for the accustomed gift of fruitful grain,  
 With dragons' teeth you fill the new-ploughed plain.

With sudden growth it springs before your path,  
 And shield and helm the new-born soldier hath.  
 I, who had given the death-devoting charm,  
 Sat fixed with horror—pallid with alarm,  
 When I beheld those men of sudden birth,  
 In armour decked, rise teeming from the earth ;  
 Until the earth-born brothers—nameless deed !—  
 Each by the other's hand encountered, bleed !  
 Lo ! the dread sleepless snake with rattling scales !  
 Prone on the ground his slimy path he trails ;  
 His mouth with hissing venom wide distent ;  
 In wreathing folds his bristling body bent !  
 Where now thy wife's great dower, thy royal spouse,  
 And Corinth stretched where either ocean flows ?  
 I—I alone—by thee no longer prized—  
 As poor, neglected—powerless, despised—  
 Alone subdued the dragon's flaming eye,  
 And in charmed sleep beheld its lustre die ;  
 I could alone the hand of danger stay,  
 And gave the fleece you bore unharmed away.  
 My sire betrayed, his royal realm I flee,  
 In exile bearing the rich prize for thee.  
 But, O ! my brother ! thou wert with me then !  
 Here must I pause—here fails my faithful pen :  
 What my right hand hath done, it dare not tell :  
 Thus may our limbs be torn by fiends of hell !  
 Fearless, I tempt the sea ; for since that hour  
 Fear o'er my woman's heart hath lost its power.  
 Where were th' avenging Gods—the powers on high ?  
 Lo ! to the great deep forth we guilty fly,  
 Most worthy thou, for perjured fraud, of death,  
 And I for trusting to thy honeyed breath !

O ! then that the Symplegades had rolled  
Into one mass, and pressed us in their fold !  
Then should these bones of mine, in death disposed,  
Have clung to thine—with thine forever closed !  
Or that fell Scylla, with her yelping breed,  
Had issued forth, upon our limbs to feed !  
Or, would that when from out her darkling den  
She first the waves disgorged, then drank again,  
Scylla (who death for trait'rous men should store)  
Had whelmed our bark beside Sicilia's shore !  
Unharmed—a victor—you return again  
To the fair cities of Thessalia's plain ;  
Then, to the Gods of your paternal land,  
The golden fleece you give with votive hand.  
Why should I here the cruel tale renew  
Of Pelion's daughters, who their father slew  
In duteous hope to renovate his age ;  
Or with a woman's murder stain my page ?  
If others blame me, praise should be my meed  
From thee—the mover of each murd'rous deed !  
You dared (I gasp while bursts my raging heart !)  
To bid me from my father's roof depart !  
Forth from its shelter driven, by your command,  
I went—your children following, hard at hand ;  
And still pursuing me, where'er I rove,  
Fond dreams of thee—and haunted still by love.  
Soon, to my startled ears the marriage song,  
Light carolled forth, comes borne the air along ;  
And every where the glaring torches shed  
Their joyous light, with fires increasing fed ;  
And the glad pipe pours forth the social song  
To you—to me the herald of deep wrong.

Then did I tremble through my every nerve,  
 Nor thought thee false, as thou didst well deserve ;  
 But yet, throughout, my feeble heart was filled  
 With tremours cold—my curdling blood was chilled.

The crowd rush on ; and as they rush, they shout  
 Hymen—and Hymen's rites prevail without !  
 If this glad word were harbinger of joy  
 To thee, then sure it did my hopes destroy.  
 Now servants wept aloud—now some concealed  
 Their tears ; for who such horror e'er revealed ?  
 I, then, in peace, unknowing should have dwelt ;  
 But, mad to know, my heart new sadness felt.  
 Placed at the outer threshold of the door  
 Whose double entrance guards the house before,  
 My younger boy, in anxious haste to see,  
 Delighted stands—then cries aloud to me—  
 “ Come, mother ! First my father Jason rides,  
 And, clothed in gold, the harnessed chargers guides ! ”  
 Straight from my breast my guardian robe I rent,  
 And there, with firm clenched hand, my rage did vent :  
 Nor were my pallid cheeks denied a share ;  
 My fingers worked their venom'd fury there !  
 Some power withheld me, else I forth had sprung  
 (Though wildly o'er me then my tresses hung),  
 Exposed, and shouting “ He is mine ! ” to stand  
 And cling to thee with each convulsive hand !  
 Rejoice ! once more, my injured sire, rejoice !  
 Abandoned Colchians, sing with gladsome voice !  
 Shades of my brother ! Powers of flaming hell !  
 Come, bid my soul in endless torture dwell !

Flown from my father's house and royal realm,  
 Me, too, abandoned, sorrow doth o'erwhelm !  
 My husband leaves me ! Once, unto my heart  
 He could alone the power of love impart.  
 Was it for this that I, whose art could tame  
 Th' envenomed snake, and oxen breathing flame,  
 Essayed in vain o'er thee my power to fling,  
 And to my feet one suppliant man to bring ?  
 And is it thus that I, whose mystic charm,  
 'Mid gnawing flames, could shield thy form from harm,  
 Now, seared by inward wrath, in vain begin  
 To quench the madd'ning fires that *live* within ?  
 My mystic rites—my herbs—my arts—all fail ;  
 Fell Hecate, nor all her powers, avail !  
 No more do I bid hail the morning light—  
 And yet I sleep not through the dreary night !  
 No more within my grief-worn breast the spell  
 Of dreamy sleep, unbidden, comes to dwell !  
 With leaden sleep I charged the dragon's eye—  
 Sleep that doth still my drowsy eyelids fly.  
 In other's cause my magic skill was blest ;  
 To me 't is useless—'t will not bring me rest !  
 The limbs a wanton's fondling arms embrace,  
 That free from danger once my power did place ;  
 And she unworthily doth share thy heart,  
 Who liv'st indebted to MEDEA's art !  
 Perhaps, too, boasting to your wife's fond ear,  
 You speak of me with many a wanton jeer ;  
 While to my rival all my woes are told,  
 And you each fault of face or mind unfold !  
 She then, perchance, with scandal pleased, may smile,  
 And, 'gainst my vices, sport her tongue the while !

And let her laugh—and raised in state on high,  
 On her soft couch of Tyrian purple lie ;  
 For she shall weep with tears no art can heal,  
 And thrilling rage, more keen than mine, shall feel !  
 While fire, and sword, and poison's aid, are near,  
 No harmless foe Medea shall appear !

If prayers, perchance, can yet with thee avail,  
 Or bid, subdued, thy stubborn purpose fail,  
 Come, hear these prayers, that shall thy heart dissolve ;  
 (My woman's weakness, less than my resolve !)  
 Suppliant to thee (as thou wert wont to call  
 On me), before thee now I prostrate fall !  
 And dost thou hate me ? Come but here, and view  
 My infant sons, who claim a sire in you !  
 Gods ! shall a cruel step-dame's envious hate,  
 With rage envenomed, urge my children's fate ?  
 Ah ! cruel, no !—for they thy likeness bear !  
 Saddened, I view thine image seated there ;  
 And gazing there, my dim eyes moistened grow ;  
 I view them not but tears, unbidden, flow !  
 O ! I implore thee, by the Gods above ;  
 By my undying, all-deserving love ;  
 By the winged flames that I did once subdue ;  
 By these, love's pledges—by my children, too !  
 O ! yet restore me to my marriage bed,  
 For which, fame, fortune, home, and power, I fled !  
 Add to thy vows some ratifying deed,  
 And bring me help in this my hour of need !  
 'Gainst bulls, nor men, nor serpents breathing flame,  
 I seek no aid—no charm quiescent claim :

I ask for thee alone—most justly mine !  
 Of yore that gift, unasked by me, was thine !  
 A mother now, I ask a father's care  
 For these—thy children equally they are.

You ask my dower ! 'T was counted on the plain,  
 Well ploughed, where you the golden fleece did gain !  
 The gaudy ram, bright dressed in fleece of gold,  
 Was dower of mine, which you, when asked, withhold !  
 My marriage portion—thou, preserved from ill ;  
 Thy life the measure of my gifts doth fill !  
 Go, traitor ! Now with equal justice weighed,  
 Cast in the scale old Creon's vaunted aid ;  
 Your very life—your wife's endearing care—  
 And all her father's riches that you share—  
 This—this—and all—aye, every good you own,  
 My kindness gave—ungrateful wretch, alone !  
 Which soon, in truth—but why foretell the deed ?  
 Fierce rage within doth outward anger breed !

Once done, my soul, now steadfast, may repent :  
 O ! that to thee mine ear I ne'er had lent !

She, Goddess, fell !—that in my breast doth ride,  
 Alone shall witness—witnessing, decide !  
 For I—on troublous waves of torment tossed—  
 To firm resolve, for love or hate, am lost !

## THE ANGRY POET.

AN EPISTLE FROM CLAUD HALCRO TO THE "LOCUM TENENS"  
OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

---

And so, Mr Knick, you *wont* publish my drama ? \*  
A play that would stage it from Maine t' Alabama !  
I protest, sir—I vow—I proclaim “ ‘t is too bad ! ”  
Though I ’ve given you the hint, don’t I wish I ne’er had ?  
Glorious John ! glorious John ! could you ’wake from your sleep  
To behold your poor parasite, whimblecropt, cheap,  
How your blood, John, would boil ! Walter Scott how you’d rave !  
Though I want not *your* pity, you *pirating* knave !  
Sweet Minna ! dear Minna ! and Brenda, the fair,  
This rebuff did you know, how you ’d pull Diedrich’s hair !  
How oft, while the love scenes to you I have read,  
Would each eye close, delighted, and nod each sweet head !  
Then, when some fine passage would thrill to her heart,  
Blushing Brenda would whisper to Mordaunt apart ;  
And Minna, with earnest gaze, heavenward turned,  
For the absent one sigh, whom to love she had learned.

\* The above was, as it purports to have been, sent to the Editor of "The Knickerbocker" Magazine, who had previously (in answer to a letter of mine offering him a MS. drama) very kindly replied, stating that dramas were not popular, nor fitted for the pages of a periodical. The "Angry Poet" was not, however, very irate, as may be seen. "The Knickerbocker" only published a portion of the above, leaving out the threats.

Old Norna ! thou wizard of yon fitful head,  
 How, in wild scornful spirit, you 'd laugh had you read  
 The *damper*, the *draft* of my drama that checked—  
 That stunted my laurels—my rich cargo wrecked ! \*

That cargo ! O ! never was galleon of Spain  
 Thus freighted—by winds wafted over the main !  
 There were stuffs, and brocades, and rich laces, and blonde ;  
 There were Damascene blades, and thy silks, Trebizond !  
 There was armour from Milan—both cuirass and helm ;  
 Abelards, Eloisas, and Father Anselm ;  
 There were jewels, and gold, and the amulet's power ;  
 A hero to rant and to spout by the hour ;  
 A lady to love and be loved, and—to faint ;  
 As a matter of course, turning pale through her paint !  
 There were clowns who the grave-digger clown could outvie,  
 And Princes, who on the stage strutted so high,  
 That Prince Hamlet they 'd scoff—(who could pick up a scull !)  
 Vote his morals a bore, and his wit mighty dull !  
 There were spirits that roam in the great vasty deep,  
 Coming back to our earth—as ghosts will do—to peep !  
 A King of the Cannibals—warriors a host—  
 And a city, with domes, 'mid the dim waters lost !  
 There was some one descended from Brian Boru ;  
 And, for pleasaunce, a hunchback—in French, *un tortu*!  
 Every scene was an episode—tragic each act—  
 Winding up with swords clashing, and pistols well cracked !

\* The whole of this paragraph refers to characters in Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate ;" my assumed name of " CLAUD HALCRO " being that of a well known character in that Novel.

O ! who that the Index now reads with delight,  
 But must fret with vexation, and stamp with pure spite,  
 To think that old Diedrich \* got crusty, and swore  
 He 'd kick this bright jewel away from his door !  
 Up, authors, in myriads ! Your brother revenge !  
 Let us raise such an altar as stands at Stonehenge !  
 Let us borrow a *Burke*, † and, once well on his trail,  
 Smother up Mr Knick—tar him well, head and tail ;  
 Then skewer and roast him—a sacrifice meet  
 To the shades of my play—shouting “ Claud Halcro's treat ! ”

Thou hearest my revenge, Knickerbocker ? Prepare !  
 I 'll make forcemeat of odes—I 'll inflate thee with air !  
 “ To the winds,” “ To the sky,” “ To the waves,” I will send  
 Thee my ballads entitled, and rhymes without end !  
 Every post shall convey them—each breeze waft them on—  
 “ Canzonetts,” “ Fragments,” “ Stanzas”—ten thousand if one !  
 And if they to the dead letter office should go,  
 Wont I soon find it out ? Nay, I 'm not quite so slow !  
 Expresses and railroads, and messengers, then  
 Shall bear you the surfeit that flows from my pen ;  
 Pomeroy ‡ shall convey them by Mathews, or Moore, §  
 (Whom I know, by the way !)—shall encumber your floor !  
 'Til, maddened, you groan at the horrible sight,  
 And swear, for the drama you 'll instantly write !  
 Retract, sir ! retract ! Own 't is shameful indeed  
 That my pinions are clipped thus in youth ! Horrid deed !

\* Diedrich Knickerbocker—Irving's Historian of New York.

† The perpetrators of many diabolical murders in Edinburgh.

‡ “ Pomeroy' Express.”

§ Government agent for carrying Despatches to Canada.

If the name of bold Scudery ever you've heard, \*  
 Read his preface and tremble ! I 'm ditto ! A word  
 In your ear—you will learn that if not  
 A dramatist good—I 'm at least a good shot !

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THE

## MYSTERIOUS VISITANT.

A BALLAD.

---

Forth to the forest, hand in hand,  
 Two lovely children stray alone,  
 Brimful of playful glee ;  
 Now by a murmuring brook they stand,  
 And whiles they sit them on a stone—  
 The hours unheeded flee.  
 The sun that high in Heaven careered,  
 Now waning, sinks toward the West,  
 And still they wander on ;  
 But when, at length, the twilight 's neared,  
 Each to the other's heart is pressed,  
 And all their smiles are gone.

\* An early Novelist who, in his preface, challenged his critics to fight. See D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

Come, sister dear ! come, hasten home !  
 The boy, with trembling accents, said,  
     And tears were in his eye :  
 O ! yes, my brother ! let us come,  
     For night is gathering fast o'erhead ;  
     O ! hasten ; let us fly !  
 And fast they ran, and on, and on,  
     But thicker still the forest grew,  
         And darker yet the shade.  
 An hour—the glimmering twilight flown—  
     The moonless night o'ertook the two,  
         And deeper shadow made.

Then, with appealing gaze to Heaven,  
     The gallant boy looked up and prayed ;  
         Prayed for his sister dear ;  
 That courage might to him be given,  
     And to them both God's holy aid  
         To keep their hearts from fear.  
 O ! brother, I can run no more,  
     At length the trembling maiden cried ;  
         O ! save me, brother kind !  
 My limbs are tired, my feet are sore ;  
     O ! press me closer to thy side !  
         O ! leave me not behind !

His arm around her waist is thrown ;  
     Her head upon his bosom laid ;  
         Her bitter sobs he hears.  
 Calm thee, my sister dear, my own !  
     The boy, in gentle accents, said ;  
         Dry up, sweet love, thy tears ;

See, I am near thee ! I will shield  
 Thy head, my gentle sister, there,  
 Until the morning dawn ;  
 And God above will surely yield  
 His help, implored by fervent prayer,  
 From bitter anguish drawn !

And down they laid them thus to sleep,  
 Each in the other's arms entwined,  
 Her head upon his breast !  
 Weary were they, and young ; and deep  
 The slumbers are that youth can find !  
 So placid was their rest !  
 And, though they knew it not the while,  
 Around them hovering as they slept,  
 Their wings above them spread,  
 Good angels on the pair did smile,  
 And ward and watch unceasing kept  
 Over each guileless head.

'T was night : within their distant home  
 The anguished mother tore her hair ;  
 The father's heart was sad.  
 O ! whither did my children roam ?  
 Where are my own loved infants ? Where  
 My girl—my noble lad ?  
 O ! righteous God ! to thee I pray ;  
 Let not the mother's prayer be vain ;  
 Break not this tortured heart !  
 O ! heavy woe ! O ! mournful day !  
 Give me my children back again ;  
 We never more shall part !

Thus, with despairing gesture, while  
 The mother mourned her infants lost  
 With frantic agony,  
 In vain the sire essayed to smile ;  
 Each sickly smile a heart-pang cost,  
 Until he ceased to try.

Then out with mournful steps he went,  
 The neighbours of his fears to tell,  
 And to implore their aid.  
 Each, at the tale of horror, bent  
 His steps o'er wooded hill and dell,  
 Nor young nor old delayed.

Bright through the night the torch-lights glared,  
 And 'neath the o'er-arching forest streamed  
 And flickered in the air ;  
 No pains forgot—no labour spared ;  
 Though far and near their torches gleamed.  
 Still found they not the pair.  
 Days rolled along—and day and night  
 Still on their weary search they went ;  
 And thus a fortnight passed ;  
 But never came the gladdening sight  
 Of those for whom their search was bent ;  
 And home they turned at last.

Then suddenly, one sun-bright day,  
 As sadly they went journeying home,  
 Despair in every heart,  
 Behold ! they saw them in the way,  
 Together through the woodland roam,  
 As if they ne'er could part.

And soon the boy his father sees,  
 And bounding from his sister's side,  
 Springs to his arms outspread !  
 Then falling on his bended knees,  
 The Christian sire, in joy and pride,  
 A fervent prayer he said.

And whither, O ! my children dear,  
 Have ye so long thus wandering been ?  
 And whereof did ye eat ?  
 Thought ye not of your mother's fear,  
 Nor trembled in the woodland green,  
 Trod by the fairies' feet ?  
 Then the girl raised her face so pure ;  
 Then nestled to her father's breast,  
 And timidly she spoke :  
 O ! many woes we did endure,  
 Since last, at night, we sank to rest,  
 And in the woods awoke !

But speak, my own dear brother, speak !  
 For I am faint, and weak, and wasted,  
 And thou canst speak so well !  
 A blush o'erspread the brave boy's cheek ;  
 A flush of pride the glad youth tasted,  
 And love his heart did swell :  
 With heaving chest, and eye dilated,  
 Awhile upon his sire he gazed,  
 So full of pride and joy,  
 Ere he his many woes related ;  
 At which the eager crowd were 'mazed,  
 And trembled, with the boy !

O! father, 't is a wondrous tale !  
 Thus he with solemn voice began—  
     The earnest voice of truth !  
 No human aid did sure avail  
     To send to us that kindly man,  
         Pitying our tender youth !  
 Lost in the wild wood's solemn shade,  
     My sister and myself lay down,  
         With bitter tears, to sleep.  
 I dreamed—and then methought there played  
     Sweet smiling faces, all unknown,  
         Where we lay slumbering deep !

I started up to call for aid,  
     But, waking, the sweet visions fled,  
         And all was dark and drear.  
 Pillowed, my sister's head was laid  
     Here, on this faithful bosom's bed ;  
         But naught beside was near.  
 Then, in the lonely night, I wept—  
     Wept for the frail and tender child  
         Who in the cold might die :  
 Strange fears of death upon me crept ;  
     The wind moaned wierd-like, sad, and wild ;  
         The dead leaves rustled by.

Slowly the morning rose at last ;  
     The dawn star glimmered in the East :  
         Then, up I 'rose to pray :  
 But still my sister slumbered fast—  
     The pallour of her face increased  
         By the pale morning ray :

Her golden hair neglected fell  
 In curls upon her shoulders fair ;  
 An angel form she seemed,  
 Fit 'mid the white-robed choirs to dwell,  
 Who sing in Heaven some sacred air ;  
 Such love around her beamed.

But soon the glittering leaves on high  
 Proclaimed the coming light of day—  
 The world-illumining sun !  
 Up, sister dear ! I cried ; we 'll fly,  
 And ne'er again from home we 'll stray :  
 Up, sister dear ! and run.  
 She started up, then wildly stood  
 And gazed about with startled eye :  
 O ! brother dear ! she cried,  
 How came we here in this wild wood ?  
 O ! homeward, brother, let us fly ;  
 And then her tears she dried.

Homeward ! but whither ? On we ran  
 Until the sun in heaven was high ;  
 But, deeper grew the wood.  
 Fierce hunger now his calls began ;  
 My sister sat her down to cry,  
 And I beside her stood.  
 Look, sister dear ! at last I cried ;  
 See where yon brilliant berries grow ;  
 Our hunger they will stay :  
 And then my busy hands I plied  
 The harvest in her lap to throw,  
 And hunger drive away.

Again 't was night ! No outlet still !  
 Th' interminable forest seemed  
     At every step to spread.  
 In every vale, on every hill,  
     When night set in, or daylight beamed,  
         A gloom was o'er us shed ;  
 And hunger, ravening, fierce, and fell,  
     Again came o'er us faint and wan,  
         And we were near to die !  
 O ! God ! my anguish who shall tell  
     When bread to ask my sister 'gan,  
         And in despair to cry ?

I fell upon my bended knees ;  
 I prayed the Lord to feed us there—  
     Afar from human eye.  
 Then, gleaming by the forest trees,  
     Sudden, I saw a light so fair,  
         That seemed approaching nigh :  
 A gentle footstep next we heard,  
     And soon a man appeared to view,  
         A lantern in his hand !  
 Graceful, and long, his flowing beard  
     Down to his very middle grew ;  
         And all his face was bland :

Mild lustre in his beaming eye,  
 All redolent of mercy, shone ;  
     Beauty, and Godlike grace :  
 His brow was clear, and fair, and high ;  
     His waist was girded with a zone,  
         That kept his robe in place ;

His voice was like an angel's tone,  
 So sweet, so musical, so clear,  
 Our hearts were filled with love.  
 He called us children dear—his own !  
 And told us not to yield to fear,  
 But ask for aid above !

Then, from a basket which he bore,  
 He brought us forth a savoury pie,  
 Our hunger to appease ;  
 And whiles we ate, he bent him o'er  
 My sister with a beaming eye :  
 We seemed his heart to please :  
 Then, Farewell, children dear ! he said,  
 Longer I may not tarry here,  
 But I will come once more !  
 Blessed be, he said, each guileless head,  
 And o'er us dropped a pitying tear ;  
 Then left us as before !

And every night, at eventide,  
 Still the same gentle stranger came  
 With the same heavenly smile ;  
 Still did for all our wants provide ;  
 Still told us not his home or name—  
 We, wandering mile on mile ;  
 Ne'er mentioned how he found us out,  
 Or why he thus prolonged our days  
 By his mysterious aid :  
 But still we could not dread or doubt ;  
 For, from his angel face the rays  
 Of beaming mercy played.

At last—'t was not an hour ago—  
 A light from Heaven before us shone,  
 And HE again was there !  
 But 'round him heavenly music's flow  
 We heard—and saw him on a throne  
 Of gold and azure fair !  
 There angels, of seraphic mien,  
 Around him grouped, adoring, knelt :  
 Again his voice we heard—  
 Children ! your hope in HEAVEN has been ;  
 Your hearts the holy truths have felt,  
 Taught by God's holy word !

Farewell, 'til in a happier world  
 Your gentle spirits rest with me—  
 In endless love to dwell !  
 Farewell ! but when on world-storms hurled,  
 Then to your Heavenly Father flee—  
 To him your sorrows tell.  
 Farewell ! your earthly parents seek,  
 And soon shall find ye, guileless pair,  
 To glad their sorrowing hearts !  
 Then ceased that angel voice to speak ;  
 Faded away that vision fair,  
 As light from earth departs !

And here ye are, preserved of Heaven !  
 My daughter dear—my gallant boy !  
 Come to your father's heart !  
 The lesson from on high is given,  
 Where dwells alone eternal joy,  
 That never shall depart !

This, too, my darling children, learn,  
 That wondrous are the ways of God—  
     Omnipotent his will !  
 And though the high behest seem stern,  
     Our duty is to kiss the rod  
     That smites us—and be still !

The foregoing Ballad is founded upon a story related to my mother by a gentleman who claimed to be an actor in it. Two children were lost, as the Ballad describes it ; and on the neighbours turning out to search, they were found, after some days, alive in the woods. On being asked how they were fed, they replied, that a man in white had come to them daily, and given them cakes. The unsuperstitious may laugh, and say the gentleman was a quiz. The more credulous, like myself, will say “ perhaps so ! ”

## Y O U T H.

---

Come hither, youth, with merry eye ;  
 Hither, O ! age of pleasure, fly :  
 With thee what joys our souls o'erflow,  
 Dreamless of coming pain or woe !  
 Now, wandering 'neath unclouded skies,  
 Such dreams as Poets dream arise,  
 And Love's sweet promptings softly steal  
 O'er hearts that throb his fires to feel.

He who at this sweet age is blest  
 With pulses full, and heaving breast,  
 Away will bound through meadows green  
 With some fair maid of seventeen ;  
 Guileless her breast, but, throbbing high,  
 There doth the warm blood, mantling, fly ;  
 And on her soft and downy cheek  
 The crimson blush young love bespeak ;  
 His loving arm around her thrown  
 Circles a bosom all his own ;  
 And gazing in her lovelit eye,  
 In that sweet task he fain would die.  
 Their hearts are one ; the eyes of both  
 Beam brightly as they plight their troth ;  
 Then weeping (on his bosom laid  
 Her beauteous head) he soothes the maid ;  
 With her long locks he fondly plays,  
 Through which the 'namoured Zephyr strays,  
 'Til, won from this her virgin fear,  
 She smiles his burning words to hear.

Then oft, within some fragrant grove,  
 The very dwelling-place of love,  
 When skies are sheen, and bright, and fair,  
 And summer perfumes fill the air,  
 With glowing cheek, with melting eye,  
 Whose lustrous orbs in beauty lie ;  
 With rounded form, of virgin mould,  
 That doth a loving heart enfold ;  
 With breast that heaves a gentle sigh  
 Of joy repressed that he is nigh ;

With step as light and fairy-like  
 As when Titania's footsteps strike  
 The lowly flower, that scarcely bends  
 When past the elfin Goddess wends,  
 She meets him with confiding love,  
 Holy, and chronicled above !  
 Then follows burning kiss on kiss ;  
 But never yet such love as this  
 Hath led to any evil thought ;  
 Too fervent, and too pure, 't is wrought  
 By Godlike power within the soul,  
 And half its bliss is self-control !

Sweet picture of our earlier days,  
 When first we feel the kindling blaze  
 That thrills us through our every vein,  
 Insatiate, and unmixed with pain.  
 Alas ! that e'er those holy fires  
 Should yield to passion's fierce desires.  
 Alas ! that ruthless men should dare  
 Deceive the too confiding fair.  
 Alas ! that virtue, honour, all  
 That fallen man his hope can call,  
 Should, then, unheeded, prostrate lie,  
 And 'mid unholy passions die !  
 Th' undying grief 't were vain to tell  
 Of her who thus from virtue fell.  
 No more on her the balm doth rest  
 That soothes th' unsullied maiden's breast ;  
 Her pillow aye is wet with tears ;  
 Her bosom torn with anxious fears ;

Dishonour rests upon her name ;  
 Loud doth th' unpitying world proclaim  
 Her early sin—her lasting shame !  
 But not 'gainst him the wrong who wrought  
 Doth the world's virtue kindle aught.  
 Perchance 't is known, and yet men say  
 He will reform some other day !  
 Away with this unmanly creed :  
 Let the world's praise be virtue's meed ;  
 Be pardon to repentance given ;  
 But forth from every shelter driven,  
 He who a woman's love hath won,  
 And then the trusting maid undone ;  
 Who, unrepentant of the ill,  
 The damning cup of vice can fill,  
 By boasting of the unholy deed  
 That leaves a broken heart to bleed !

Woman, in virtue's precepts schooled,  
 Thou who wert ne'er by passion ruled,  
 Whom chance may lead to read this page,  
 In honoured life's maturer age,  
 Drop o'er their fate one pitying tear,  
 Whoe'er they are, of whom you hear  
 That they from virtue's paths have strayed—  
 Pray for betrayers and betrayed !

But when the joyous blood of youth  
 Blends with its vigour love and truth,  
 O ! then, no bliss to mortal dealt  
 Can vie with that which then he felt !

The whispering 'neath the hawthorn tree,  
 Which Burns hath sung—the lovelit e'e,  
 All, all, were his—and 'mid the dance,  
 The thrilling touch, the speaking glance !  
 Then when the sire's consent is given,  
 The harbinger, on earth, of Heaven,  
 The pealing bell—the fairy chime,  
 (O ! who can ring like them his rhyme !)  
 When, on the wedding morn, the bride,  
 All beaming loveliness and pride,  
 In virgin white, with love-knots trim,  
 Prepares to yield herself to him ;  
 When the soft, thrilling “ yes ” he hears,  
 Whispered with modest, trembling fears ;  
 O ! hours once passed no more redeemed,  
 By manhood mourned—by boyhood dreamed !  
 What angel touched you with his rod,  
 To raise the mortal to a God ?

Perchance, too, at this age of fire,  
 To loftier dreams young hearts aspire :  
 Wisdom and honour, glory, fame,  
 And all the treasures of a name,  
 The kindling youth sometimes inspire,  
 With earnest hand, to strike the lyre ;  
 And, O ! in that creative gift  
 What spells there dwell the soul to lift  
 Above the sordid human clay,  
 That lives and grovels out its day ;  
 What forms the bard in visions sees !  
 What murmurs whisper through the trees !

Perchance, in thought the dreamer stands,  
 Far, far away in distant lands ;  
 By oriental suns embrowned,  
 A desert child the poet 's found ;  
 On the swift, graceful Arab steed,  
 He bounds away with lightning speed ;  
 Or, mounted on the camel's back,  
 Slowly pursues the weary track ;  
 Or fainting, worn, and parched with thirst,  
 By some dear Arab maid is nursed ;  
 And when the burning fever 's o'er,  
 Loves to be tended more and more,  
 And gazing on her soft black eyes,  
 All day in dreamy languor lies ;  
 Or, starting from a dream so sweet,  
 He feels his pulses throb and beat ;  
 Prone on the sands the caravan  
 Lies prostrate—every beast and man :  
 The Simoon blows across the waste,  
 With furnace breath—and they shall taste  
 Of death who breathe, unthinking, there  
 That flame-like and devouring air.  
 Perchance, of India's clime his dream,  
 Where Ganges rolls her sacred stream  
 Throughout the land of idols full ;  
 Where unmolested roams the bull ;  
 Where Juggernaut's infernal car,  
 Relentless as the God of war,  
 O'er victims, self-appointed, rolls,  
 Who thus from hell redeem their souls ;  
 Where, turning to a happier flow,  
 The orange tree and citron grow ;

Where all the luscious fruits are found,  
That 'neath the tropics' suns abound.  
Then, 'neath the broad verandah laid,  
He dreams of some bright Eastern maid ;  
Some houri's silken lash, where lies,  
Half hid, the love-glance in her eyes !  
Sometimes, perhaps, his thoughts, more near,  
Bear him to Venice ; blue and clear  
The sea around in ripples floats,  
Where silent glide a thousand boats ;  
The moonlight dwells upon the scene,  
A flood of brilliance, chaste and sheen.  
There gently, o'er that silvered tide,  
The world forgotten, lovers glide ;  
Mirrored clearly in bright blue eyes,  
Shrines spotless as the azure skies.  
Perchance, romantic days of yore,  
Chivalric days his thoughts explore,  
When, marshalled in a bold array,  
The steel-clad champions met mid-way,  
And sought the meed from beauty's eyes—  
The meed of valour's high emprise.  
Perchance, he hears of warlike deeds,  
And with the dying hero bleeds ;  
Perchance, some giant theme of old,  
In visions wrapped, his eyes behold ;  
And from the dust of other days  
He strives to kindle Godlike rays :  
Who can the thousand scenes recall  
That on the Poet's vision fall,  
When in his youthful days of dreams  
A Homer to himself he seems.

O ! fatal power ; if in his soul  
 But dimly those great visions roll ;  
 Or if, possessing them, he falls  
 'Mid busy haunts where duty calls ;  
 No loftier zeal—no holier fire  
 Than the bard's flame could man desire ;  
 But, ah ! how few the height can climb  
 Where, Godlike, dwells impassioned rhyme.  
 Ambition's early eye, perchance,  
 Will at the Senate's glory glance,  
 To stand before the chosen few  
 Who rule the world, and rule them, too ;  
 To raise the voice in Patriot cause ;  
 To make, amend, preserve, the laws ;  
 To live in the memory of men  
 For ages, such as we there then  
 To be—the stars of eloquence,  
 Bulwarks of freedom, and defence  
 Of monarchs' sacred rights—to share  
 Their glory in men's eyes : such were,  
 And are, and will be, evermore,  
 The dreams of youth, ere youth explore  
 That which lies yet beyond their reach—  
 Stern truth, which manhood's trials teach !

Farewell, sweet age ; for never more  
 For me thy visions thou 'lt outpour ;  
 Farewell ! Thy brilliant fancies, fled,  
 Are numbered with th' unheeded dead.  
 Farewell ! But unforgotten still  
 By me, thy memory shall fill,

With light, perchance, some dreary page  
 Of manhood, or forlorn old age ;  
 But not for me the mystic scrolls  
 O'er which the future darkly rolls,  
 To read—they are the Book of God  
 Alone, who wrote them with a nod.  
 Farewell ! Again, Farewell ! To thee  
 I cling, hating from thence to flee—  
 Morning of life ! Young birth of hope !  
 I go with man—the world to cope.

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## THE

## PASSAGE OF THE BERESINA.

---

Onward ! Still on—the relics of a host  
 Whose fame hath made earth's proudest monarchs quake--  
 They rush, like Ocean's waves, tumultuous, tost—  
 Bloodshed and famine mingling in their wake.  
 There, in one mass, behold the proud array—  
 The boast of France ! Ere yet shall close that day,  
 Not e'en *his* voice his minions shall awake ;  
 Nor yet a mother's eye—if such be there—  
 Shall tell, amid the ghastly heaps, the son she bare !

Onward they press, for ever in their rear  
 The foeman sweeps relentless on his way ;  
 The cannon speaks in thunder to the ear ;  
 No voice can bid that fearful torrent stay ;  
 For flash on flash, and gleaming steel, appear !  
 What reck they aught of war, save mortal fear,  
 That bids them not from safety madly stray,  
 But seek that boon in flight ! For, wild and dread,  
 O'er many a dreary plain the Hettman's Cossacks spread !

Behold their spectral corses grimly strew  
 Their brethren's path ; and all unheeded lie,  
 Save by the warrior foes' marauding crew,  
 Whose knives gleam swiftly on the closing eye—  
 Waked but to hear the curse that bids them die !  
 And then the banner once that proudly flew,  
 War-worn and soiled, lies stiff'ning in the hold  
 Of him who, to his honoured standard true,  
 Binds to his heart that pall with one convulsive fold !

Onward ! still on ! for now before their view  
 The sullen river rolls its darkling flood ;  
 The clang of war behind them bursts anew ;  
 No time have they o'er sad defeat to brood.  
 Onward, o'er dying friends, so late who stood  
 The sharers of their toil—for life, for life,  
 The madd'ning race begins ! In that dark hour,  
 With every horror fraught—with danger rife—  
 Who dreamt of kindred ties, or felt sweet friendship's power ?

And fast, and wild, in gathering crowds they come,  
 And shrieks and groans from out that mingling mass,  
 Tell that the anguished spirit wingeth home  
 Its weary flight ! They win that narrow pass,  
 But ever and anon the thund'ring bass  
 Of guns that, rumbling in the distance, boom—  
 Waking to one continuous peal ! Alas !  
 Is there no hope for that once victor host ?  
 The despot's arm, earth's scourge, and Gaul's triumphant boast ?

None ! For the tempest-breath of heaven awakes,  
 And darkly green the swollen waters flow ;  
 The wintry blast upon them coldly breaks—  
 The rear-guard yields to the victorious foe !  
 It heaves—it yawns—O, God ! with one dread throe,  
 The crowded bridge beneath the pressure shakes,  
 And thrice ten thousand souls are hurled below  
 Into that “hell of waters,” fierce and strong,  
 Whose waves relentless bear the flower of France along !

Aye ! and her vine-clad valleys long shall hear  
 The voice of mourning for her sons who lie,  
 Thrown by the sated wave on deserts drear ;  
 And long shall ring “that agonizing cry,”  
 And haunt his dreams when none to soothe is nigh !  
 And, fortune flown, shall thunder in his ear  
 ’Mid courts and camps—the worm that ne’er shall die ;  
 And tell to every age, like Heaven’s own wrath,  
 The vengeance dire that waits on th’ invader’s path !

T H E   L I T A N Y  
O F   T H E   C H U R C H   O F   E N G L A N D ,

V E R S I F I E D .

---

Father of Heaven ! God of all ! O ! thou Supreme alone !  
We miserable sinners bend before thy glorious Throne,  
And, as we kneel, imploring cry, be merciful, O God !  
Down looking from thy throne of grace, be merciful, O God !

O ! thou Redeemer of the world—O ! blessed Son of God !  
Have mercy on us—scourge us not with thine avenging rod !  
To thee, our Saviour, low we bend—and as we kneel, we cry  
In penitence and anguish, spare us, Son of God ! Most High !

O ! Holy Spirit, offspring of the Father and the Son ;  
Spirit of God, and of the sacred triune Godhead one !  
Prostrate before the mercy seat of God on high we bow :  
Have mercy on us, sinful men and miserable, now !

O ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three persons and one Lord !  
O ! holy, blessed Trinity, in unity adored,  
Have mercy on us, sinful men ! O ! hear our humble prayer,  
All vile and worthless as we are ! O ! hear us, Lord, to spare !

Think not on our offences, Lord, nor our forefathers' sins ;  
 Nor take thou vengeance on us when thine hour of wrath begins !  
 Spare us, good Lord ! Thy people spare, enfranchised by thy  
 blood—

The precious blood that from thy side in streams of mercy flowed :  
 Let not thy kindling anger, Lord, forever still be stored,  
 Until the day of wrath shall come—but spare us, O ! good Lord !

From evil and from mischief, and from each besetting sin ;  
 From Satan's craft, and wiles, and wrath, our feeble spirits win !  
 From thy devouring wrathfulness, from everlasting hell  
 And misery, deliver us, O ! righteous God, as well !

From every blindness of the heart—vain glory, pomp and pride,  
 Hypocrisy and envy mean, from hate and malice wide ;  
 From any want of charity unto our fellow men,  
 We cry, good Lord deliver us—enfranchise us again !

From fornication damnable, and every deadly sin ;  
 From all allurements of the world that fain our souls would win ;  
 From all the devil's cunning traps—from every fleshly wile,  
 Good Lord deliver us, we pray, in penitence the while.

From lightning and from tempest—from pestilence and plague ;  
 From deadly famine save us, Lord, with all its horrors vague ;  
 From battle and from murder foul, and from a sudden death,  
 Good Lord deliver us ! we cry in one united breath.

From every rank sedition, conspiracy, and all  
 The evils of rebellion, O ! save us, or we fall !

From all false doctrine, heresy, and hardness of the heart ;  
 From schism and disunion, that thy true Church would part ;  
 From all contempt and disobedience of thy holy word,  
 And from breaking thy commandments, deliver us, O Lord !

Now by the holy mystery, whereby the Godhead, veiled,  
 Was in human form incarnate, that on the Cross was nailed ;  
 Now by thy blessed nativity, when in a manger laid,  
 The voice of herald angels glad hosannas 'round thee made ;  
 And by thy circumcision, temptation, fasting, prayer,  
 And by thy holy baptism, good Lord ! thy people spare !

By thy bloody sweat and agony—thy Cross—thy passion there ;  
 Thy precious death and burial, good Lord, thy people spare !  
 Thy glorious resurrection from the regions of the dead ;  
 And by thy blessed ascension, that earth to heaven did wed ;  
 By the coming of the Holy Ghost, foreshadowed in thy word,  
 The harbinger of grace and peace—deliver us, good Lord !

In all time of tribulation, and in our hour of wealth ;  
 In death, and at the day of Judgment, taking us by stealth,  
 O ! then, in trustful confidence on thy revealèd word,  
 All bending low, we cry aloud, deliver us, good Lord !

Beseeching thee, we, sinners, bend before thy sacred Throne,  
 And we cry to thee to hear us, O Lord ! our God alone !  
 That it may please thee aye to rule thy holy Church aright,  
 Humbly we do beseech thee, O Lord ! thou God of might !

That it may please thee, O ! great God ! to strengthen and  
preserve,

In the true worshiping of thee, from which she ne'er may swerve,  
And in righteousness and in holiness, on an unsullied throne,  
**VICTORIA**, our most gracious Queen and Governor, alone !  
For her, thy servant, be thy wealth of mercy ever stored ;  
For her we do beseech thee to hear us, O ! good Lord !

Be pleased, O Lord ! her heart to rule in thy faith, fear, and love ;  
To thee affianced, may she ne'er to thee unfaithful prove ;  
Thy honour and thy glory may she seek for evermore ;  
O ! hear us for her sake, good Lord, we humbly do implore !

That it may please thee aye to be the guardian of her life,  
Defending her, and keeping her from enemies and strife,  
That she o'er all her foemen victorious still may be ;  
For this beseechingly we send our prayers, good Lord, to thee !

That it may please thee Adelaide, Queen Dowager, to bless,  
Preserving her from human anguish, evil or distress ;  
Prince Albert, Albert, Prince of Wales, and all the royal race,  
For them, O ! God omnipotent ! we ask thy wondrous grace !

All Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, illuminate, O Lord !  
With knowledge true, and understanding of thy holy word ;  
In preaching let them set it forth, an evil world to school,  
And in their living shew they live according to its rule !  
That in this thou wilt be pleased to hear, our fervent prayers  
are poured—  
For this we do beseech thee to hear us, O ! good Lord !

That it may please thee all the Lords of England's council, too,  
 And all the nobles of the land, with wisdom to endue ;  
 With wisdom, grace, and understanding, fill each noble heart !  
 For this we do beseech thee still, good Lord ! thine ear impart !

Be pleased, O Lord ! the Magistrates to bless and to preserve ;  
 O ! may they from the sacred paths of justice never swerve ;  
 But execute their power aright, and holy truth maintain :  
 For this we do beseech thee, hear us yet, good Lord ! again !

That it may please thee, Lord, to bless and keep thy people all,  
 We humbly do beseech thee, hear, O ! hear our fervent call !

That it may please thee, Lord, to give to all the nations peace,  
 That thus throughout this world of woe unholy strife may cease ;  
 That unity and concord may on earth their blessings bring :  
 Beseeching thee to hear our call, we pray, good Lord, our King !

That it may please thee, Lord, to fill our hearts with love for thee,  
 Attempered by a kindred dread thy wondrous power to see ;  
 That we, obedient to thy law, may diligently live—  
 Good Lord ! we do beseech again, thine ear to hear us give !

Meekly to hear thy holy word let all the people cleave ;  
 With love all pure, and growing grace, its cheering truths receive ;  
 That the blessings of the Spirit, unnumbered, forth may spring—  
 Hear us, we do beseech thee, O Lord ! our heavenly King !

That it may please thee, Lord, the erring sinner to receive,  
 And show to those the paths of truth whom Satan would deceive ;  
 That thus misguided men may be unto thy paths restored—  
 Repentant, we beseech thee, hear us yet again, good Lord !

Be pleased, O Lord ! to strengthen the firm in faith who stand ;  
 Comfort the weak-hearted ; to the fall'n stretch forth thy hand ;  
 Upraising them, our enemy cast down beneath our feet ;  
 Beseeching thee to hear us, Lord, our prayer we still repeat !

That succour, help, and comfort, thou mayest be pleased to give  
 To all who in necessity and tribulation live ;  
 To all who in their walk in life by dangers are beset ;  
 For this we do beseech thee, good Lord ! to hear us yet !

That it may please thee to preserve, by thine omniscient power,  
 All travellers by land or sea, when storms or dangers lour ;  
 All women, in their hour of anguish, labouring of child ;  
 Be all sick persons, by thy grace, from suffering beguiled ;  
 And, in their time of thoughtlessness, all little children aid !  
 O ! thou, their God ! for them be all thy guardian care displayed !  
 Thy pity show to prisoners, and to all captive men !  
 For them we do beseech thee, Lord, to hear us yet again !

Defend, O Lord ! the fatherless, and for their wants provide ;  
 And be not unto widows poor thine arm of strength denied,  
 When 'neath oppression's rod they bend all desolate and lone !  
 Hear us, we do beseech thee, O Lord, our God alone !

That it may please thee on all men thy mercy to outpour—  
 Good Lord, we do beseech thee to hear us yet once more !

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, good Lord !  
 All who persecute and slander us, the lovers of thy word !  
 Be pleased, O Lord ! to turn their hearts from calumny and wrong ! .  
 For this, beseeching thee to hear, our prayers are borne along !

That it may please thee, Lord of Heaven ! to give and to preserve  
 For us the goodly fruits of earth, that they our use may serve ;  
 That joyfully, in season due, thy blessings we may greet—  
 Lord ! we, beseeching thee to hear, our fervent prayers repeat !

Lord ! to us all repentance give—humility of soul,  
 And pardon thou the sins that still our better thoughts control !  
 Though we neglect thine ordinance, be merciful, O Lord !  
 Forgive us for our ignorance of thy most holy word !  
 By that to live, and mend our lives, thy Spirit's grace impart !  
 To hear us, thus beseechingly demands each prayerful heart !

O ! Son of God ! beseeching thee to hear us, we implore !  
 O ! Son of God ! to hear us, we beseech thee yet once more !

O ! Lamb of God ! that by thy blood didst purge the world of sin,  
 Grant that to dwell within our hearts thine heavenly peace begin !

O ! Lamb of God ! that, sacrificed, didst purge the world of sin,  
 Have mercy upon us, that we the heavenly realm may win !

O ! Saviour Christ ! O ! Lord of Heaven ! hear our humble prayer!  
 O Christ ! our burden take from us, that we can never bear !

O ! Lord of Heaven ! have mercy on us in our hour of need !  
 O Lord ! have mercy ! Hitherward unto our succour speed !

O ! Saviour Christ ! have mercy ! Redeemer of the world !  
 O ! Lord, our Christ ! be pitiful ere we from Heaven are hurled !

O ! Lord of Heaven ! have mercy on us in our hour of need !  
 O Lord ! have mercy ! Hitherward unto our succour speed !

## SPRING GALES.

---

The wind ! the wind ! the glorious wind  
Sweeps on with mighty stride ;  
With mirthful sound—with sparkling glee,  
It comes o'er land and tide :  
Fresh from the sunny clime, far down  
Where rolls the Southern sea ;  
Balm bearing on its healing wings,  
For grass, and flower, and tree.

Hark ! to the giant forests, how,  
With sighs of love, they greet  
The bearer glad of tidings good—  
The incense-breather sweet :  
The pine grove, sighing softly, bears  
The melody along ;  
'T is sweeter than the hurtling blast  
It heard the winter long :

And though, amid the dreary snows,  
Forever green, the pine  
Can rear its leafy canopy,  
It loves the sound divine—  
The odour-laden, perfumed breath  
Of Spring's warm breathing wind—  
That brings the feathered choristers,  
That doth the flow'rets find.

The maple, rearing high its head,  
 Its sapless branches waves ;  
 The soft caress thrills to the root,  
 And, as from out the graves,  
 Summoned by the archangel's trump,  
 The dead shall living rise,  
 The vivifying flood of sweets  
 Flows upward to the skies.

Now yeomen, in a busy troop,  
 Bear hitherward your way !  
 Last night the sparkling hoar-frost gleamed—  
 The sun beams bright to-day :  
 Now hew your troughs, and tap your trees ;  
 And, as ye work, upraise  
 A lusty song of homefelt joy,  
 A gladsome hymn of praise.

Ye are not Gods—no nectar flows  
 Into the homely bowl ;  
 But your maple shall a nectar be  
 To every grateful soul.  
 The wind—the wind—of early spring !  
 Glad reveller, it flies  
 Far over every hill and dale—  
 Far through the flashing skies :

The ice-bound rivers heave and swell  
 To greet the balmy air ;  
 And as with thunder riven, lo !  
 The ice is severed there.

With booming sound, that runs along,  
 The mighty crack extends ;  
 Outward each mass, dissevered now, .  
 Its course unwilling wends :

Then from the mast-head floats the flag  
 To greet the favouring breeze ;  
 The sails expand—the joyous bark  
 Floats o'er the inland seas.  
 The wind—the wind—the spring-time wind !  
 It comes with rushing sound ;  
 The blue waves heave, right joyously,  
 In many a merry bound.

On sunny slopes—on mountain tops—  
 O'er peaceful valleys fair—  
 It comes, bequeathing gladness  
 And fragrance to the air.  
 Beneath the flat and marshy plain  
 The green grass deftly grows ;  
 The voice of Spring it hears again—  
 The mother voice it knows.

Upon the hill sides, sparkling, shine  
 The dew-drops, silver bright ;  
 And there the crimson petalled flowers  
 Are struggling into light.  
 Upspringing from the moistened earth,  
 The lady-slipper see ;  
 And all the brilliant orchis tribe—  
 The dragon, and the bee.

Starting amid the dark green leaves  
Of shrubs unknown and wild,  
The tiger-lily rears its head,  
A native forest child.  
On hills, where dwell the rattlesnakes,  
The scarlet lichnis glows ;  
Wild columbine, and fox-glove, too,  
Replace the changeless snows.

The wind—the wind—of beauteous Spring !  
Like a young mother's breath,  
It calls each seedling gem to life  
From winter's dreary death.

Then let us, brethren, merry be,  
And hail the joyous wind ;  
Seeking the voice of God to hear—  
His pleasant paths to find ;  
And ever, as it laughs along,  
With truthful hearts upraise  
Our voices, well attuned, to hymn  
The bounteous giver's praise !

## M Y M O T H E R .

---

My Mother ! I am far from thee—a long and dreary way ;  
Thy kindly voice was wont to soothe my fitful grief away ;  
Thy words would bid my fainting heart the path of fame pursue ;  
Thy praises were the incense rich from which my spirit grew.

My Mother ! I am sad ; for now I gaze on thee no more ;  
I miss the kindly beaming smile thy brow of promise wore :  
Oft, when thine eyes were fixed on me, I 've heard thy deep-  
drawn sigh ;  
Your thoughts were on your wayward son, whose fate you  
deemed so high.

My Mother ! yet I call thee, for my brow is hot and dull ;  
Thy hands were wont, with tender care, its throbings wild to lull :  
But now thou art not near me, and its pain will linger on,  
'Til health and all the joyousness of life and youth are gone.

But yet thy voice, in other years that bid me trust on high,  
Still lingers on my memory—methinks its sounds are nigh :  
O ! rich in hope, in promise dear, I catch its gladsome tone,  
And even at the fancied sound my gloomy thoughts have flown.

My Mother ! even thus in thought I may not dwell with thee ;  
I go again to toss on life's dread, dark, and stormy sea :  
But ever, in its conflict wild, thy words, my mother dear,  
Shall guide my spirit's onward flight ; I'll think that thou art  
near.

## TWILIGHT AND HOME.

---

Soft twilight hour ! sweet summer skies ! Ye smile upon me now,  
And o'er the distant landscape dim a softened radiance throw ;  
The sun's last burnished glories have faded from the West,  
Where the fleecy clouds of heaven late in crimson tints were  
dressed.

O ! sweetest hour ! O ! dreamy skies ! how dear ye are to me !  
Ye shadows of the dark green wood that dimly now I see—  
My cottage home upon the hill--ye flowers that breathe so sweet--  
And the evening breeze that creepeth by with noiseless step so  
fleet—

I love ye all ; yet sigh to think that each must timeless fade.  
The hours advance—the skies look black, by lightning's flash  
betrayed ;  
The green leaves fall, that home be left, those flow'rets droop  
and die,  
And the soft breeze turn to wintry blast, with rude voice  
howling by.

O ! ever thus, in blissful hours, o'er gloomy thoughts we brood ;  
And, to mar the fairest dreams of life, sorrow will aye intrude :  
The smile, the tear, in happiest hours, alternate o'er us sweep ;  
The springs of joy, the wells of grief, are fountains near, tho'deep.

Soon, then, I call on joyous hope to soothe the transient pain ;  
I'll view the objects of regret 'neath twilight skies again :  
And now how gently heaves the pulse—how all is calm and still !  
New visions throng my brain, new dreams with hope my bosom  
fill.

THE

## F A L L S   O F   N I A G A R A .

---

Behold ! again I view thee, in thy majesty and might,  
Thy proud sheet flashing in the blaze of morning's glorious light ;  
I see thee maddened in thy fall, and pale with hoary rage,  
And fretting in thy passion that hath boiled from age to age.

Like thunder on my startled ear, thine everlasting roar  
Hath broken, and reverberates from shore to echoing shore,  
Continuous and fearful—giant power in its tone,  
That shakes the earth's foundations, and rives the solid stone !  
How tremulous beneath the shock the fearful earth hath grown ;  
Reeling beneath the mighty plunge, it sighs with ceaseless moan.  
Now rush thy waves with frenzy wild, in foam of dazzling white,  
Now placidly they sweep along with ever changeful light.  
O, wondrous power ! O, giant strength ! how fearful to behold,  
Outstretched on yon o'erhanging crag, thy mad waves downward rolled ;  
To look adown the cavernous abyss that yawns beneath—  
To see the feathery spray flash forth in many a glittering wreath !

Voluminous and ceaseless still, forever swift descend  
Thy waters, in their headlong course—then, turning, heavenward wend ;  
Now, disenthralled, their essence hath its spirit shape resumed,  
Bright, bodiless, and pure, its flight to yon empyrean plumed !

THE  
L A Y   O F   T H E   C L O C K .

---

On high, in yonder old Church tower,  
When sunbeams smile, or tempests lour,  
The ancient clock rings out the hour,  
Sometimes with voice of wondrous power ;

    Oft times as if in play ;  
Sometimes it vibrates to the tone  
Of the deep-sounding, solemn ONE !

    Twelve sometimes it doth say !  
At morn, at noon, at night, it rings,  
And o'er the town its clangour flings ;  
And ever still it seems to say :  
“ Time fleeteth on—away ! away ! ”

’T is morn of spring time, blythe and gay ;  
Dew-sprinkled lawns salute the day ;  
Uprising, fresh as lovely May,  
The virgin chaseth sleep away.

    All nature is alive !  
With roseate cheek, behold the fair ;  
See, with delight, her golden hair !

    Just then the clock strikes FIVE !  
One, two, three, four, and five—alas !  
Reluctant half, she leaves the glass,  
And o'er the daisied meadows flies—  
In vain you follow with your eyes !

'T is morning yet—but ruddier glow  
 On earth the spreading sunbeams throw !  
 The weary labourer 'wakes to know  
 His hour of toil begins below,

And forth to work he goes :  
 His hammer, spade, or axe, in hand,  
 He sallies forth to join his band,  
 To earn his bread by blows.

The clock strikes six ! 'T is morn for all ;  
 Yet only those who own the thrall  
 Of labour, answer to the call  
 That doth from yonder belfry fall !

At seven the City's hum you hear ;  
 The hammers falling strike your ear ;  
 The loaded wain comes rolling near,  
 And brings the blessings of good cheer ;

The market square is full :  
 There, bartering and scolding high,  
 The humming voices upward fly,

And never seem to lull !  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, and seven !  
 Happy beneath yon smiling heaven,  
 Our townsmen hear the merry chime,  
 Unmindful of the flight of time.

Confusion in the world at eight ;  
 Some up too early, some too late :  
 The while the man with frugal mate,  
 Is clattering knife, fork, and plate :  
 And some not up at all !

EIGHT ! says the clock, with nettled tone :  
 Late ! says the husband—my dear Joan,  
 Pray do the servants call.

Or, full of somnolence and ease,  
 Some high-born dame with horror sees  
 The day-light through her lattice creep,  
 As fearful half to break her sleep !

Changed be the measure and the theme :  
 No trickling of the tuneful stream  
 Can tell how bright the torch-lights beam  
 When o'er the noisy mass they gleam  
 And flash with vengeful fire.

Black gloom upon the City spread,  
 When NINE the clock strikes overhead,  
 Then wakes commotion dire :  
 An hundred thousand torches flare,  
 And madly wave their flaming hair ;  
 And luridly they flout the sky,  
 With sparks that 'mid the darkness fly !

“ Death to the tyrants ! ” Hear  
 A million voices near,  
 Repeat the fearful sound.  
 In mingled yells of rage and woe,  
 Curses and cries for succour flow,  
 The mighty mass around.  
 Lo ! gleaming in the hands  
 Of yon infuriate bands,  
 Bright in the ruddy torch-light glow,  
 The polished jav'lins flash.  
 With rage and hunger wildly rash,

The people burn to strike the blow—  
 The blow that, with a thunder-crash,  
 Would lay the earth-born nobles low.  
 The giant smith stands glowering there,  
 Grim-visaged, wierd, with clotted hair ;  
 There, too, the weaver, pale and wan,  
 With gleaming eyes, leads on the van  
 To works of death and doom.

They leave the Town—they seek the plain,  
 And, ruthless, trample the ripe grain—  
 Those minions of the loom !

The loud alarms, wide and far,  
 Spread like the burning breath of war,  
 And fears the hamlet fill.  
 But, hark ! upon the night-breeze come  
 The squadron's tramp—the rattling drum—  
 The heavy rolling gun.  
 'Til all, at once, grows still !  
 But, hark ! again upwakes the cry,  
 " Death to the titled tyrants high !  
 Our vengeance has begun !"  
 Then flash on flash, with sullen roar,  
 The troops their " volleyed thunder " pour  
 Upon the writhing crowd :  
 Then shrieks and groans commingled rise ;  
 And far the trembling myriad flies,  
 By martial prowess bowed.

Aloft, the bells are ringing TEN !  
 Amid the busy haunts of men,

O'er every palace, hut, and den,  
They die away—to come again—  
Until at **TEN** they cease !

Then, as each burgher goes to rest,  
His pillow in soft slumber pressed,  
The City is at peace.

But soon the carriage rolls along ;  
The votaries of fashion throng  
To some gay revel, where the dance  
May mirthfully the night advance.

Like light from every fair one's brow  
The sparkling diamonds flash and glow,  
While 'round the candelabra throw  
A flood of light on all below,

And fast the waltzers move.  
Soft eyes with radiant glances beam,  
And music's clear melodious stream  
Winds 'round them and above.  
Seven, eight, nine, ten, **ELEVEN** !  
It seems a fairy heaven  
With gleaming lights, and music gay,  
And eyes that steal your heart away.

On speed the hours with swifter pace ;  
Old Time with waltzing runs a race :  
Bright smiles are dimpling each sweet face ;  
And spurs destroy Valenciennes lace ;

But still the mirth goes on.  
Still gay Huzzars and Lancers blaze  
With gold, that glitters in the maze ;  
'Til, one by one, they 're gone !

The lights are out—the music fled ;  
 The withered flowers lie crushed and dead ;  
 And, sinking wearily to bed,  
 Each maiden rests her aching head.

Turn to the midnight hour wierd,  
 By goblins loved—by mortals feared :  
 Dread ghostly hour, with visage smeared,  
 And by unearthly footsteps seared,  
 When silence reigns supreme.  
 Sleep in some ancient tap'stryed hall—  
 See figures issue from the wall,  
 As 't were some horrent dream :  
 Slowly they march, with solemn tread,  
 And, gazing, stand beside your bed :  
 'T is TWELVE—the unblest hour when roam  
 Sad spirits from their mournful home.

Mowing, o'er all the world they fly,  
 And seek the old Church tower on high,  
 Lingering to hear the last sounds die,  
 Which called them forth men's deeds to spy.

But soon the clock strikes ONE !  
 In wild affright away they fleet,  
 Lest happily they the Sexton meet,  
 When their brief hour is done.  
 Joy ! joy to every dreamful hind !  
 No more in fear his labouring mind  
 Beholds the pale and horrent crew  
 That 'round him, jabbering, lately flew !

And still, in yonder old Church tower,  
When sunbeams smile, or tempests lour,  
The ancient clock rings out the hour,  
Sometimes with voice of wondrous power ;  
    Oft times as if in play.

From year to year those hours the same,  
Go as they went, come as they came,

    And o'er the dial stray :

The clock at intervals still rings,  
And o'er the Town its clangour flings ;  
And ever still it seems to say,  
“ Man, erring man, time fleets away ! ”

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## NOTES TO THE POEM ON NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

Note 1, page 101.—This poem was written shortly after I had finished reading Alison's History of Europe. For the style and versification, I lay claim to the merit of originality. Whether I have done "well or wisely" in adopting the plan of jumping from one great event to another in the successive verses, is not for me to judge.

Note 2, page 102.—"The people in the galleries drowned the voices of the speakers; and soon the loud shouts, '*Victoire, victoire, les Suisses sont vaincus!*' announced that the fate of the monarchy was decided."—*Alison, Harper's edition, vol. i. p. 129.*

Note 3, page 104.—RIVOLI AND ARCOLA. *Vide Alison, Harper's edition, vol. i. p. 414-15, et seq.*

Note 4, page 104.—This event, Alison tells us, made a deep impression on the mind of Napoleon, who ever after styled it "the terrible passage of the Bridge of Lodi." He led the grenadiers in person, amid "a storm of grape-shot."

Note 5, page 107.—SULTAN KHEBIR—the name given to Napoleon by the Mamelukes.

Note 6, page 108.—BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS. *Vide Alison, Harper's edition, vol. i. page 509.*

Note 7, page 109.—THE MASSACRE OF JAFFA will forever brand Napoleon with the name of murderer. Read the following: "After the massacre had lasted some time, the horrors which surrounded them shook the hearts of many, especially of the younger part of the captives. Several at length broke their bands, and swam to a ridge of coral rocks out of reach of the shot. The troops made signs to them of peace and forgiveness, and when they came within a short distance, fired at them in the sea, when they perished from the discharge or the waves. \* \* \* The Arabs turn from the

field of blood ; and it remains in solitary horror, a melancholy monument of Christian atrocity.”

Note 8, page 110.—THE SIEGE OF ACRE. See *Alison, Harper's edition, vol. i.* p. 520. To the gallantry of Sir Sydney Smith may be attributed this repulse of Buonaparte, which he himself, in reference to his projected invasion of the East Indies, declared, “changed the fate of the East.”

Note 9, page 113.—“*Fear in the tyrant's heart !*” &c. This alludes to the time of the explosion of the “Infernal Machine.” *Vide Alison, Harper's edition, p. 194 ; and Hist. Nap. par M. L'Aurent De L'Ardeche, English edition, vol. i.* p. 232.

Note 10, page 113.—“*From brave La Vendée's sacred shore,*” &c. See *Alison, p. 72, vol. ii.*—also generally the history of *Georges Cadoudal, Pichegru, &c.*

Note 11, page 113.—“*There D'Enghien innocently bleeds,*” &c. See *Alison, vol. ii. pp. 224-5-6-7-8-9.* “There were,” says Savary, the warmest apologist of Napoleon, “neither documents, nor proofs, nor witnesses, against the Prince.” The reader of Alison will find that the *order for his execution* accompanied that which put him on his trial ! But M. L'Aurent De L'Ardeche in his history, which is a continued panegyric of “the great man,” is content to give as an ample excuse, Napoleon’s “lame and impotent” apology, contained in a codicil to his will. See *Hist. Nap. par M. L. De L'Ardeche, vol. i. p. 276.* Forgetting that (after the witnesses had identified Pichegru as the person who met Georges, and thus shown the innocence of D'Enghien), “Napoleon,” says Savary, “upon receiving this information, mused long, and gave vent, by an exclamation of grief, to his regret at having consented to the seizure of that unhappy man.” *Alison, vol. ii. p. 228.* Hear, also, the verdict of M. De Lamartine, a noble-hearted Frenchman, in his celebrated stanzas on Buonaparte :

“ Pourquoi détournes-tu ta paupière éperdue ?  
D'où vient cette pâleur sur ton front répandue ?  
Qu'as-tu vu tout à coup dans l'horreur du passé ?

Est-ce de vingt cités la ruine fumante ;  
 Ou du sang des humains quelque plaine écumante ?  
 Mais la gloire a tout effacé.

“ La gloire efface tout—tout, excepté le crime.  
 Mais son doigt me montrait le corps d'une victime,  
 Un jeune homme, un héros d'un sang pur inondé.  
 Le flot qui l'apportait, passait, passait sans cesse ;  
 Et toujours en passant la vague vengeresse  
 Lui jetait le nom de Condé.”

Note 12, page 114.—“ *The Towers of Notre Dame,*” &c.  
 “ The ceremony of coronation took place with the utmost possible magnificence, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Carriages, glittering with gold and purple trappings—horses, proudly caparisoned—liveries, resplendent with colour—dazzled the multitude in the streets through which the cortège passed.—*Alison, vol. ii. p. 300.*

Note 13, page 115.—“ *England ! thine hour is come !*” &c.  
 For an account of the preparations for the intended descent upon England, see *Alison, vol. ii. p. 323.*

Note 14, page 115.—“ *Now must the leopards flee !*” &c.  
 The “ English leopards ” was a favourite epithet applied by Napoleon to the lions on the standard of England.

Note 15, page 116.—“ *Such were thy glorious days,*” &c.  
 Alluding, of course, to the Spanish “ Invincible Armada.”

Note 16, page 116.—“ *Changed is the seat of war,*” &c.  
 The camp at Boulogne was broken up, and the grand army marched to the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz. See *Alison, vol. ii. p. 345, et seq.*

Note 17, page 117.—“ *Nor shall the Scythian sword avail,*” &c.  
 The Russians, anciently called Scythians, were the allies of Austria in the Austerlitz campaign.

Note 18, page 118.—“ *Lo ! at the hero's tomb a hero stands !*” &c.  
 Napoleon visited the tomb of Frederick the Great, after the battle of Jena; but the Prussians never forgot that he despoiled the sanctuary of Frederick's sword, his ribbon of the

Black Eagle, his General's sash, as well as the flags borne by his Guard in the seven year's war. See *M. L'Aurent De L'Ardeche*, vol. i. p. 406.

Note 19, page 118.—“*Rage in the fatherland shall dwell,*” &c. “Fatherland” is the endearing name given by the Germans to their country.

Note 20, page 119.—“*The Empress Josephine.*” This stanza, and the succeeding one, allude to the separation of Napoleon from the Empress, and the distressing interview which preceded it. This deliberate act of heartless selfishness is, if possible, more villainous, certainly more despicable, than the murder of D'Enghien.

Note 21, page 120.—“*The House of Hapsburgh has allied its name with the usurper's fate.*” Marie Louise, second Empress of Napoleon, was daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and was a scion of the House of Hapsburgh.

Note 22, page 120.—“*Rome ! thou a King must own !*” “At six in the morning of the 25th of March, 1810, the cannon of the Invalides announced to the capital that the much wished for event had taken place, and that the KING OF ROME was born.”—*Alison*, vol. iii. p. 534.

Note 23, page 120.—“*The coming voice of war ! Onward the giant murmur strides!*” This, and some of the succeeding stanzas, refer to the universal execration with which Napoleon's continental system was received, and the alliances which Great Britain, shortly after the birth of the King of Rome, was enabled to form, offensive and defensive, against France.

Note 24, page 121.—“*And liberated Spain shall raise, to honour thee, the voice of praise, e'en on the banks of Rhine.*” The Spanish troops accompanied the victorious army of Wellington into France. I hope that hypercritics will not assert that I have made the Rhine a Spanish River.

Note 25, page 122.—“*Onward ! for fate is louring o'er Napoleon, on the Baltic's shore.*” Wellington's resumption of hostilities, and gradual victorious advance to the frontiers of

France, were contemporaneous, or nearly so, with Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Russia.

Note 26, page 122.—“*Onward for Moscow now,*” &c. The Poem here (as it seems to me) necessarily makes a jump backward. The invasion of Russia, and Napoleon's retreat, occupy a certain space of time, during which Wellington's victorious career was also proceeding. Either event is too important to be broken or disconnected in any of its parts in the Poem; therefore, each has been treated separately.

Note 27, page 123.—“*The scourge of Europe dictates peace.*” See *Alison*, vol. iii. p. 574.

Note 28, page 123.—“*Hark to the brazen clang,*” &c. For a magnificent description of the conflagration, I refer the reader to *Alison*, vol. iii. p. 596, et seq.

Note 29, page 125.—“*Around them burning embers wing their flight.*” In Scott's history of Napoleon, it is said that while the Russians countermarched, after the evacuation of Moscow, in order to be in readiness to fall upon the flanks and rear-guard of the French, the ashes from the burning City fell like a shower of snow amid their ranks.

Note 30, page 126.—“*Half furled by Beresina's shore.*” In the passage of the Beresina, thirty thousand men perished miserably, the bridge giving way when crowded with the flying mass. For a spirited account, see *Alison*, vol. iii. p. 590–592.

Note 31, page 126.—“*The gallant Victor, foot by foot, full in the rear the torrent stems.*” “It was in the midst of this terrific scene, that the rear-guard of Marshal Victor, which had nobly sustained, during the whole day, the arduous duty of protecting the passage, arrived at the entrance of the bridge.” *Alison*, vol. iii. p. 591.

Note 32, page 129.—“*The Tugendbund uplifts its voice.*” “The generous ardour burned with peculiar vehemence in the Universities, a very numerous class in Germany, and among whom the associations of the TUGENDBUND and the BURCHENSCHAFT had spread, far and wide, the utmost enthusiasm in the cause of their country, and the most unbounded hatred of French domination.”—*Alison*, vol. iv. p. 44.

Note 33, page 130.—“*At Champaubert and Montmirail.*” See Alison, vol. iv. p. 298–300. This historian compares these battles to a revival of Rivoli and Arcola; but they had not the fruits of those great victories. They were the last victories of Napoleon; for at Quatre Bras the British were the victors, and Ligny was a drawn battle.



**Laīza.**

A TALE OF SLAVERY.

IN THREE CANTOS.



## L A ï Z A .

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### CANTO I.

Beneath the sultry Libyan sun  
Laïza was born, and early gained,  
By his good sword, an empire wide,  
And with the nation's homage reigned.  
Minstrels, within the monarch's hall,  
With tabour and with pipe would sing  
Him glorious on an hundred fields—  
Worthy to rule—a hero-King ;  
How his sonorous voice rose high  
Above the stormy battle's roar ;  
How, glittering with golden stars,  
His brows the ackodama bore.  
His face was beautiful—though dark  
Its hue, by Afric's sun embrowned ;  
And in his flowing, graceful hair,  
The semblance of his sire was found.  
In his large eyes, that flashed with light,  
Though darker than the ebon night,  
His mother's kindling glances dwelt,  
Save when, in thought, their fire would melt.  
His father was an Arab Chief :  
Thus Laïza in his youth had seen  
Syria and Egypt, Palestine :  
A wanderer the youth had been :

Oft, o'er the Syrian desert wide,  
 On his swift barb had bounded, where  
 Nor herbs nor living thing abide  
 Beneath the red sun's lurid glare ;  
 Where grimly, on the traveller's way,  
 The bleaching bones unheeded lie,  
 Of thousands whom the Simoom's blast  
 Dooms 'mid the drifting sands to die :  
 Where—like some fairy isle that springs  
 From out the ocean's wide expanse—  
 Crowning some solitary palm,  
 The languid leaves their shade advance :  
 Where, such as Laiza's father was,  
 The fierce marauding Arabs roam,  
 On plunder bent—the desert waste,  
 Boundless and desolate, their home.

His mother, when a maiden, came  
 Far, from Bassorah, whence her sire  
 Long caravans, all laden, brought  
 With gorgeous silks and gay attire.  
 And once with him his daughter came,  
 Veiled, as the Persian maidens are ;  
 But, 'neath the gauze a beaming eye  
 Flashed, as if love lay hidden there.  
 Three days and nights they journeyed on,  
 Weary and worn, and faint with heat ;  
 But the fourth day, at early dawn,  
 They heard the tramp of horses' feet ;  
 They heard the hourrà wild and dread,  
 As down the Arab horsemen dashed :

Soon was the earth bestrewn with dead ;  
 But Lola to a steed was lashed.  
 When she awoke from out her trance,  
 She leaned on an encircling arm ;  
 She met a bright impassioned glance ;  
 A soft voice whispered her—“ No harm  
 Shall ever touch thee, dearest one !  
 While this right arm can wield a blade ;  
 I swear it by yon glowing sun,  
 This heart is thine, sweet Eastern maid ! ”  
 A while she wept—she tore her hair—  
 Her flowing tears bedewed the ground :  
 But a week passed—the hapless maid  
 Again a circling arm had found ;  
 Again had met that eye of fire,  
 Where mingled truth and passion shone :  
 Her home forgotten, and her sire—  
 Her head was on his bosom thrown.

Fruit of this union, Laïza grew  
 In stature tall—of noble face ;  
 He bore his mother’s features fair,  
 And all his father’s manly grace.  
 In early youth his parents died ;  
 Nor other friend, nor kin, he knew ;  
 And thus, upon the desert wide,  
 The orphan boy to manhood grew.  
 Dauntless in spirit, firm and bold,  
 The Arabs ’round his standard ranged ;  
 But sated soon with strife for gold,  
 His dream from war to empire changed.

At length—'t was after years of strife—  
 O'er Abyssinia's realm he reigned ;  
 But now, ambition's summit reached,  
 One lingering sorrow still remained.  
 Young, brave and beautiful, his soul  
 Yearned for some dark-eyed maiden's love,  
 Worthy the dreams that filled his heart—  
 A passion fit for Gods above !  
 Then would he—thus he hoped—prepare  
 The savage race o'er which he ruled,  
 The glorious fruits of peace to share—  
 The falchion to a ploughshare turn—  
 To bury in oblivion long  
 The bloody warfare of the past.  
 Nurtured by peace, his empire strong  
 Would grow—his throne for ages last.

And now his task was half complete :  
 His foemen, conquered far and near,  
 Bowed at the mighty victor's feet—  
 His very name was heard with fear.  
 Hoti, a neighbouring chief, alone,  
 A seeming friend, his realm maintained :  
 But envy had to hatred grown,  
 And in his bosom treason reigned.  
 Hoti was born in Zanguebar ;  
 Vengeful and cruel in his hate,  
 He coveted the wide domains  
 Of Laïza, and his regal state :  
 He sought his rival's throne to win  
 By treachery—and sued for peace ;

Nor dared he yet the strife begin :  
 But oft, in secret, grasped his creese  
 Uplifted, and with rolling eye,  
 And clenched teeth, and frenzied air,  
 Would swear that thus should Laïza die,  
 If e'er to cross his path he dare.  
 But still between the rival Kings  
 A seeming friendship reigned supreme :  
 Hoti, with cunning art, concealed  
 His latent purpose—none could dream  
 That in his breast the wild desire  
 Of murder burned, athirst for blood ;  
 So cloaked he his revengeful ire  
 Beneath a soft and winning mood.  
 But, 'spite his treacherous art, there gleamed  
 Sometimes within his furtive eye  
 A glance that, like a poignard, seemed  
 Straight to his rival's heart to fly ;  
 And Laïza, though he feared not, felt  
 His heart contract when he beheld  
 That serpent-like and treach'rous glare,  
 That sure some lurking venom held.

Reigning upon the Eastern coast,  
 Hoti a cruel traffic drove  
 In human flesh. His dearest sport  
 Was, at an army's head, to rove  
 In quest of slaves ; and, year by year,  
 He brought in thousands to the shore  
 Those who the sacred words should hear  
 Of country, love, and home, no more.

One summer's morn, at dawn, he rode,  
 With a few trusty followers, far  
 Along a dreary desert way,  
 Blasted, as if some horrent war  
 Of giants there, of yore, had been—  
 So deep the mighty rocks were riven—  
 So bare of all things fresh and green :  
 As if the elements had raged  
 Unprisoned there—where lurid fire  
 Earth, with its flaming breath, had scorched ;  
 And thunder, rolling in its ire,  
 Had rent the hard and rock-bound plain ;  
 Where not a tree or shrub to cheer  
 The eye appeared—save where some well,  
 Dug out beside the mountains drear,  
 Gaped, like an entrance to the hell !

Onward the silent chieftain rode ;  
 Harboured his soul some purpose dark :  
 His cruel heart, the black abode  
 Of thoughts that did some victim mark,  
 Shone in his evil, glow'ring eye—  
 Sat in his fierce and sullen scowl—  
 Relentless, pitiless, and fierce—  
 Bright as the beasts', whose savage howl  
 The lonely traveller's ear doth pierce.  
 Nine days and nights they journeyed thus ;  
 Oft resting 'neath th' o'erpowering sun ;  
 But silent still—no word escaped  
 The monarch e'er his goal was won.  
 The tenth day came, and on them broke

The limits of that desert waste ;  
 And then, at once, King Hoti spoke ;  
 Then did his savage spirit taste  
 The joy that dawning vengeance gives,  
 When hate in human bosoms lives.

'T was morning—as before their path  
 A wide and rapid river flowed ;  
 And, urging each his jaded steed,  
 The wearied horsemen faster rode.  
 They stood upon the mountain's crest,  
 And looked upon a verdant plain,  
 That teemed with many a luscious fruit,  
 And fields on fields of growing grain.  
 Skirting the river's brink, there ran  
 A forest of primæval form :  
 There the dark cypress upward sped ;  
 The huge acacia braved the storm,  
 And, 'mid the sombre tamarisk trees,  
 Proudly it raised its flowering head ;  
 And, underneath, a jungle high,  
 That all the air with perfumes fed,  
 Thick and impenetrable grew ;  
 There the mimosa shed its store  
 Of precious gum ; there the tall palm,  
 As if 't would heaven's blue vaults explore,  
 Raised its thin stem from out the throng,  
 And its broad crowning leaves it spread,  
 Dropped, as 't were graceful pennants long,  
 All 'round its proud and stately head.

Soon Hoti, with his followers, stood  
Upon the river's margin fair ;  
They peered through that dark dreary wood ;  
They heard strange noises fill the air :  
The forest trees were rooted up,  
And fell, with an unearthly crash ;  
And, in a deep lagoon, they heard  
Huge monsters in the waters splash :  
Great crocodiles, with gaping jaws,  
Floated upon the turbid stream,  
Ravening to fill their filthy maws,  
Or basking in the bright sunbeam.  
Hoti beheld, and in his heart  
Shuddered, to think that he must trust  
His life amid the horrent crew,  
While bent on deeds of crime and lust.  
Awhile upon the bank he stood,  
Thoughtful and mute, with scowling brow ;  
But soon unto his followers called,  
Who, silent, marked his troubled mood :  
“ Seena ! ” he cried, “ the task is thine,  
Foremost the river's ford to try.”  
Quick, at the words, from forth the ranks  
A sturdy youth did bounding fly ;  
Half had he passed the dreaded stream,  
When a loud uproar filled the air ;  
Great cries, as if the fiends of hell,  
Savage and fell, were gathered there !  
A hundred far off monsters rose,  
And gazed on him with kindling eyes ;  
Then darted on their prey to close,  
Eager to seize the un hoped-for prize :

But fast his noble charger swam,  
Struggling to reach the nearest shore ;  
While on the fierce pursuers came,  
With lightning speed—with dismal roar.  
Wild with affright, the gallant horse—  
Nostrils distent, and heaving chest—  
Rushed forward with prodigious force,  
The green waves dashing from his breast.  
Hurrah ! hurrah !—the brave youth won  
The grass-grown bank with desperate leap ;  
Then, wheeling on his steed, defied,  
With shouts, the monsters of the deep :  
These, turning, in their fury fought ;  
Each at the other snapped and growled ;  
The stream was dyed with crimson stains—  
The wounded, mad with anguish, howled.  
“ To horse ! to horse ! ” King Hoti cried ;  
“ Pass we the river while they fight ! ”  
Then up the stream he swiftly rode,  
Spurring for life, in wild affright.  
Now, in mid stream, the horsemen swam,  
When the fierce conflict seemed to fail ;  
And soon, their eyes with terror dim,  
They saw the monsters tow’rds them sail.  
On—lashing into foam the waves,  
Before so dark, and green, and still—  
They sped—a black and dreadful host ;  
Their cries the echoing woodlands fill.  
To desperate efforts nerved, the band  
Of warriors urged each fainting steed,  
‘Til all in safety reached the land,  
Save one—whose horse, in hour of need,

Beneath the wave mysterious sank :  
 Horror of horrors ! still some feet  
 Cut off, the hapless wretch, from shore ;  
 And now a hundred monsters beat  
 The waves behind him, more and more.  
 In agony of soul he cried—  
 Shouted aloud—“ For aid ! for aid ! ”  
 In vain, alas ! the cry for help,  
 To those who dared not help, was made !  
 Struggling, he almost reached the bank ;  
 Then, with a cry of anguish, fell ;  
 And a deep chorus, long and loud,  
 Roaring, proclaimed his funeral knell.  
 The horsemen gazed, with terror pale,  
 And shuddered at their comrade’s fall ;  
 But, turning, stayed not to behold  
 The monsters keep their carnival.  
 Loud laughter through the forest rang,  
 Scornful and fierce, or sad and wild ;  
 Again it seemed as if they heard  
 The screams of some affrighted child :  
 They knew them for the hyena’s cries,  
 And each a murd’rous weapon drew ;  
 Their horses urged, with voice and spur,  
 And faster through the jungle flew.

While thus the dark Somaulis rode  
 On, through the Nubian Kingdom wide,  
 The fertile banks and silvery wave  
 Of ancient NILUS’ stream beside,  
 Before them, on a lovely isle,

Embosomed in a glassy lake,  
Another scene was passing then,  
And thitherward our flight we take.

Fair was the spot, yet strangely wild :  
The lake—a sheet of silver—lay  
Bosomed in granite rocks, high piled,  
In a rude, rough, fantastic way.  
There gorges deep, and clefts appeared,  
As if the rocks, by thunder riven,  
An hundred yawning vistas cleared,  
To open on that fairy heaven—  
That lake translucent, where the hues  
That filled the air that sunbright day,  
Mirrored upon its bosom true,  
Like some sweet vision, gleaming lay ;  
That isle, whose ruined temples stood,  
The chronicles of ages past—  
Whose mighty pyramids of stone  
Spoke of a Titan birth—a brood  
Of giants crumbled into dust :  
There lay white marble terraces,  
Sheening beneath the Nubian sky ;  
There massive pillars shot aloft,  
Yet seemed they, to the wondering eye,  
Airy and light, as if the elves  
A fairy palace there had reared.  
There, too, the lofty palm arose ;  
And through the ruined walls appeared  
The gum acacia's flowering head,  
And creeping vines, with purple flowers.

And there, upon a rose-leaf bed,  
 Reclining in an odourous bower,  
 Young Zillah lay, with throbbing heart,  
 And eyes that did with dew-drops fill ;  
 And, save the maiden's troubled sighs,  
 The air around was calm and still.

Dark was her face—a hue of bronze  
 Befitted well the Eastern maid,  
 As with her raven tresses long  
 The zephyr from the fair lake played.  
 Her oval face, gazelle-like eyes,  
 Were such as fabled Houris have,  
 Who, when the faithful Moslem dies,  
 Shall solace him beyond the grave :  
 Large, lustrous, gentle, sad, and dark,  
 There seemed within their depths to dwell  
 Some spirit of ethereal love,  
 Such as Eve wore before she fell.  
 Her form, of virgin mould, exposed,  
 Save where the waist a girdle bound,  
 Such grace in every curve revealed,  
 So faultless and so fair was found,  
 That she was named the Island Queen :  
 But who, with hand profane, shall dare  
 To paint those modest charms unveiled ?  
 Her guileless mind no less did share  
 The beauties of her outward form ;  
 For she was gentle, docile, kind—  
 A being formed for passionate love—  
 Yet mirthful as the laughing wind,

And timid as the wild wood-dove.  
She, when her mother died, was young—  
Of thirteen summers—a mere child ;  
The bloom of lovely womanhood  
Had not as yet upon her smiled :  
Her father, an old Nubian chief,  
With silent tears his loss bewailed ;  
But Zillah gently soothed his grief ;  
And, when her bright eyes gladly hailed  
The old man's advent from the field,  
The father smiled to see her joy,  
Praying his Gods the child to shield,  
And with her raven locks would toy.  
But years flew on, and Zillah grew  
Into an angel woman's form ;  
But still her heart to him was true ;  
Still beat for him its throbings warm.  
Soon, from the neighbouring chiefs there came  
Rich presents to the Island Queen ;  
Vases of gold, with odourous myrrh,  
And Indian silks of glorious sheen,  
And many a pure and lustrous pearl,  
And many a jewel's dazzling light,  
Were votive offerings to the girl  
Whose smile was deemed than gems more bright.  
But coldly Zillah's glances fell  
Upon these suitors for her hand ;  
Her sire could ne'er the reason tell,  
And oft, in thought, would pond'ring stand,  
Yet smiled to think his daughter dear :  
These tempting offers still refused,  
Nestling unto his bosom near,

As if to words of love unused.  
 But little did the old man dream  
 The burning truth that lay concealed  
 Beneath this guise of maiden fear—  
 A tale of love yet unrevealed.  
 As little dreamed he the fierce hate  
 That in that youthful bosom dwelt,  
 For one who, with her sire's consent,  
 At the young virgin's feet had knelt.  
 Hoti, the dark Somauli King,  
 Had heard the fame of Zillah's eyes,  
 And burned to his hareem to bring  
 The lovely damsel as his prize.  
 He came—he saw her—in his heart  
 Conceived a fierce consuming flame :  
 He told her all his lineage long—  
 His wide domains—his kingly name ;  
 But Zillah, timid as the roe,  
 Bounded away, without reply ;  
 Burned on her cheek a crimson glow,  
 Her pulse was beating fast and high :  
 But Hoti, in his nervous grasp,  
 Seized her, and cried—" O ! maiden, stay ! "  
 Then wildly she her hands did clasp,  
 And cried—" Release me, sir, I pray ! "  
 But he, o'ercome by passion's fire,  
 The maiden to his bosom pressed :  
 And Zillah, mad with shame and ire,  
 Felt to her cheek his rude lip pressed.  
 Shrieking, she spurned him from her arms,  
 And stood erect, with haughty mien,  
 That added to her maiden charms—

A proud look, worthy of a Queen.  
Her gesture shewed supreme disdain ;  
Her bosom heaved, as does the sea,  
When sweeping o'er the angry main,  
In tropic climes, tornadoes flee ;  
Her eyes, o'er which so late had drooped  
The silken lashes, long and black,  
Now blazed with such resentful scorn,  
That Hoti, 'spite his rage, fell back.  
An instant thus apart they stood ;  
Then Hoti bounded to her side :  
“ Nay, Zillah, why this angry mood ?  
Art thou not mine—my Queen—my bride ?  
This very morn thy sire's consent  
To me was given.” “ But never mine ! ”  
The maiden cried—“ and while I live  
That promise never shall be thine ! ”  
Before her proud imperious look  
The cruel Hoti's purpose shook :  
Irresolute—with folded hands—  
Awed by her gesture and commands—  
He stood a moment, and then cast  
The veil aside—and, while he swore  
Vengeance, his arm around her passed.  
She screamed for help ; and then, before  
His hand could still her piercing cries,  
A rustling in the bower was heard :  
The trembling maiden raised her eyes—  
The fallen leaves a footstep stirred,  
And, bursting through the trellised vine,  
She saw a stranger, tall and strong,  
His eyes with flashing anger shine.

Hoti had heard, nor was it long  
 Ere turning he beheld his foe :  
 Loosing his grasp, his teeth he gnashed,  
 Drew from his belt a savage creese,  
 And with a bound on Laïza dashed.  
 With terror pale the Island Queen  
 Flew to her sire, and, trembling, cried—  
 “ Run, father, run, and save him ! ”  
 Then her head did in his bosom hide.  
 The old man kissed his darling child,  
 And said—“ O, calm thee, Zillah dear ! ”  
 But she, in accents still more wild,  
 Cried—“ There is murder ! Father, hear ! ”  
 The old man ran ; for then, indeed,  
 A savage outcry smote his ear,  
 And from the bower the clash of steel  
 Came sharp and quick, and strangely clear :  
 He ran, and out of breath he reached  
 The fatal spot—alas ! too late :  
 Stretched on the ground a human form  
 Lay, like a dead and lifeless weight :  
 He looked—just Heaven ! 't was Hoti lay  
 Steeped in his blood : but where was he  
 Who thus the hapless King could slay ?  
 Where did the dastard murd'rer flee ?  
 Thus thought the old man as he gazed,  
 And by the bleeding Hoti knelt ;  
 Then bending o'er him still more near,  
 Quickly his heart and pulse he felt ;  
 It beat—it beat—there still was life ;  
 He sought the wound and staunched the blood ;  
 Then, on a terrace, whence the lake

Was visible, a moment stood.  
 Far off, receding into shade,  
 A tiny boat the mainland made :  
 “ ‘Tis he ! ” he cried—“ pursuit were vain ;  
 But Hoti, if he lives, shall tell  
 Whose hands with blood have dared to stain  
 A land where nought but peace should dwell.”

Weeks rolled away, and Hoti’s wound  
 (Which, when she saw, poor Zillah swooned ;  
 And this her father thought was love  
 For him that did her bosom move),  
 Was healed—and he, without a smile  
 Or word, departed from the isle.  
 But when the old man saw how bright  
 Grew Zillah’s face—with what delight  
 She watched his boat recede from sight,  
 He wondered that a maid who loved  
 Should, at the hour of parting, be  
 By joy, and not by sorrow, moved :  
 In truth it was a mystery.  
 But think ye Zillah never knew  
 A lover from that fatal hour ?  
 Little ye reck in youthful hearts  
 The birth of love’s entrancing power.  
 Be mine the task to tell the tale  
 How, when one silver moon had passed,  
 Love, boundless love, ’til then so strange,  
 Thrilled to the gentle maiden’s heart,  
 And wrought in her a wondrous change.

Fair was the morn—the lake was calm—  
No ripple on its surface bright,  
As, dawning in the Orient, rose  
The fiery sun—the God of light.  
That morn, young Zillah, with her maids,  
Disported on the azure wave,  
And floating on the placid lake,  
The treach'rous element did brave.  
At once th' affrighted maidens saw  
A hideous monster near them rise ;  
Slowly approaching, on them fixed  
Its lambent, fierce, and glowing eyes.  
In terror at the sight, they turned,  
And sought to reach the island shore ;  
But the dread reptile, urged to speed,  
Gained still upon them more and more.  
When suddenly among them came  
A youth, of aspect bold and brave :  
Before the crocodile he stood,  
Intent the trembling crowd to save.  
In his right hand a knife he held,  
His left arm bore a leathern shield ;  
The knife was long, and keen its edge,  
That his right arm, upraised, did wield.  
And Zillah with delight beheld  
Again the stranger of the bower,  
As, guardian-like, again he came  
To shield her form in danger's hour.  
Steadfast his eye, and firm his hand ;  
Before the murd'rous beast he stood.  
Meantime th' affrighted maids the land  
Had reached—and there, in safety, viewed,

With wondering eyes, the combat fierce.  
 The crocodile, with growing ire,  
 Strove savagely the shield to pierce ;  
 But when he would his teeth retire,  
 Fast to his jaws the tough hide clung :  
 The youth, with superhuman strength,  
 The monster on his broad back flung,  
 And drove the knife its ample length  
 Into his soft discoloured gorge ;  
 The reptile gave a dying yell,  
 And threw himself aloft in air,  
 Then to the water cumbrous fell.

Zillah, meantime, with earnest gaze  
 The combat watched—and when she saw  
 (Her eyes suffused with tearful haze)  
 Wide ope the monster's hideous jaws,  
 Fainting she fell upon the sands,  
 As if she feared at once to hear  
 The wild and agonizing cry,  
 The death-shriek ringing in her ear.  
 Long thus she lay, her floating hair  
 In glowing masses darkly bright,  
 Hiding her face and bosom bare :  
 Flown from her eyes their wonted light ;  
 Her coral lips no breath exhaled ;  
 Death-like, her hue each moment paled,  
 And her closed eye-lids, drooping, fell.

At last she 'woke—a fostering hand  
 With the cold wave her temples laved ;  
 And o'er her knelt a gallant youth :  
 “ ‘T is he,” she murmured—“ he is saved ! ”  
 Her drooping eyelids slowly rose,

And her dark eyes upon him beamed ;  
Like sunlight that through darkness flows,  
So luminous and bright they seemed ;  
And Laïza, who beside her knelt,  
Saw the rich blush that mantling came  
O'er her young cheek—like some dark rose,  
Through whose soft velvet petals flow  
The bright and gorgeous crimson hues  
Of flowers that 'neath the tropics grow :  
Wistful he gazed ; and when her eye,  
Languid again and drooping, fell,  
He feared the sombre shade of death  
Upon those glorious orbs might dwell.  
Yet no—thank Heaven ! 't was but a trance ;  
For soon again her eyes she raised ;  
And when he caught their thrilling glance,  
“ She lives ! ” cried Laïza : “ Heaven be praised ! ”  
Then Zillah, leaning on one hand,  
Her hair thrown back, upon him gazed ;  
And at her matchless beauty, he  
Stood wondering there—entranced, amazed ;  
’Til, falteringly, the maiden spoke,  
With modest look and downcast eye,  
In silver tones that on him broke  
Like some wild Eastern melody—  
“ O, noble youth, of bearing high,  
That here some deity hath brought  
To a poor maiden’s aid to fly  
When aid from Heaven she most besought—  
Accept my thanks, and know that here,  
Whate’er may be thy home or name,  
They will be to our mem’ry dear,

By sire and daughter loved the same.  
They call me here the Island Queen ;  
I know not why, save that I live  
Here, with an agèd parent lone ;  
And all my cares to him I give.  
My name is Zillah—our poor home  
Is nestled by these marble walls,  
And by its humble roof of thatch  
No glories of the past recalls ;  
But here our fathers, long ago,  
Were monarchs of an empire wide,  
Whose grandeur now hath passed away  
On time's relentless rolling tide,  
Save these fair columns, and these walls,  
Colossal pyramids and towers,  
And that which a poor maiden calls  
Her own—this sunny land of flowers.”  
While thus she spoke of ages passed,  
Ancestral glories, ancient fame,  
Her lustrous eyes dilated wide,  
Were kindled with a living flame :  
She raised herself, she stood erect,  
Her gesture full of noble pride ;  
But when she of her flow'rets spoke  
A sunny smile her face illumed ;  
She paused, and then the silence broke  
Again, and smiling, thus resumed—  
“ That roof, that home, my agèd sire,  
The youth will hail whose arm hath been  
The saviour from a danger dire  
Of one they love—the Island Queen.”  
And, smiling, her small hand she gave

To Laïza, who before her knelt.  
“ Be this the guerdon of the brave,”  
She said, as with a blush she felt  
His lips a modest kiss implant  
Upon her hand, thus frankly yielded :  
Confusion veiled her downcast eyes,  
By the long silken lashes shielded.  
“ Blest maiden ! lovely Island Queen ! ”  
Young Laïza said, with thrilling voice,  
“ Were I to seek a name for thee,  
My lips could make no better choice ;  
To queenlike port, and faultless form,  
The regal name of right pertains ;  
And, humble though he be, a King  
Henceforth thou holdest in thy chains :  
My name is Laïza, and I reign  
Far off, amid the ancient hills,  
Where the great Nile, 'mid giant rocks,  
Springs from its birth in silver rills :  
My sire was born an Arab chief ;  
My mother from Bassorah came ;  
But I, to make a long tale brief,  
Have won myself a throne and name :  
They who at first the sceptre held,  
Long ages since, which now I hold,  
Their fortunes thus—a wondrous tale—  
From age to listening age have told.  
There dwelt amid those moonlit hills,  
Long centuries ago, a youth  
Whose only fortune were his flocks,  
Health, strength, and simple truth :  
One morn, as thoughtful, sad, and lone,

He sat beside a mountain rill,  
In dreams a monarch, he did own  
Valley, and lake, and hill ;  
His banner on the breeze was borne ;  
His arm in battle feared ;  
At noon and night, at eve and morn,  
A crowd of suppliant slaves appeared,  
Bending before his jewelled throne.  
He 'woke—and, save the murmuring rill,  
And bleating of his sheep alone,  
No sound the mountain gorge did fill :  
In anger then he raised his staff,  
And hurled it, quivering, at the rock,  
While rose a wild unearthly laugh—  
The mountains trembled at the shock.  
Straight where the narrow stream came forth  
The shepherd's staff unerring went ;  
The bubbling fountain ceased to spring ;  
No more its silver course was bent  
Tow'rs the fair lake that lay below :  
The shepherd heeded not, but took  
His homeward way, and murmured sore,  
Repining for his ancient crook,  
Which from his boyhood's years he bore.  
Months flew along—the burning sun  
With summer heat came fiercely down ;  
Strange murmurs through the country ran—  
The ancient Nile they said had flown !  
Soon couriers came from Egypt's King,  
And did through all the land proclaim,  
That he who back the Nile would bring  
To its old bed, the hand should claim

Of the King's daughter, young and fair,  
And should o'er Abyssinia reign,  
And half his mighty kingdom share.  
The shepherd youth the story heard,  
And then high dreams his heart did fill :  
The couriers of the King he led  
Up to the oft frequented rill ;  
But now no stream fell trickling there ;  
All was a lone and dreary waste ;  
The lake that once gleamed white and fair,  
By a deep gully was replaced.  
Lo ! when he reached the ancient spring,  
He drew from thence a shepherd's staff,  
And saw a bubbling streamlet fling  
Its waters forth with jocund laugh ;  
And on—and on—and on it flowed,  
Nor ceased at eve or dewy morn ;  
And soon the fairy lake appeared,  
With the bright look it erst had worn.  
Osiris, in his temples grim,  
'T was thought in Egypt, wore a smile  
To welcome the life-giver back—  
Father of rivers—glorious Nile !  
At length the shepherd's dream came true ;  
He bore away the princess fair ;  
And, born to rule, his kingdom grew,  
Wide as my own dominions are.  
Pardon the tale, sweet maid, for I  
Have run the ancient story through—  
Joyous to think, amid my hills  
The stream is born that kisses you ! ”  
Then Zillah blushed—and from her eye

A furtive glance the truth conveyed,  
 That Laïza's image long would dwell  
 Shrined in the bosom of the maid.

And thus 't was, Zillah's love was won ;  
 And since that hour, oft Laiza came,  
 Nor ever did the maiden shun  
 The youth who sweetly told his flame.  
 The nuptial day was fixed—and all  
 Was joyousness in Zillah's eye :  
 Alas ! alas ! too soon to fall,  
 And in despairing sorrow die.  
 As now she lay within her bower,  
 How bright the Eastern Houri seemed ;  
 She kissed a fair but faded flower,  
 And of the absent giver dreamed.  
 That eve would be the last that she  
 Should e'er be called the Island Queen—  
 The last she should a maiden be :  
 At that deep, thrilling thought, was seen  
 A smile across her face to play,  
 Mournful yet sweet. Her eyes were dim—  
 The tear was for her agèd sire,  
 The lovelit smile was all for *him* !

And where, O where, was Laïza then ?  
 The anxious thought engrossed her mind :  
 Should the bright dawn behold him there ?  
 Should he his own loved Zillah find ?  
 The day-light waned—the evening came ;  
 Darkness and silence gathered 'round ;

The burning sun had westward waned ;  
 And, save the rippling wave, no sound  
 The solemn death-like stillness broke ;  
 A mystic awe upon her stole :  
 She dreamed that sleeping, she awoke,  
 And saw two fiery eye-balls roll,  
 Glaring at her with fiendish hate :  
 And hark ! that shriek that rent the air !  
 What meant that wild, despairing cry ?  
 Whence came that shout of “murder” there ?  
 Pale grew her cheek with wild affright ;  
 It was her father’s voice she heard ;  
 And through the funereal night  
 Again there rang that startling word :  
 “Murder !” Ye Gods ! it was—it was  
 Her feeble sire the word that spoke ;  
 And then a wild and fiendish laugh  
 Through the old ruins echoing broke ;  
 That laugh her very heart’s blood froze,  
 And curdled it in every vein.  
 But hark ! again that shrill cry rose,  
 Now full of agonizing pain.  
 Forth from her bower she rushed in haste,  
 Shrieking aloud her father’s name—  
 Horror ! from out the lowly roof  
 There burst a livid sheet of flame !  
 Still on she rushed—and reached the door,  
 And sought the old man’s chamber lone ;  
 And there, all weltering in his gore,  
 He lay—his gentle spirit flown.  
 Above him, with a bloody creese,  
 The savage Hoti, scowling, bent ;

And once again, with fury wild,  
 Deep to the heart the keen blade sent :  
 Upon her father's bleeding corpse,  
 With a heart-rending scream, she fell ;  
 In anguish kissed his clay cold lips,  
 From which the blood did oozing well.  
 Then to the monster turning, cried,  
 " Your heart's best blood for this shall pay ! "  
 And from her sire's pale lips she strove  
 To wipe the bubbling flood away :  
 Alas ! her woman's art in vain  
 The fleeting spirit would reclaim ;  
 A savage laugh her efforts mocked ;  
 While, rushing in, a lurid flame  
 Illumined all the funeral scene :  
 The savage murderer standing near—  
 The murd'red sire—the Island Queen,  
 Who wept upon her father's bier.  
 Sudden the monster Hoti cried,  
 " To horse ! to horse ! the flames advance ! "  
 Then Zillah by the light descried  
 Four silent men towards her glance,  
 And felt her arms behind her tied ;  
 She screamed for help—but all in vain ;  
 The echoing walls alone replied,  
 Or the deep muttered curse of him  
 Who swore that now she was his bride !  
 They bore her from her blazing cot,  
 That once her peaceful home had been :  
 That morn who would have dreamed the lot  
 That evening brought the Island Queen ?  
 Onward they bore her—on, and on—

All senseless still, and pale, and cold ;  
 While upward shot the gathering flames,  
 And clouds of smoke above them rolled.  
 Alas ! her childhood's happy home  
 Withered beneath the scorching flame ;  
 And but the smould'ring ashes marked  
 The deed of doom, when morning came.  
 They bore her to her father's boat  
 That moored beside a terrace lay ;  
 Then, giving to the wind her sails,  
 They bounded merrily away.

O ! Lust, that since creation's dawn,  
 Savage and fell, hast ruled the world,  
 What evils on the race of man  
 Hast thou—O ! hell-begotten !—hurled ;  
 And still thy triumphs flaunt abroad,  
 As well beneath the mid-day sun  
 As 'neath the chaste moon's silver beam.

O ! when—thy race of murder run—  
 Shall virtue, peace, religion reign ?  
 When, history's page, the poet's lay,  
 Wilt thou no more relentless stain ?

Not 'til the savage heart of man  
 A world-redeeming Saviour's love,  
 From pole to pole, heart-stricken, owns,  
 As man on earth, and God above !

Fair was the night—th' unclouded moon  
 A flood of radiance 'round them threw,  
 And with her pale and pensive light,  
 Lit up the wave o'er which they flew.

With fav'ring breeze away they sped,  
On tow'rds the Abyssinian hills ;  
They saw an hundred cities old,  
Whose mighty desolation fills  
With wond'ring awe the trav'ller's mind :  
Now a huge temple reared on high  
Its solemn portals wide and fair ;  
Now some Necropolis would lie,  
Bathed in the moonlight, white and hoar ;  
Ranged in long avenues, were seen  
Sphynxes, whose granite faces wore  
Looks solemn, passionless, serene,  
As if six thousand years had left  
The silent majesty of thought  
Upon their brows—unmoved by all  
That Time, the leveller, had wrought ;  
Now some fair obelisk would rear  
Its head—one vast indurate block,  
Sky-pointing through the ether clear—  
A great unbroken mass of rock—  
But by the wondrous skill of old,  
From base to cone fantastic wrought  
With cabalistic signs, that hold  
Their secret from the world untaught.  
Now, gliding noiseless on their way,  
They saw the huts of modern men,  
Where, 'neath the towering palm, they lay,  
That seemed, as now, to whisper then,  
The race of giants is destroyed.  
The mighty genius of the past  
Hath left us but its works to tell  
Its glory—fathomless and vast !

On, leaving the translucent wave  
 In ripples bounding in her wake,  
 The gallant vessel skimmed away,  
 Beyond the fair and gentle lake,  
 Up the great Nile's descending stream ;  
 And though the current downward bore,  
 Her graceful prow its force repelled ;  
 And passing many a fairy scene,  
 The bark its upward voyage held.

There, weeping now, young Zillah lay ;  
 Her black despair no words can tell ;  
 'Til, with fatigue, at dawn of day  
 She, listless, on the bare deck fell.  
 Hoti, with savage triumph, viewed  
 Her charms revealed, within his power ;  
 But the foul wretch her final fall  
 Reserved until another hour.

Morn dawned o'er Philœ's lovely isle  
 In golden hues and gorgeous light ;  
 Rising o'er many a rocky pile,  
 The orient sun shone red and bright :  
 No vestige of the last night's deed,  
 Save a thin smoke that upward rolled,  
 Remained—where all was calm and still—  
 No voice the recent murder told.  
 Then, as upon the glassy lake  
 The rising sun its beams displayed,  
 A boat, by sinewy arms propelled,  
 Its course towards the island made ;  
 And as she neared the ruined wall

There stood erect upon her prow  
A manly figure, firm and tall,  
Who watched the isle with anxious brow :  
He turned unto the swarthy crew,  
Who to each stroke new vigour lent,  
'Til the light boat like lightning flew,  
And the tough oars like reeds were bent.  
She reached the shore—when, with a bound,  
To earth the stalwart raïs sprung,  
And, skirting the old wall, he found  
The maiden's bower, where flowers, that hung  
From trellis work, their perfume shed ;  
But, ah ! the fairest flower had fled !  
'T was silent all—no Zillah there  
Waited her lover's voice to hear :  
Sudden, his heart was filled with care,  
And o'er him crept a deadly fear ;  
He staggered—and a moment leaned  
Against a ruined wall—his brow  
With clammy drops all damp and cold ;  
A faintness seized his trembling limbs,  
That scarce his stalwart frame could hold.  
But shaking off this presage sad,  
With faltering steps the house he sought,  
And, horror-stricken, there beheld  
The desolation night had wrought :  
Frenzied, on Zillah's name he called,  
'Til the old walls rang back the cry ;  
But terror more his soul appalled,  
When naught but echo gave reply.  
Whose hand had fired the lowly cot ?  
Or was it but the hand of fate ?

'These thoughts were whirling in his brain,  
Just as he reached the cottage gate ;  
And there, with eye that darted fire,  
Poor Laïza gazed ; his haggard face  
Bore the pale hue of deadly ire,  
And many a deep emotion's trace :  
For there he at his feet had found  
The footsteps large of many men ;  
He traced them all the cottage 'round,  
And to the door and back again ;  
He tracked them even to the lake,  
Nor found he there the well-known bark.  
Alas ! upon his bridal morn,  
Fate loured upon him, fell and dark :  
Then, in his agony of soul,  
The proud, the fearless Laïza wept ;  
Naught could the poignant grief control  
Whose bitterness above him swept.  
Last eve, his heart had bounded high  
With proud, exulting, manly joy ;  
The morning came—alas ! alone  
His fondest visions to destroy.  
Whither—O ! where had Zillah fled—  
His own, his beautiful, his bride ?  
Or slept they with th' unconscious dead—  
The sire and daughter side by side ?  
Prostrate upon the earth he lay,  
Heart-broken, senseless, and alone :  
His faithful followers found him there,  
And bore him in their arms away.  
He 'woke at length—his bitter sighs  
Proclaimed the load his bosom bore ;

And his fine face, so joyous late,  
Traces of inward anguish wore.  
He roamed the isle 'til night set in ;  
Naught did his weary search repay,  
Save that amid the smould'ring heap  
Some human bones, all blackened, lay :  
There was one heap—a ray of hope  
Illumined for a while his face ;  
But faded soon—no human eye  
The father's lineaments could trace.  
And then again came fell despair,  
And ever whispered in his ear—  
“ And if she lives, O ! Laïza, where  
Wilt thou go search thy mistress dear ? ”  
The night was falling, when there came  
From out an old and ruined tomb,  
With stealthy pace, and cautious air,  
A man through the advancing gloom :  
He gazed upon the swarthy group  
Of Laïza's crew, who, seated 'round  
A small wood fire, their meal prepared,  
Silently, without word or sound,  
As if they, from the land of gnomes  
And spirits of the night, had been  
Sent there, amid their ancient homes,  
To mourn the lovely Island Queen.  
One figure of the group he saw,  
Of tow'ring stature, stand apart,  
His head upon his bosom bowed,  
As if deep anguish wrung his heart.  
Silent, along the wall, the shade  
His course with wily caution took,

And, by the light the dim fire made,  
Surveyed the group with anxious look :  
Sudden, his hands he clapped, and cried,  
“ ‘T is he—’t is he—’t is Laïza’s self ! ”  
And bounded nimbly to his side,  
Like some light, airy, midnight elf.  
At that wild cry, the crew arose,  
And each one quickly grasped his spear,  
But as the watch-fire’s light disclosed  
The stranger lone they ceased to fear.  
“ Laïza ! ” the stranger cried, “ I come  
To you a messenger of woe ;  
And yet, perchance, from what I say  
A thrilling vengeance yet may flow.  
Last night within her bower lay  
Young Zillah, dreaming of her lord,  
Who, at the earliest dawn of day,  
Should come to claim her plighted word ;  
But, even then, relentless fate  
Upon the hapless maiden fell :  
In haste to wreak his deadly hate,  
Hoti—that savage fiend of hell—  
Murdered her old defenceless sire,  
And gave his dwelling to the fire.”  
“ Hoti ! ” in voice of thunder, cried  
The youth, before his words were done :  
“ ‘T was Hoti, then, who stole my bride !  
Yet one more word—one, only one—  
She lives—O ! tell me that she lives !  
Monster and fiend, he did not dare—  
Dark though be his crimes, and black his heart—  
To murder one so young, so fair ! ”

“ She lives—she lives ! ” the stranger said :  
“ He loves her, but—O ! Laïza, hark—  
Preserves her for a fate than death  
To her a thousand times more dark ! ”  
“ God of my country, who behold’st  
Thy worshippers from age to age,  
O ! hear my prayer—revenge—revenge !  
Cool, deadly, concentrated rage—  
For these I pray—O ! grant me these !  
Hoti within this grasp—and *here*  
(He clenched his hand) this faithful creese ! ”  
Thus Laïza spoke—then whistled loud,  
And quick the crew sprang to their oars,  
And shooting like a thing of life,  
The boat receded from the shores.



## L A İ Z A .

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### CANTO II.

?T was noon : in Hoti's capital  
The rattling drum's discordant sound,  
The note of unharmonious chonchs,  
Resounded through the monarch's hall.  
With savage mirth and boist'rous songs  
King Hoti kept high festival ;  
His palace—which a hovel seemed—  
Was built of tall tamboos ; the roof  
Was thatched, and rose into a cone ;  
Within, the festal hall was decked  
With shields, and on the floor were thrown  
Papyrus leaves, and matted grass :  
Long spears around the room were ranged,  
With gleaming heads of steel or brass :  
The King upon a daïs sat,  
Upraised above the lower board,  
Where, feasting savagely, were placed  
The chiefs of the Somauli horde :  
The King a linen mantle wore  
Of white, bestrewn with stripes of red ;  
His wives as well the daïs bore,  
Which served for table and for bed.  
While thus the high carouse went on,  
Without the door a bullock stood,

Large gashes in his quiv'ring hide,  
 Whence freely gushed a crimson flood—  
 The life-blood ebbing from his side :  
 Then from huge cocoa-shells they drank  
 Sherbet, and hydromel, and beer,\*  
 'Til all with drunken fury reeled,  
 And each one grasped his shield and spear.  
 Then Hoti rose, and filling up  
 His goblet 'til the brim o'erflowed,  
 Thus spake he—while his cruel eyes  
 With frenzy, malice, passion, glowed :  
 "O ! warriors, listen to your King !  
 Against me Laïza's forces ride ;  
 E'en now the dreary Errur's plain  
 Quakes 'neath their chargers' warlike stride :  
 Drink to this war, for I have sworn  
 The haughty Æthiop's doom is sealed ;  
 His throne shall from his grasp be torn :  
 A prophet hath to me revealed  
 His gloomy fate : revenge is mine—  
 Revenge, that he to love hath dared  
 Where I have loved. Quaff then the wine !  
 By this right arm thus raised on high—  
 This gleaming knife—by your good spears—  
 Laïza shall fall, I swear, and die  
 A living death—the bravest fears ! ”  
 Then through the hall resounding rang  
 A long, and loud, and fierce acclaim,  
 Of clashing arms the brazen clang,

\* These are mentioned by Major Harris and others as the beverages in use in Abyssinia.

And curses upon Laïza's name.  
 Forth to the plain the savage crowd,  
 With yells and war-cries, howling, ran,  
 And, 'mid barbaric music loud,  
 The war-dance of the chiefs began.

Meanwhile, within a chamber lone,  
 Prone on the floor a maiden lay,  
 Her hair dishevelled 'round her thrown ;  
 She shunned the hated light of day :  
 Her sobs alone the silence broke,  
 That proved her ecstacy of woe ;  
 Felled by the sad and cruel stroke,  
 None could the radiant Zillah know.  
 Her girdle round her waist was bound,  
 And o'er her graceful form was thrown  
 A robe of white, as if she found  
 In that a shield from woes unknown.  
 Raising her lovely face at last,  
 She 'round her gazed with tearful eyes,  
 O'er which deep sorrow's veil had cast  
 A haze—as when the sunlight dies  
 In the far West in misty clouds,  
 Whose vapour, rolling through the air,  
 The gorgeous god of light enshrouds,  
 And hides from earth his radiance fair.  
 At length in broken tones she spoke—  
 “O ! Laïza—loved one—where art thou ?  
 How dost thou bear this fatal stroke ?  
 Doth sorrow veil thy manly brow ?  
 Seek'st thou to find thy Island Queen,

Lost to thy love—thy virgin bride ?  
 What transports, dearest, would have swelled  
 This bosom, heaving by thy side !  
 How would these arms have circled thee !  
 These eyes have feasted on thy face !  
 These lips to thine have fondly clung !  
 But now alone can visions trace  
 The hours that we have often dreamed ;  
 Sunlight of love, whose joyous morn  
 A moment on our young hearts beamed,  
 Then left them bleeding, dark, and torn.  
 One only solace now remains :  
 'T is in this faithful breast to bear  
 Thine image, as at first it shone,  
 God-like and brilliant, mirrored there ;  
 To keep this form unsullied, true  
 To him who first this bosom won ;  
 To worship thee for ever there—  
 Laïza—my life—my lord—thou sun  
 That in this vale of tears and woe  
 Canst kindle still this bosom's fire,  
 And in adversity dost make  
 My love more fervent—purer, higher ! ”  
 As thus she spoke, the maiden took  
 A dagger, 'neath her robe concealed,  
 And gazing on its polished blade,  
 In act of adoration kneeled.  
 On high she held the jewelled hilt,  
 The keen blade glittered in the air,  
 And, smiling, with her hand she laid  
 Her bosom's loveliness all bare :  
 “ Gods of my native land ! ” she cried,

“ Whose temples stand on Philæ’s isle,  
Solemn and grand—be not denied  
Your Godlike aid, your fav’ring smile,  
To me, a daughter of the race  
Who raised those giant fanes, and gave  
Your names on earth the holiest place :  
Hear me—O ! hear my fervent prayer ;  
Be this my aid in hour of need :  
By ancient Nile—by Heaven, I swear,  
My woman’s hand shall wreak the deed,  
Or ere dishonour’s breath shall stain  
This form, the temple of a love  
That there enshrined shall aye remain.  
Hear me, ye Gods ! If cruel fate  
My Laïza hath forever torn  
From this fond heart, then will I die  
Faithful to him whose loss I mourn ! ”  
She ceased, and in her tear-dimmed eye  
Flashed up again its wonted fire ;  
Her heart approved her purpose high ;  
’T was worthy her lamented sire—  
Worthy the virgin love that burned  
Unquenchable within her heart—  
Worthy the name her charms had earned—  
The highest, holiest, proudest part.  
She ’rose, for on her ear there swelled  
The noise of shouting, dance, and song,  
As reeling by, in drunken mirth,  
The savage rev’llers swept along.  
She shuddered, for she felt alone  
Amid the inhuman monsters there,  
Without an arm to aid or save ;

No Gods, perchance, to hear her prayer.  
While thus in dread suspense she stood,  
A footstep at her door she heard :  
Quick she concealed the treasured creese—  
Her heart like leaves in autumn stirred,  
When the cold wind sweeps mournful by  
In Northern climes, whose with'ring blast  
Bids the fair summer verdure die—  
So felt she now a cold chill cast  
Upon her heart, which fluttering beat,  
Then ceased, then heavily again  
Did that uneasy throb repeat,  
Quivering as if surcharged with pain.  
Prophetic fear !—her anxious gaze  
The lustful glance of Hoti met ;  
And ere her arms the maid could raise,  
His hand was on her bosom set,  
His sinewy arm around her thrown ;  
His breast convulsed with passion's fire,  
And all his love to madness grown ;  
His eyes betrayed his wild desire.  
Poor helpless girl ! what tongue can tell  
The mingled horror, rage, and fear,  
Which like a blight upon her fell,  
When Hoti whispered in her ear,  
“ Now art thou mine—all mine—proud girl !  
Nay, struggle not—forever now  
My bride thou art, and here shalt hide,  
Upon this breast, the crimson glow  
That soon shall mantle on that face,  
When shame and rifled honour leave  
Upon those cheeks their fiery trace—

When that proud bosom, girl, shall heave  
 Responsive to the breast it hates,  
 And Zillah 'mid my concubines  
 Henceforth shall find her fitting mates.  
 Once—for my love was fervent, true—  
 I would have made you Hoti's Queen ;  
 But you have hated me, and now  
 I will have vengeance, maiden, keen ! ”  
 As thus he spoke, his daring hand  
 Was on fair Zillah's girdle laid ;  
 When, as his iron grasp relaxed,  
 Sprang from his arms the frightened maid :  
 Bright in her hand the dagger gleamed :  
 “ Monster ! approach,” she said, “ and I  
 This blade will bury in your heart,  
 Deep, to the hilt, until you die ! ”  
 As thus she spoke, erect she stood,  
 Her noble and majestic form  
 All statue-like, save that the blood  
 Through her bronzed skin glowed red and warm ;  
 Save that the muscles' tension showed  
 The flush of life, the energy of will ;  
 Save that within her dark eye glowed  
 A frenzied light, such as might fill  
 The fabled furies' glance. The King  
 Saw that fierce lustre in her eye,  
 And laughed to see so frail a thing  
 With her weak arm upraised on high ;  
 And Zillah trembled at that laugh ;  
 She shuddered lest her strength should fail ;  
 For, fearless of th' uplifted creese,  
 Hoti advanced, with passion pale :

She struggled to elude his grasp ;  
 Then with convulsive motion placed  
 Her finger on the glitt'ring blade,  
 Where on the tip some stain was traced :  
 “ Beware ! ” she cried—“ approach not—see !  
 Behold that spot upon the steel !  
 One scratch to touch your savage blood,  
 And madness through your brain will reel ;  
 And death—dire, sudden, instant death—  
 Shall hurl you writhing on the floor ! ”  
 Then Hoti paused—in truth he saw  
 (Well versed in all the deadly lore  
 By which his tribe from herbs extract  
 Quick poisons) that the bluish stain  
 Which the bright blade, discoloured, bore,  
 A deadly venom might contain.  
 “ Coward ! ” she said, “ behold I bear  
 A charmèd life—away ! away !  
 Or by my country’s Gods, I swear,  
 My father’s murderer I’ll slay ! ”  
 Then, burning still with mad desire,  
 But fear within his dastard heart,  
 The traitor, feigning to retire,  
 Drew backward with a sudden start,  
 O’ermastered by her courage high :  
 Kneeling, he said—“ Forgive, sweet maid,  
 The wrong I ’ve done, and know that I  
 Would rather that yon glittering steel  
 Buried within this heart should lie,  
 Than thus this keen reproach to feel.  
 A moment, filled with wine, I dared  
 The impulse of my love betray ;

But now, behold this bosom bared—  
 Your father's murd'rer strike and slay ! ”  
 “ Away ! ” she cried—“ leave me to weep ;  
 O ! tempt me not to such a deed :  
 Begone ! for while you linger here,  
 My father seems afresh to bleed ! ”  
 “ O ! cruel Zillah ! speak not thus,”  
 In softened tones the suppliant said ;  
 “ Accept my love, and I this night  
 Gladly the Island Queen will wed ! ”  
 She shuddered, for a sudden thought  
 Like lightning flashed upon her brain—  
 In his own toils the serpent caught,  
 Freedom would smile on her again.  
 “ Leave me,” with softened voice she cried ;  
 If you indeed would gain my love,  
 Speak not while yet your hands are red ;  
 Repentance may devotion prove.”  
 A gleam of triumph filled the heart  
 Of Hoti, as with salaam low  
 He from her chamber did depart—  
 New hopes within his bosom now.  
 Scarce was he gone, when on her knees  
 Young Zillah fell—all pale and worn ;  
 With terror, shame, and love, and hate,  
 Her virgin breast alternate torn :  
 Kneeling, she cried—“ Forgive, forgive,  
 My bosom's God, this thought of mine !  
 Thou wouldest not blame me, if thou couldst  
 The motive of my heart divine :  
 O ! transport ! once again to look  
 On thy loved face—to press thee here,

Close to this heart, where ever dwells  
 Thine image, mirrored bright and clear ! ”  
 While thus she knelt, without she heard  
 The sounds of revelry subside,  
 Until, at length, in silence deep,  
 Shouting, and dance, and music, died.  
 As ev’ning waned, a woman came,  
 By Hoti sent—a Nubian maid—  
 Who late, before the King, strange feats  
 Of graceful dancing had displayed ;  
 But Zillah’s soul-absorbing grief  
 In silent tears now found relief ;  
 Nor was it until midnight came  
 The Nubian maiden told her name,  
 And whispered into Zillah’s ear  
 Words that she thrilled, yet smiled, to hear :  
 “ Laïza,” she cried—“ my bosom’s lord !  
 Well hast thou kept thy plighted word : ”  
 Then turning, said—“ Thanks, gentle maid ;  
 This message to my heart has given  
 Healing and hope ; for, late borne down  
 By cruel fate, ’t was thunder riven.”  
 Peaceful and calm that night she slept,  
 And o’er her mind sweet visions swept.

’T was eve—when, by the waning sun,  
 Which, clothed in crimson hues, went down,  
 A gallant host, with banners gay,  
 Beleaguered the Somauli town.  
 The town was by the sea-coast built,  
 It might be half a league from sea ;

Far inland stretched a barren plain,  
Herbless, save where some lonely tree  
Reared its high head : but now there shone  
A flood of brilliant colours there,  
As, to the ev'ning breezes thrown,  
Standards and pennants floated fair :  
Squadron on squadron, still they came,  
And forming in the plain in line,  
Their helmets flashed a sea of flame,  
That blazed until the sun's decline.  
At length, full twenty thousand strong,  
The Abyssinian horsemen halted,  
And then there ran their lines along,  
A shout that filled heav'n's blue arch vaulted.  
At this great cry, which shook the walls  
In Berbera, a chief advanced  
Before the troops—a glittering suite,  
Whose fiery war-steeds chafed and pranced,  
Streamed in his wake : he raised his hand—  
At once the roar of hourrâs ceased ;  
Then his sonorous voice arose,  
Gentle at first—its tone increased  
In volume ere he reached the close :  
His horse—a noble Arab barb—  
With wild impatience champed the bit,  
But Laïza rode with easy grace ;  
His brows the ackodâma bore,  
Of silver, from which glitt'ring hung  
Crosses and chains of burnished gold ;  
And o'er his back was proudly flung  
A gay and brilliant leopard skin.  
In his right hand a lance he held ;

Hung by his side a jewelled blade,  
Which many a Galla foe had felled ;  
Crosses upon his shield were wrought,  
And golden bracelets clasped his arm,  
Which marked the battles he had fought ;  
And 'round his neck a potent charm,  
Or amulet, of silver chased,  
To guard him from the evil eye,  
Over his crimson vest was placed.

“ My children ! hearken to your King ! ”  
He said : “ I know your valour tried ;  
I know that if I raised this hand,  
To-night to battle you would ride :  
But I have thought perchance the foe,  
When he your countless legions sees,  
Will render up the Island Queen,  
And sue for pardon, life, and peace :  
Our steeds, too, with the journey long  
Are worn and wearied ; each requires  
Rest ere to-morrow’s dawn ; so pitch  
The tents, and kindle the watch fires.  
The chieftains’ voices then were heard,  
Like running fire, along the line ;  
Each to his men conveyed the word,  
And they again, in squadrons, broke ;  
The earth that mighty trampling stirred ;  
'Til, in a thousand points, the light  
Of beacon-fires at once awoke,  
And glimm’ring ’neath a clear new moon,  
The tents outspread looked fair and white,  
And all night long the sentinels  
Paced watchfully their weary round,

Where steeds and warlike riders lay  
Together, slumbering, on the ground ;  
And all that night, in Berbera,  
The dark Somaulis sleepless lay—  
Arms in their hands—until at length  
Uprose at once the dawning day :  
Then all the table land where stood  
The town, with warriors fierce was thronged ;  
Footmen and horse—a savage host  
Who for the coming conflict longed.  
Bright shone the sun—in proud array  
The Abyssinian horse advanced  
With streaming banners, on whose folds  
The lion rampant blazed ; there danced  
Plumes twice ten thousand as they moved—  
A very sea of crimson light.  
The thunder of their squadrons reached  
King Hoti, gazing at the right ;  
And ever and anon there came  
Wild martial music on the air ;  
And not without a thrill of fear  
Hoti beheld them onward bear :  
A slope ascending from the plain,  
By gentle undulations, led  
To Berbera, and thence again  
Fell gently tow'rds the ocean's bed.  
As they the valley's limit reached,  
Just where the first ascent began,  
The cry of “Halt !” from rank to rank  
Along their foremost legions ran :  
They paused, and then one might have deemed  
That army had been changed to stone,

So motionless and still they seemed,  
So noiseless, too, the air had grown :  
Then, clothed in flowing robes, rode forth  
A priest, who reared the cross on high :  
Dismounting, every horseman then  
Did on his face adoring lie :  
But, suddenly, again they rose,  
And lightly to the saddle sprang,  
Shouted their war-cries, and with spear  
And shield produced a hideous clang :  
Like lightning, up the slope they flew ;  
On gallantly their squadrons dashed,  
Though thick as hail the arrows fell,  
And on their shields great jav'lins crashed ;  
They crowned the hill, and, like the wind,  
Their clatt'ring squadrons rushed along,  
When soon, the foremost huts behind,  
With bristling spears ten thousand strong,  
The dark Somaulis lay in wait :  
Down charging with a thunder sound  
The warriors of Amhàra came ;  
But, suddenly, from out the ground  
There seemed to spring a line of flame,  
As on the gleaming lances, raised,  
In one long bristling mass of steel,  
The sunlight flashed, and then the foe  
Did to th' Amhàra horse reveal :  
But on they came—their impetus  
Was such the troop could not be halted ;  
And with a bound upon the line  
The charging squadrons boldly vaulted ;  
The spearmen wavered at the shock,

But wavered not, and kept their trust ;  
 While the brave horsemen rolled to earth,  
 And horse and riders bit the dust ;  
 But still advancing squadrons then,  
 Led by the King in person, came ;  
 They fired the huts, from which there burst  
 A hundred livid tongues of flame :  
 And now the troops of Hoti, cheered  
 By this first presage of success,  
 In serried ranks, and at the charge,  
 Did on the vanquished squadrons press :  
 Laïza beheld, and, wheeling 'round,  
 Advanced his fresh troops to the right,  
 While, yielding every inch of ground  
 Slowly, those broken in the fight  
 Lured on the dark Somauli horde,  
 Who, shouting 'til the welkin rang,  
 Rushed on with banner, shield, and sword ;  
 When, suddenly, again they heard,  
 They knew not whence, the heavy tread  
 Of cavalry ; and ere their ranks,  
 Flushed with their triumph, could make head  
 Against the newly risen foe,  
 The rolling squadrons on them rushed—  
 The battle o'er them flowed—and they  
 Beneath the plunging hoofs were crushed.  
 Hoti beheld their fall, and brought  
 Fresh legions, marshalled, to the ground ;  
 And thus for hours the conflict raged,  
 'Til dead and dying, heaped around,  
 By thousands lay, yet neither chief  
 Had in the mêlée found his foe.

And now, as to the westward waned  
The fiery sun's rich crimson glow,  
Laïza his weary troops drew off,  
Retreating to the vale again,  
And on the morrow hoped to draw  
Hoti to battle on the plain ;  
For, on the broken hilly ground  
Where they that day had bravely striven,  
His troops were cumbered in the charge,  
And, weakened thus, were backward driven.  
Then from the rival host there 'rose  
A mighty shout that rent the air,  
As when the sea its thund'ring waves  
Hurls on the rocks all bleak and bare :  
But Hoti sought his council hall,  
And there to every warrior chief,  
With cunning art, unfolded all  
His plan, in words both terse and brief :  
“ Chieftains ! ” he said, “ this night I send  
This message to the coward foe :  
Once more be Hoti Laiza's friend —  
No more our people's blood should flow :  
To Laïza's camp, to-morrow's dawn,  
Zillah, the Nubian girl, returns ;  
For now I know for him alone  
Her spotless bosom purely burns ;  
This done, let Laiza's troops retire,  
Nor longer waste with sword and fire  
This realm we call our own :  
And Zillah, too, shall send him word,  
That she, when morning dawns, is free  
To fly to him : his heart, thus stirred,

Lulled into trusting faith will be :  
 Then, when the midnight hour has come—  
 When sleep his wearied men o'erpowers—  
 Laïza, and all his hated host,  
 And vengeance, too, are mine—are ours.”  
 The hall with shouts approving rang,  
 And clamour fierce the rude walls shook ;  
 And Hoti, 'mid the armour's clang,  
 His path to Zillah's chamber took.  
 He found her calm, and, as it seemed,  
 More pleased to see her captor now ;  
 And in his heart again he dreamed  
 Her bosom still for him might glow ;  
 But, bent upon his purpose dark,  
 His voice assumed a sorrowing tone  
 As thus he spoke—“ O, maiden, hark !  
 Perchance repentance can atone  
 For the foul deed this hand hath wrought :  
 Thou know'st my troops this day have fought  
 With Laiza's forces, and the night  
 Alone hath stayed that fearful fight ;  
 To-morrow's dawn would surely see  
 For Laiza death or victory :  
 But by the earliest light of morn  
 Thou hast thy liberty to fly ;  
 The gem I would have proudly worn  
 Shall now on Laïza's bosom lie :  
 Only, I pray thee, intercede  
 That he in peace should leave my realm :  
 I would not have my people bleed  
 For griefs that me alone o'erwhelm.”  
 O ! who can tell how thrilled those words

Of hope, of life, to Zillah's heart ;  
 How her young bosom overflowed  
 With joy that promise did impart :  
 Her liberty !—she had not dreamed ?  
 Gods, ye had then her prayers o'erheard :  
 Yet to her soul so strange had seemed  
 The rapturous music of that word,  
 She pressed her brow with air of doubt :  
 Was it, indeed, a human voice  
 That told her she so soon should see  
 The lost, loved husband of her choice ?  
 At length, o'ercome with joy, she fell  
 At Hoti's feet, and through her tears  
 She cried—" My murdered sire, who now  
 In other worlds, a spirit, hears  
 The promise thou this night hath made,  
 Will pardon thee : the Gods alone  
 This off'ring upon Virtue's shrine  
 Will ask—that thou shouldst thus atone."'  
 Hoti suppressed a fiendish smile,  
 And said—" O, generous, noble fair !  
 For this the Gods will surely bless  
 My future life, and hear your prayer :  
 Forgive me if for more I press ;  
 But could your maid to Laïza bear  
 This message, all would then be healed :  
 Perchance this night 't would bloodshed spare,  
 If these glad tidings you revealed  
 To him, the favoured, who shall share  
 A love whose fount for me is sealed."  
 Thus, with a well dissembled woe,  
 The monster spoke, and Zillah felt

Compassion in her bosom flow  
 For him who now a suppliant knelt.  
 “Arise,” she said, “as I forgive;  
 Do thou thy hapless love forget;  
 Live worthy this repentance—live,  
 And Heaven may smile upon thee yet.  
 Gladly will I your message send;  
 Tecla will bear it to my lord;  
 And henceforth thou shalt be our friend—  
 Thou hast a maiden’s plighted word.”  
 Hoti arose—while, in his breast,  
 Joy, rage, and grief, alternate burned;  
 And bowing to the maid’s behest,  
 Tecla to bear her message turned:  
 But when the traitor-King was gone—  
 “Tecla!” she cried, with beaming face,  
 “Add this, that Laïza here alone  
 Reigns monarch of a boundless space  
 Of love, and that this throbbing heart  
 Beats high with hope, o’erflows with bliss—  
 Longs to be with him—and these lips  
 Burn to receive his thrilling kiss.”  
 Tecla departed with a smile:  
 “ ’T was sweet, but sad—O, happy love!”  
 Musing she said, and ran the while,  
 Swift as the light-winged carrier dove;  
 “O, happy love! what boundless joy  
 Through long, long years, still fresh and bright,  
 Ere wintry age the dream destroy  
 With mildew, canker-worm, and blight,  
 Dost thou upon young hearts bestow:  
 How thrills with rapture ev’ry vein

Through which the bounding blood doth flow ;  
How sweet thou art e'en in thy pain.”

The lines were passed—she stood within  
A gorgeous tent, whose canopy  
Shut out the camp’s surrounding din,  
Where, lost in thought, young Laïza lay  
On a rich couch of crimson hue ;  
A flowing mantle, striped with red,  
Drooped o’er his shoulders, swept the floor ;  
But curtains, wrought in gold, the bed  
Concealed from those who sought his door.  
Scarce had the slave pronounced the name  
Of Tecla, when the monarch ’rose,  
Bid the maid enter—and “ Depart,”  
He said—“ the entrance strictly close  
To all.” Silent the slave went out :  
“ And Tecla, now, how fares my love ?  
Doth she my power to aid her doubt ?  
She need not ; for by Heaven above  
I swear—” “ Swear not, my lord ;  
For now your oaths, your arms, are vain.”  
“ What ? ” Laïza cried, and grasped his sword  
In the wild frenzy of his soul—  
“ Dare not again to speak that word !  
Is all, then, lost ? —the monster foul :  
Woman, ’t were worth thy life to say  
That he hath dared her honour stain :  
Speak, but in mercy, maiden, slay  
If thou must speak those words again : ”  
And dashing down at Tecla’s feet

The glitt'ring blade, he wildly glared.  
 “ Strike—to the heart, if thou repeat  
 Those words—behold my bosom bared ! ”  
 “ My lord,” th’ affrighted maiden cried,  
 “ Be calm—be calm ; for all is well ;  
 Some minister of good hath placed  
 In Hoti’s breast—t is strange to tell—  
 Repentance, honour, grief, and shame ;  
 And I am come, a suppliant, here  
 Thy friendship for the King to claim.”  
 “ My friendship ! never, while a tear  
 Can spring from my grief-hardened heart ;  
 Friend to the murd’rer of her sire—  
 To him who ruthlessly hath dared  
 To waste her home with sword and fire ! ”  
 He laughed aloud, as men will laugh  
 When scorn and hatred fill the soul ;  
 His teeth in newborn fury gnashed,  
 And wildly did his eyeballs roll.  
 “ Hear me, O King ! ” the maiden cried ;  
 “ A message I from Zillah bear ; ”  
 “ O, speak, then—tell me of my bride ;  
 How doth the captive Zillah fare ? ”  
 “ O, Laiza, even now I came  
 To tell thee thy unhoped for joy ;  
 But naught could quell thine anger’s flame—  
 Thy purpose now forego : destroy  
 Not him whose heart is filled with shame,  
 In whom repentance shows its fruit :  
 O ! let him live, that he may die  
 Not like some wild and savage brute  
 Rav’ning for blood, but find on high

Pardon and peace—'t is Zillah speaks :  
 These words from her you love I bear :  
 Tell him, she said, when morning streaks  
 With crimson hues the orient fair,  
 His Zillah, on the wings of love,  
 Will fly to him her heart adores,  
 And dwell with him amid those hills  
 Whence the great Nile descending flows ;  
 For Hoti hath this day declared  
 That I, when morning dawns, am free  
 If but his kingdom shall be spared,  
 And peace shall reign 'twixt him and thee :  
 And tell him, too, the maiden said,  
 Laiza, let there be truce this night :  
 For me let no more blood be shed ;  
 Obey in this, for I have sworn  
 Thou shar'st not else my marriage bed.”  
 Laiza replied—“ Her word is law ; ”  
 And backward, with a rapid hand,  
 He did the outer curtains draw :  
 “ Ho ! hither send,” he cried, “ in haste,  
 The chief of the Amhàra troop ; ”  
 Then pausing, with an air of thought,  
 His head did on his bosom droop ;  
 But soon, in clatt’ring armour, came  
 A chieftain tall, of noble mien,  
 Who in the battle of that morn  
 Foremost to charge the foe had been :  
 “ Ayto ! ” the monarch said, “ this night  
 The sentries in our camp may sleep ;  
 Hoti hath sued for peace, and vowed  
 ’Til morn a loyal truce to keep ;

And now depart.” Ayto bowed.  
 Then to the maid the King returned :  
 “ Go bear,” he said, “ this message back—  
 That Zillah’s words alone have earned  
 For yonder murd’rer, foul and black,  
 The truce that I would fain have spurned.

Scarce had the moon an hour to show  
 Her disk, until her light should fade  
 Below th’ horizon, when a bark  
 Was silently at anchor laid  
 Below the town, and from her side  
 A boat, by six good oars propelled,  
 Did swiftly o’er the waters glide ;  
 Noiseless her course, and shoreward held :  
 Above the bark, a moment more,  
 The fair white canvas drooping hung :  
 Soon, a shrill call, that reached the shore,  
 Was o’er the rippling waters flung ;  
 Then by the moonlight pale were seen  
 Dark forms outlying on the spars ;  
 And when, upon the waters green,  
 Naught glimmered save the twinkling stars,  
 The long dark hull lay lone and still ;  
 The thin light yards looked bare and white ;  
 The sails were furled : the vessel seemed  
 Ill-omened as the louring night.  
 Meanwhile, the boat had touched the shore,  
 And six armed men their way had made  
 The dark Somauli King before :  
 In earnest converse long they stayed :

Then when at length the moon went down,  
 Beneath the midnight's fav'ring shade,  
 Silent again they left the town :  
 By the faint light of one pale lamp, •  
 That gleamed from the now hidden ship,  
 They steered their way : then might you hear  
 The quick oars fall with measured dip :  
 They reached not to her side before  
 The watch, aroused, the challenge gave—  
 Who 's there ?—A friend. Where from ?—The shore.  
 All 's well ! the careful watch replied,  
 And scarce had spoken, when he saw  
 The boats' crew mounting o'er the side ;  
 Then, in a loud stentorian voice  
 Bernardez shouted to his crew—  
 “ All hands on deck : Alvarez, Joyce,  
 See that your swords are sharp and true—  
 The carronades well shotted : all  
 Prepare the manacles, and be  
 In readiness : our cargo shipped,  
 To-morrow night we put to sea.”  
 Then all upon the slaver's deck  
 Was bustle, and, an hour or more,  
 Strange lights, that hurried to and fro,  
 Were seen from the Somauli shore.

'T was midnight—and in Laïza's camp  
 A gay carousal reigned supreme ;  
 Alone the monarch held aloof,  
 Wrapt in one all-absorbing dream ;  
 But his brave chiefs the wine-cup passed—

Old hydromel they freely quaffed ;  
And, wearied with a long day's fast,  
They danced and sang, caroused and laughed :  
The soldiers, too, with many a song  
And warlike tale, the hours beguiled ;  
How they revenged some burning wrong ;  
How fortune on their arms had smiled.  
One veteran, with visage scarred,  
The centre of a circling group  
Of warriors, grim, moustached, and fierce,  
The horsemen of the Amhàra troop,  
Thus to his wond'ring audience told  
The following tale, that truly made  
Even their savage blood run cold,  
Which their pale earnest looks displayed :  
“ I am a Nubian, and, when young,  
Did in the Tiger's legion serve—  
A tyrant fierce, whose will was law ;  
A man of cunning, force, and nerve :  
Scarce had I reached my twentieth year—  
Never shall I forget the day—  
When the fierce King the news did hear,  
That, leading on a proud array,  
The Pacha hither bent his way :  
He ground his teeth, he tore his hair,  
In bitter, black, and fell despair ;  
For well he knew his feeble power  
Ne'er could withstand that fatal hour :  
But soon upon his brow there beamed  
A gleam of joy that fearful seemed :  
He ordered under arms his troops—  
Whispered the chiefs, who stood in groups—

“ This day, at sunset ”—and he spoke  
Lower, and whispered—“ flame and smoke !”  
Mounting, he galloped fast away,  
Nor came he back until the day  
Was waning in the far-off West,  
'Mid azure clouds with golden crest :  
With him there came a horseman gay,  
To whom he humbly seemed to pray :  
'T was Ishmael, who scornful laughed,  
Naught dreaming of the Tiger's craft.  
As ev'ning waned, the Pacha smoked  
Luxuriously his long chibouque ;  
He watched the dancing girls, and stroked  
His beard : their rounded limbs awoke  
The tyrant's lust, that, uncontrolled,  
Ne'er vainly wished for love or gold.  
Thus, while he thought—'t was strange—there grew  
Around his tent a wall of straw ;  
But lighter still the maidens flew,  
And strove on them his eyes to draw :  
Suddenly from the ring they drew—  
The entrance closed, and Ishmael knew  
His prison was his funeral pyre ;  
For 'round him burned a wall of fire :  
For life—for life—he gained his feet,  
Breasted the flames that rushed to meet  
The tyrant as he struggled through  
The fire and smoke that 'round him flew ;  
He passed without, but there a line  
Of spears beheld relentless shine :  
He gave one fierce, despairing cry,  
Forced backward 'mid the flames to fly,

There, with a faithful few, to die.  
 In vain they strove to pierce the wall ;  
 In vain did they for mercy call ;  
 The Tiger fiercely drove them back ;  
 'Til, as the flames began to slack,  
 A smould'ring heap within exposed  
 The doom that o'er the Pacha closed.” \*  
 The shudd'ring warriors heard the tale,  
 Savage and fierce, but still and pale :  
 Again the song, the bowl, went 'round,  
 And soon they all were slumb'ring sound.

At midnight, through the moonless air,  
 At once, ten thousand torches there  
 Flashed on the sleepers' heavy eyes ;  
 And ere their doubts became surprise,  
 Ten thousand voices wildly 'rose,  
 The crash of arms, and ringing blows—  
 A noise as if the earth were rent,  
 And demons there, avenging, sent  
 To crush the proud Amhàra host,  
 That 'woke not until all was lost :  
 They started up, unarmed, amazed  
 At that fierce light that 'round them blazed ;  
 They turned to fly, but, flying, fell,  
 So thick the savage fiends of hell  
 Were clustered there with creese and spear :  
 Then 'rose the thrilling cry of fear ;

\* This story, as well as that of the shepherd in Canto I., I think it right to acknowledge I have versified from the prose version of “The Crescent and the Cross.”

The death-cry 'rose, and shouts of pain—  
 Full often dying where they slept ;  
 The Abyssinians strewed the plain,  
 Or, wounded, 'mid the dead men crept :  
 Still went the work of murder on,  
 From midnight until break of dawn.  
 When first that startling cry arose,  
 King Laïza did his eyelids close,  
 Heavy with sleep, but 'woke again  
 As if some well-known sound he heard—  
 The tramp of horsemen on the plain—  
 The earth by heavy footsteps stirred ;  
 He 'rose, and quick his armour clasped ;  
 His sword and shield like lightning grasped :  
 Just then flashed forth that sudden light ;  
 Just then there echoed through the night  
 That myriad of savage cries  
 That told him he was Hoti's prize :  
 "Zillah, behold thy work," he said—  
 "Thy lover numbered with the dead ;  
 His warriors brave by thee betrayed :  
 O, fair, yet false and treach'rous maid!"  
 Then, feeling that his lips profaned  
 A name by falsehood never stained—  
 "False ! false !" he cried—"O, impious lie !  
 Than thus to think, 't were better die ;  
 And die I will, if needs be, here,  
 With dripping sword and gory spear."  
 These thoughts upon his mind had flashed  
 Like lightning, when around him clashed  
 The clatt'ring steel, the pond'rous blow,  
 And the red torchlights' ruddy glow :

He rushed without, and cried aloud,  
In tones that awed the savage crowd—  
“ Stand to your arms, Amhàra—’rise !  
Our foes the faith of truce despise ;  
Stand to your arms, and rally here !  
Charge, Ayto, charge, with levelled spear ! ”  
But the loud din, the carnage fierce,  
His voice, sonorous, could not pierce.  
The death-shriek rang, the war-cry pealed ;  
The light his flying troops revealed ;  
Showed in the flick’ring ruddy glare  
The murd’rous foe in thousands there.  
His voice had reached that savage crowd,  
When ’rose their war-cries fierce and loud :  
With levelled spears they tow’rds him came,  
That glittered in the torchlights’ flame ;  
Their gleaming eyes with fury shone ;  
As when upon some traveller lone  
The baying wolves in troops descend,  
Their lambent gaze upon him bend,  
Thrilling the victim’s heart with fear,  
When none to rescue him is near :  
But Laïza’s heart no terror knew ;  
His courage with the danger grew :  
His face towards the foe, he stood,  
Dauntless and firm, but calm in mood ;  
And as the serried line advanced,  
High in the air his falchion glanced ;  
One moment glitt’ring there it hung,  
Then on the foemen’s bucklers rung :  
Long thus he fought unconquered there,  
His bright brand flashing in the air ;

A ghastly rampart 'round him 'rose  
 As fell the foremost of his foes ;  
 But still they came, and more and more  
 The dauntless warrior pressed before.  
 Just then a voice behind him cried  
 "Forbear!" and, standing by his side,  
 Laïza beheld his hated foe  
 With eyes that did with triumph glow :  
 The wearied chief new vigour felt,  
 And blow on blow resounding dealt ;  
 Glittered o'er Hoti's head his blade,  
 When, at a sign his rival made,  
 His arms were pinioned from behind ;  
 And quick, ere he could struggle free,  
 Strong cords his stalwart form confined,  
 'Til he could neither fight nor flee.  
 "Traitor!" the captive monarch cried—  
 "With hands by double murder dyed ;  
 Coward and traitor, false and foul,  
 Perdition seize thy perjured soul !  
 Here, 'mid thy hosts, with sword and spear,  
 Liar, my last defiance hear :  
 Free but my arms, return my sword,  
 And here, amid your minion horde,  
 One to a thousand, I will stand,  
 And on your impious forehead brand  
 Traitor, and liar, coward, slave !  
 Names borne by none who dare be brave."  
 Then 'rose a wild and savage cry  
 At that defiance bold and high ;  
 But Hoti laughed, and shouted loud,  
 In tones that awed the clam'rous crowd—

“ Silence ! remember, I have said  
 The living suffer—not the dead :  
 I have my vengeance, deep and keen ;  
 The braggart’s boasting shall not wean  
 My heart from the triumphant thought,  
 That Laïza shall be sold and bought.”

Morn dawned upon that bloody field ;  
 On broken buckler, sword, and shield ;  
 On banners sullied, rent, and torn,  
 Of all their pristine glories shorn ;  
 On ghastly heaps that fest’ring lay  
 ’Neath the hot sun that summer day :  
 Only, no living thing remained  
 When the bright Sol his zenith gained.  
 Far the Amhàra host had fled,  
 Save those who there a gory bed  
 Had found upon that dreary plain,  
 Thence never more to rise again.  
 Morn dawned on Zillah, young and fair,  
 Dreamless of guile, or woe, or care ;  
 Dawned on her lover, sad and lone,  
 Stretched on his prison bed of stone :  
 O’er Berbera the bright dawn broke,  
 And at its earliest beams awoke  
 The beat of drum and dissonant chonch,  
 And shouts of triumph, loud and long :  
 It fell upon the dark blue wave,  
 That, by the earliest breezes stirred,  
 Came lovingly the shores to lave,  
 As though it wished not to be heard :

It fell upon the gloomy bark  
 That lay at anchor, still and dark ;  
 'Til, as the coming day advanced,  
 Three boats beneath the bulwarks glanced ;  
 They lingered there a moment more,  
 Then, swiftly urged, they sought the shore ;  
 There, within each, a stalwart crew  
 Bent to their oars—the light boats flew  
 Like lightning through the unruffled sea,  
 More calm than it was wont to be.  
 The sun had 'risen when Hoti called  
 His chieftains to the council hall ;  
 Flushed with the bloodshed of the night,  
 Joyful they answered to his call ;  
 Each of his pris'ners reck'ning gave—  
 Claimed to be bravest of the brave ;  
 'Til Hoti rose—the clamour stilled  
 As his loud voice the chamber filled :  
 “ To each the meed of praise remains,  
 And each shall share our coming gains ;  
 But I alone of right can claim  
 The highest praise, the proudest fame.  
 Was it not I whose art regained  
 A triumph when no hope remained ?  
 Did I the treach'rous act advise ?  
 Have I not won the proudest prize ? ”  
 Sudden, an hundred tongues, that vied  
 In clamour, to the King replied :  
 “ ’T is true, O King ! ” and each one 'rose ;  
 “ Thus perish all our monarch's foes.”  
 “ Thanks, noble chieftains,” Hoti said—  
 “ Your arms the glorious cause have sped ;

Your valour to the winds hath strewn  
The hosts that braved us yesternoon ;  
But, living still, three hundred men  
Lie manacled in yonder den.  
Shall it be said that victors e'er  
Have yielded to ignoble fear ?  
Fouly the unresisting slain,  
Not on the battle-field's broad plain,  
But in a dark and noisome cell,  
As 't were the portal to a hell ?  
No, chieftains ! ”—and, as Hoti spoke,  
A scowl upon his features 'woke ;  
A look as dark, as full of hate,  
As Satan gave when at the gate  
Of Paradise, he cursing turned,  
And by his impious daring earned  
The throne of Hell : then with a smile  
Full of deep, dark, and savage guile,  
He thus resumed—“ No, warriors, no !  
The right of mercy to forego  
Is ours alone ; and here I swear  
The pris'ners' lives 't is mine to spare ;  
Still, jealous of your rights, I claim  
That each shall here his ransom name ;  
That ransom paid, 't is their's who pay  
To save or kill—to free or slay.”  
A murmur through the council ran  
Again, a clamour fierce began,  
When Hoti's voice was heard once more,  
Clear o'er the tumult's gath'ring roar :  
“ Saw ye not, chiefs, the slaver ship,  
Nor heard the long oars' measured dip ? ”

Ev'n now, from yonder silent bark  
 That lies at anchor, still and dark,  
 Three boats are plying to our shores  
 With eager arms and feath'ring oars :  
 Why come they hither, save they hold  
 Presents of beads, and arms, and gold ?  
 Why come they hither, save to buy ?  
 Why, therefore, need the pris'ners die ? ”  
 With one accord the chieftains bowed,  
 And hailed their King with praises loud.

’T was noon, when ’neath the sun’s hot beam  
 There ’rose to Heaven a piercing scream,  
 A cry of mingled fear and pain,  
 As some poor wretch implored, in vain,  
 Death from the sullen victors’ hands,  
 Who, gathered there in swarthy bands,  
 Their barter made ; with tearless eye  
 Prostrate beheld their victims lie ;  
 Saw from her husband’s arms the wife  
 Torn, ’reft of all save worthless life ;  
 Beheld the old and trembling sire  
 Beneath the burning brand expire,  
 While near him lay his gallant boy,  
 His pride, his hope, his father’s joy,  
 From ev’ry hope of honour torn,  
 Mute, weeping, joyless, and forlorn ;  
 Yet never to one eye arose  
 A tear to mourn the fate of those  
 Who thus were borne, in grief and chains,  
 From their own Afric’s burning plains.

'T was well the old man died, for soon,  
Just at the sultry hour of noon,  
All flaming red, the fiery steel  
The youth upon his back did feel ;  
A cry, 't was faint and half suppressed,  
'Rose from the gallant Æthiop's breast ;  
But, thinking on his agèd sire,  
He bore the hot and scorching fire,  
And turning to the slaver's crew,  
A smile athwart his features flew.  
So the dark work of guilt went on,  
'Til, of three hundred pris'ners, none  
Remained on that polluted shore,  
Save the old sire, who lived no more :  
Borne to the ship throughout the day,  
Between her narrow decks they lay,  
All huddled in a living heap,  
Awed by the motion of the deep.  
Laïza, their King, alone remained  
Alive, and in his prison chained :  
In his hot brain, and pulse of fire,  
Th' impassioned blood 'rose—higher, higher ;  
He strove to rive the solid chain,  
Failed, gnashed his teeth, and strove again :  
His brow with clammy drops was wet ;  
His eye-balls glared—his teeth were set :  
He fell upon the cold hard stone,  
Friendless, and desolate, and lone ;  
He thought on Zillah—O, how fair  
Her noble brow, her glossy hair ;  
How every thrilling word that erst  
Upon his ear like music burst,

Now on his fevered senses stole,  
 Only to harrow up his soul :  
 He thought on Philæ's lovely isle,  
 Where first he saw his Zillah's smile :  
 All, all were fled ; no more for him  
 Her eyes the joyous tear should dim ;  
 No more from off the silken lash  
 His hand the glitt'ring drop should dash ;  
 No more in her dark witching eye  
 Should he behold his image lie :  
 Thus, whirling through his fevered brain,  
 Went thought on thought in weary chain ;  
 But still—whene'er the trance was o'er—  
 He lay upon the prison floor.

Long thus he lay—his senses gone—  
 Still as the dull unfeeling stone ;  
 No voice to soothe him, none to save ;  
 No hand his fevered brow to lave :  
 At length, within his den, appeared  
 A silent band, and Laïza feared  
 His hour was come ; for at the thought,  
 For life his spirit strangely fought :  
 It was not fear, 't was only dread  
 That, when he should be cold and dead,  
 No hope remained that Zillah e'er  
 Should weep upon his hapless bier :  
 Silent they led the captive King  
 From that lone prison, dark and dull,  
 And brought him to the council hall,  
 With the Somauli chieftains full :

His eyes, at first that sought the ground,  
Now raised, surveyed the circle 'round ;  
He saw a grim ferocious band,  
With glow'ring looks, around him stand :  
Soon as his eyes had noted well  
Their numbers, they on Hoti fell,  
Who still upon his couch reclined :  
As Laïza came, his head inclined,  
But his dark features wore a smile  
Of mingled triumph, hate, and guile :  
But who can paint the deep despair  
That fell an Laïza, like a blight,  
When, seated by his rival there,  
He saw his Zillah—saw the light  
Of joy illume her angel face,  
Her form display its wonted grace ;  
Beheld no sign of pain or woe,  
No tears along her soft cheeks flow ;  
But saw her eyes on Hoti dwell,  
And marked her bosom's joyous swell :  
Did she, then, know of last night's deed,  
Approve the treason, share the spoils ?  
And he who sought a virgin's love,  
Had he but found a demon's toils ?  
His brain was fired, his heart all cold ;  
Strange figures danced before his eyes,  
As through the air the whirlwind flies :  
He gnashed his teeth, but passive stood,  
That none might reck his dang'rous mood.  
“ Laïza,” the victor cried, “ behold !  
Vain were thine arms—thy troops, thy gold,  
Melted before a woman's smile :

You fell, the dupe of Hoti's guile :  
 Now, monarch, listen to your doom—  
 You shall not die ; Hell hath no room  
 For such poor fools as you to fill ;  
 It craves for men of mind and will.”  
 His earliest words on Zillah’s ear  
 Fell, stunning, mercilessly clear ;  
 But when he spoke of Laïza’s fall,  
 She started up, and ere the hall  
 With his concluding words had rung,  
 Wildly der tresses back she flung :  
 She stood erect with flaming eye,  
 And gesture full of majesty :  
 On the false King she bent her gaze,  
 A look in whose revengeful blaze  
 Stern will and woman’s courage strove  
 With deadly fear, and virgin love :  
 “ Monster ! ” she cried, “ and hast thou dared  
 To break thy faith to me declared ?  
 O, impious treason ! —had I dreamed  
 You were not what you lately seemed ;  
 O ! had I thought a human breast  
 Such thoughts of murder could infest.  
 Just Heaven ! ’t is I, who loved him so—  
 ’T is I alone have struck this blow.  
 O, Laïza ! ”—and as thus she spoke  
 Her choking sobs her utt’rance broke—  
 “ I am the cause of all this woe :  
 Behold this dagger—strike the blow ! ”  
 Then kneeling down at Laïza’s feet,  
 Whose heart with new emotions beat,  
 Aloft she held the jewelled blade,

And, but to die, imploring prayed :  
 But Laïza wept, for o'er his soul  
 Far other visions then did roll :  
 The prophet thought that yesternight  
 Had warned him of impending fight—  
 The ambuscade, the night attack,  
 All on his mind came rushing back :  
 He raised the maiden to his arms,  
 With rapture gazed upon her charms :  
 “ Nay, dearest Zillah, while I live  
 No hand shall e'er that death-blow give :  
 I know thy faith, thy truth, thy love,  
 Worthy of happier realms above :  
 I see the dark and damning scheme  
 That thou, poor girl, couldst never dream :  
 My troops are fled, my bravest killed,  
 My country's hills with anguish filled ;  
 But still, while to this faithful breast  
 My Zillah's guileless bosom 's pressed,  
 Long as my heart with love can glow,  
 I yield not hope—I fear no foe.”

His words when drawing to a close  
 In ample tone and volume 'rose ;  
 And the bold speech, “ I fear no foe,”  
 Was uttered solemnly and slow :  
 Then Hoti, with a bound, arose,  
 And bade his chieftains 'round him close ;  
 But saw with rage, amid the band,  
 Laïza unmoved and passive stand.  
 “ Surround him, warriors,” Hoti cried ;  
 “ Let both his feet and hands be tied ;

But kill him not—his weight in gold  
 Shall be your guerdon when he 's sold.”  
 When Laïza heard his frightful doom,  
 His keen eyes wandered 'round the room :  
 He sought some friendly sword or spear ;  
 But vainly sought, for none was near :  
 Then, seeing that a venturous strife  
 Might well endanger Zillah's life,  
 He pressed his lips upon her cheek,  
 His heart too full of grief to speak :  
 They tore her fainting from his grasp—  
 He felt the cords his ankles clasp.

Zillah beheld, with haggard air,  
 Her lover bound, and captive there ;  
 Then kneeling down at Hoti's feet—  
 “ O, as thou hop'st,” she cried, “ to meet,  
 Whene'er shall come thy fatal hour,  
 Humbled, beneath another's power,  
 With mercy, and the boon of life,  
 Grant Laïza's liberty, and I—  
 O, horror !—I will be thy wife,  
 Though the next moment I should die.”  
 In Hoti's eye there shot a gleam  
 Of savage joy ; again the dream  
 Of pleasure mounted to his brain ;  
 But Laïza's voice broke in again :  
 “ Never, by Heaven ! Zillah, hear—  
 Thou to my soul now doubly dear—  
 Thou canst not thus thy purpose win ;  
 And think, O ! think, upon the sin.”

“Have I not thought,” with thrilling voice  
She answered, “husband of my choice :  
But in this gulf of black despair,  
What other way to save thee ? where,  
O, where, amid thy savage foes,  
Beats there a heart that mercy knows ?”

“By Heaven above me,” Laïza cried,  
“I swear thou shalt not be his bride.”

Then rage possessed King Hoti’s soul :  
Wildly his eyeballs ’gan to roll :  
He sprang to Zillah, kneeling there,  
And fierce exclaimed—“Fool, you may spare  
Permission, which I need not now ;  
Hast thou not heard thy Zillah’s vow ?”

Thus speaking, ’round the maiden’s form  
His arms he cast ; and then a storm  
Of fury rose in Laiza’s breast ;  
His teeth were set, his lips compressed ;  
With mighty struggles heaved his chest.

Meanwhile, in Hoti’s arms, the maid  
Convulsive struggled, wept, and prayed ;  
But all in vain, his wiry arm  
Pressed her upon his bosom warm :  
Breathless, bewildered, then she cried—  
“O, Laïza, save me—save thy bride !”

Alas ! he could not, though he tried  
To break the rope his hands that tied :  
Just then there flashed on Zillah’s mind  
The dagger, and she strove to find  
The glitt’ring steel, her only shield,  
That ’neath her robe she had concealed ;  
She grasped the hilt, and backward leant,

So that her form from Hoti bent ;  
Then, with a quick, convulsive start,  
She plunged the dagger in his heart :  
With one loud curse and dying yell  
The cruel Hoti backward fell ;  
One moment lingered still the life,  
And quivered 'neath the reeking knife  
His stalwart limbs ; then, with a groan,  
His soul to other worlds had flown.  
With horror filled, and wild alarms,  
Young Zillah fell in Hoti's arms ;  
An instant, senseless, there she lay,  
Then strove to tear herself away ;  
But, first, the reeking blade withdrew,  
And then to rescue Laïza flew.  
So sudden was the dreadful deed,  
Such was the trembling maiden's speed,  
That, ere the chieftains reached their King,  
With rapid hand she cut each string  
That Laïza bound, and shrieked—" O, fly,  
Laïza, beloved one, or you die."  
Bewildered by his strange release,  
Still Laïza snatched the bloody creese,  
And, seizing Zillah, sought the door—  
Sought liberty and life once more.  
But when they saw their monarch's death,  
The chieftains shouted in a breath—  
" Death to the traitress and the slave,  
Who thus Somauli vengeance brave !  
" Death ! " and the council chamber rang  
With savage yells, and armour's clang :  
At once behind, before the pair,

Spears bristled, brandished in the air :  
 Laïza beheld, and in his soul  
 A terror felt beyond control ;  
 What human aid could Zillah save ?  
 None—not the bravest of the brave :  
 But, nerved to desp'rate effort now,  
 He closed his lips, and bent his brow ;  
 He raised aloft the dripping blade,  
 With giant blows a pathway made,  
 And well-nigh had he reached the door,  
 When there, his very path before,  
 Appeared the stranger vessel's crew,  
 Whose bullets whistling past him flew ;  
 And soon his arm received a ball,  
 That felled him senseless by the wall :  
 Happily, that arm had Zillah saved  
 From death that she with him had braved ;  
 But, worn by that soul-harrowing scene,  
 Fainted away the Island Queen.

Poor hapless pair, of bliss so sure  
 When first awoke their passion pure,  
 Now rest of hope they senseless lay,  
 Heedless of tumult and affray :  
 Meanwhile, the slaver's crew advanced  
 With bayonets that brightly glanced,  
 'Til, as they reached the council door,  
 The captain stepped his crew before :  
 He saw within the angry band,  
 Ready to murder Laïza, stand ;  
 He saw each chieftain's steel-capped spear  
 Approach him nearer and more near ;

But, won by Laïza's daring high,  
 He swore the brave King should not die.  
 "Forbear!" he cried—"ye cowards, hold!  
 Ye shall have beads, or arms, or gold."  
 But, heedless of the stranger's call,  
 They rushed on Laïza one and all;  
 Then, stepping back, he shouted "Fire!"  
 And ere the chieftains could retire,  
 The roll of musketry was heard:  
 The chiefs, as by a whirlwind stirred,  
 Soon as the smoke had rolled away,  
 Were seen, at length, to stand at bay;  
 Then, rushing in, the slaver's crew  
 To rescue Laïza quickly flew:  
 They raised him up, for he had swooned  
 From loss of blood; they staunched his wound;  
 While some with levelled muskets stood,  
 And awed the chieftains' fiery mood.  
 Zillah revived, around her gazed  
 With haggard air, half wild and crazed,  
 Until her eyes on Laïza dwelt,  
 And then beside his form she knelt:  
 Fast fell her hot and burning tears:  
 Her face was worn as if from years:  
 She called him: "Laïza! Laïza, dear,  
 Speak! He is dead—he cannot hear."  
 She screamed, she wept, she wrung her hands,  
 'Til e'en amid those heartless bands  
 There was not one the maiden near  
 Whose eye withheld a pitying tear:  
 But Laïza soon his eyelids oped,  
 Dreaming that with the foe he coped:

He muttered, in a raving tone,  
Through which his fearless courage shone—  
“Stand to your arms! Look back, look back!  
The hell-hounds gather on our track!”  
Then, as his eyes on Zillah dwelt,  
Returning consciousness he felt;  
He strove to press her to his heart,  
But such fierce pangs did through him dart,  
That his arm fell. When Zillah saw  
His chest deep respirations draw;  
When she beheld his op’ning eye,  
“Thanks, Gods!” she cried, “he did not die.”  
Together thus, though all forlorn,  
The lovers to the boat were borne:  
The silent crew resumed their oars,  
And urged her swiftly from the shores;  
For on the seaward hill that led  
To Berbera, the chiefs made head;  
And, impotent with rage and fear,  
Their savage howlings they could hear:  
They hurled their jav’lins in the air;  
They gnashed their teeth; they tore their hair;  
Then to the council chamber ran,  
And howling for the dead began.  
And so the silent night set in,  
Amid a melancholy din;  
But scarce a ripple curled the wave  
That did the slaver vessel lave;  
No wind swept o’er th’ unruffled sea;  
The moon in heav’n shone brilliantly;  
And not a cloud in th’ azure realm  
Frowned on the watchman at the helm.



## L A I Z A .

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### CANTO III.

Westward, amid the fairy isles,  
Where one perpetual summer smiles,  
Our course we bend, though, sooth to say,  
The hour is sad—gloom shrouds the day ;  
The sun amid the heavens o'ercast  
With storm-clouds, rushing eddying past :  
And on that dark and threat'ning main,  
Brave hearts are filled with fear and pain.  
High rising from the ocean's bed,  
An Island rears its rock-bound head.

One morn, far looming from the cape,  
Appeared a vessel's dusky shape ;  
The storm-lashed waves around her rose,  
Where, as with the eternal snows  
That crown some tall sky-pointing peak,  
The hoary foam broke white and bleak ;  
The tiny vessel rose and fell,  
And hung as if 'twixt heaven and hell ;  
Now mounted on some giant wave,  
Now buried in a wat'ry grave ;  
But bravely still she bore the storm,  
As if her light and fragile form  
Held converse with another world,  
Nor recked the eddying gusts that whirled  
The hissing spray from stem to stern.

The night was passed—but such a night!—  
The heavens had glowed with lurid light—  
Flash upon flash, and peal on peal ;  
The very ocean seemed to reel  
Beneath the elemental war  
That shook the quivering zones afar :  
The wild winds roared in savage glee,  
Lashing to foam the angry sea ;  
But still, throughout the livelong night,  
The gallant bark had borne the fight :  
With close-reefed jib, she stood the gale  
That tore to shreds her huge mainsail.  
With the fierce shock her mainmast strained,  
But soon its pristine strength regained,  
When in a thousand atoms torn,  
The mainsail on the winds was borne.  
Dark was the night—the moon was dim ;  
Three circles bound her misty rim ;  
But first a death-like calm prevailed ;  
Slow through the seas the bark had sailed ;  
But soon, that fearful impulse given,  
The drooping sail was filled and riven ;  
The sea to instant fury lashed,  
Upon the slaver vessel dashed :  
Long low'ring clouds of gloomy form  
Came whirled upon the eddying storm ;  
And sea and air, together blent,  
Seemed but one furious element.

Alas ! within that vessel's hold,  
Penned in its dark and dismal fold,

Surrounded by its fœtid air,  
Three hundred slaves lay prisoned there ;  
And when that fearful storm awoke,  
A dismal wailing from them broke :  
No chance of life or hope had they ;  
They knew not if 'twere night or day ;  
They only heard the sweeping blast  
That o'er the troubled ocean passed :  
Each wave that struck the trembling ship,  
Whene'er her bows would downward dip,  
It seemed as if some horrent hole  
Yawned to receive each victim's soul.  
Upon the deck the slaver's crew  
Each to his comrade closer drew :  
In dismal groups they viewed the storm,  
And marked the ocean's angry form ;  
And as the foam-capped surges 'rose,  
The dread of death their heart's-blood froze.  
With anxious brow, all worn and pale,  
Bernardez faced the furious gale :  
In truth, it was a fearful night :  
The lightning flashed intensely bright,  
The thunder broke in savage tone,  
And seemed to roll from zone to zone :  
The spray went dashing through the shrouds  
To mingle with the eddying clouds :  
No more the moon in heaven was seen,  
But darkness reigned where she had been.

Thus passed the night.—When morning broke,  
Still o'er her deck the surges broke ;

But the fierce winds, their fury spent,  
Were now with ocean's murmurs blent :  
Then as the rising dawn displayed  
The havoc yesternight had made,  
They saw upon the headland high  
The old primeval forest lie  
Prone on the earth, the giant trees  
No longer waving in the breeze :  
They saw, and terror filled each soul,  
Their vessel on a lee shore roll :  
Now and again they heaved the lead  
Down in the roaring ocean's bed ;  
But not the less they knew 't was vain,  
To struggle with the sounding main :  
The sport of every giant wave,  
They drifted tow'rds a yawning grave,  
Where, in one long and hoary sheet,  
On shore the raving breakers beat.  
Death, instant death, no soul would spare,  
Should the wild waters hurl them there ;  
But still they hoped, for men will cling,  
When death impends, to anything.  
Before them 'rose the frowning cape,  
Rearing aloft its dusky shape ;  
Thither they bore, but shorewards still,  
Tossed at the ocean's stormy will :  
If but that headland could be passed,  
The slaver ship was saved at last.  
She laboured hard, for every sea  
Bore her still further to the lee :  
At length she rose upon a wave  
That seemed to be her destined grave ;

Poised in the air, a moment more  
It lingered ere it sought the shore ;  
Then rushing on, with fury fraught,  
In its rude grasp the slaver caught :  
With desp'rate hands the seamen grasped  
At their sole hope, the straining mast :  
None uttered either cry or prayer,  
But, speechless, gazed in blank despair :  
The giant wave still onward bore—  
Part broke resounding on the shore ;  
But the brave ship it swept away  
On tow'rds the safe and sheltered bay.  
The hour that saw the slaver ride  
Safe oe'r the ocean's stormy tide,  
With darker presage loured for those  
Who, all sails set, were reefing close  
When that fierce gale, with gloom of hell,  
And thunder-sound, upon them fell.  
'Til then, the frigate on her way  
Seemed with the joyous breeze to play :  
But yesternoon, her flag had shone,  
Tricoloured, 'neath the tropic sun ;  
Her double tier of cannon frowned,  
Whose thunders rolled the deep around.  
Bernardez saw the flag of France  
'Mid the storm-laden clouds advance ;  
But trusting to his lighter draught,  
He ran in shore the slaver craft ;  
Then, like a petrel o'er the sea,  
The light Princeza turned to flee.  
'T was time—the Gallic ship set sail,  
And with a brisk and fav'ring gale,

Bore down upon the flying chase,  
Bounding, as if that earnest race  
New vigour to her heart had given ;  
But, when the wild tornado 'woke,  
The giant surges o'er her broke ;  
Her sails in thousand shreds were riven :  
With thunder-sound the mainmast fell,  
And left her lab'ring in the hell  
Of roaring waters, fierce and strong,  
That bore her to the rocks along.  
And now, from rock to rock rebounded  
The cannon's roar : again it sounded,  
As peal on peal, with mournful tone,  
'Woke like a Sea-King's dying groan.  
Sad was the gallant cruiser's fate :  
Her crew, ere while with hope elate,  
Now stood in silent, fell despair,  
Or poured to heaven a hopeless prayer :  
Strife with the elements was vain ;  
Death—on the rocks, or in the main—  
Each trembling seaman knew 't was nigh :  
'T was vain to struggle, vain to fly.  
The Captain, who in youth had fought  
At Trafalgar, and thence had brought  
Wounds on that frightful day received,  
Whose fatal loss his country grieved ;  
With dauntless and heroic air,  
The flag of France, that, drooping there,  
Seemed o'er its children's fate to mourn,  
He took, and from the halyards torn,  
With the proud banner's folds he bound him,  
And swore to die with France around him.

Still laboured in the rolling sea  
 The frigate, driving to the lee ;  
 She drifted tow'rd the frowning coast,  
 Where the white breakers roaring tossed :  
 She struck—and then a hideous yell  
 'Rose with a solemn, fearful swell ;  
 Above the stormy surges roar,  
 Above the tempest's breath, it bore,  
 Then died away, to rise no more.  
 'T was done—'t was o'er—the hoary wave  
 Rolled o'er the hapless frigate's grave.

'T was night, when in a sheltered bay  
 The slaver ship at anchor lay :  
 What weary hours had pased since she,  
 With living cargo, sought the sea :  
 The Captain of the slaver, moved—  
 'T is a strange tale—had gentle proved ;  
 He pitied Laïza's hapless fate,  
 Fall'n from his high and proud estate ;  
 Fearless himself, his heart approved  
 The daring high that Laïza moved.  
 He saw him brave a host of foes,  
 Nor tremble when the death-cry 'rose ;  
 He saw him fall—like stag at bay—  
 To struggle were he bleeding lay.  
 He saved him—but the hapless pair,  
 Zillah and Laïza, bleeding there,  
 Would perish in the common hold.  
 His heart, though callous, was not cold,  
 Or to each nobler impulse dead ;

For he, in tender youth, was bred  
 To nobler aim than that foul trade,  
 Where but the pirate's fame he made :  
 A passion fierce—love unreturned,  
 Had in his youthful bosom burned ;  
 And when his lips the secret told,  
 She whom he loved was stern and cold.  
 He rushed away—and on the world,  
 A daring outcast since, was hurled.  
 But though his heart had callous grown,  
 Virtue had not forever flown :  
 No murder stained the slaver's hand ;  
 And though he ruled a lawless band,  
 His noble and commanding mien,  
 His valour, which they oft had seen,  
 Insured obedience ; for the crew  
 The fierceness of his nature knew.  
 Laïza was in the cabin laid  
 Before the bark her anchor weighed ;  
 And when, with full and flowing sail,  
 She sped before the fav'ring gale,  
 A gentle form beside him stood,  
 Like to an angel, kind and good ;  
 And to his fevered brain it seemed  
 'T was Zillah—no, he only dreamed.  
 Alas ! what direful fate had torn  
 From his fond heart the maid forlorn :  
 His scattered senses naught recalled,  
 Save visions, that his soul appalled :  
 He saw again the hostile crowd,  
 Heard stormy voices, long and loud,  
 That still relentless death cries gave :

“ Death to the trait’ress and the slave ! ”  
 He started up with haggard air ;  
 Again ’t was Zillah’s form was there ;  
 But now, a thousand demons seemed,  
 Scoffing, to say—“ He dreamed, he dreamed ; ”  
 Then of the Island Queen he raved,  
 And wept that he alone was saved.  
 Exhausted nature soon gave way,  
 The frenzy ceased as waned the day ;  
 And stillness, as of death, came on ;  
 His hands were feeble, thin, and wan ;  
 Scarce throbbed his pulse, his eyeballs, glazed,  
 No more with frenzied fury blazed.  
 Meanwhile, with tender, ceaseless care,  
 The Island Queen sat watching there.

Thus weary days and weeks flew by,  
 Laïza at first she thought would die ;  
 And O ! what horror filled her heart,  
 To think that death their love must part,  
 Perchance, before his mind returned,  
 Where now that wild delirium burned :  
 “ O, no ! ” she cried—“ we will not part,  
 Dear Laïza ; for this aching heart  
 Lives but for thee ; when hope is fled,  
 I ’ll lay beside thee cold and dead.”

Thus whispered she beside his bed,  
 And wept until her eyes were red :  
 Her cheeks grew pale, her bright eyes dim—  
 Lone watcher by the side of him

For whom she would have yielded all—  
 Light, hope, and life—would heaven recall  
 His spirit from the dark abyss  
 That hides another world from this.

Day after day, still though he 'woke,  
 The light of reason never broke  
 Upon the dull and feeble mind  
 That lingered still all dark and blind ;  
 And Zillah, though her fervent prayer,  
 Morn, noon, and night, was murmured there,  
 At length, bereft of every hope,  
 Her broken heart no more could cope  
 With terrors which her bosom felt  
 As by her dying lord she knelt.

One morn, as earnestly she prayed,  
 Adown her cheeks the tear-drops strayed ;  
 She started like the timid hind  
 Roused by some sudden noise behind :  
 Was it a dream, or did she hear  
 Her Laïza's voice in accents clear,  
 But thrilling, call upon her name ?  
 She paused—the joyous hope o'ercame  
 Her strength by vigils late outworn—  
 Her heart by wild emotions torn :  
 She dared not trust the cruel joy  
 That, failing, would her life destroy :  
 She sobbed, and then, her heart relieved,  
 Slowly the joyous truth received.  
 “ Zillah ! O, Zillah ! did I see

'Thy form in sickness bend o'er me ?  
Or was it but thy spirit came  
To tell me thou wert still the same ?  
Or but, perchance, a fevered dream  
That o'er me, like a sunny gleam,  
Came 'mid the chaos of my thought,  
And with it heavenly visions brought ?  
'T was but a dream—I might have known  
Thy gentle spirit earth had flown—  
While I am left to live a slave ;  
Not e'en the solace of the grave  
To soothe a heart that grief hath torn,  
A form by wasting fever worn.''  
Thus Laïza spoke, in voice subdued,  
In melancholy musing mood ;  
For when he 'woke, refreshed by sleep—  
Long, deathlike, pow'rful and deep—  
(The sleep that Zillah thought was death,  
So gentle was the suff'rer's breath)—  
His wand'ring reason sought its throne,  
And once again unclouded shone :  
His voice in Zillah's anxious ear  
Fell like a streamlet babbling near :  
She could not move ; at every word  
Her throbbing heart so wildly stirred,  
And she so tremulous had grown,  
That all her woman's strength had flown :  
Then Laïza heaved a deep-drawn sigh,  
And cried—" Ah ! wherefore may not I  
This weary world at once forego,  
Nor cherish life's returning glow ?"  
At these dread words a tremour shook

The heart of Zillah—as a book  
 Over whose open leaves the breeze  
 Hovers, or like the aspen trees  
 That quiver in the summer wind—  
 A deadly fear flashed on her mind :  
 She bounded to her lover's side,  
 In mingled fear and anguish cried—  
 “ Laīza, forbear ! behold thy bride ! ”

Long 't was since first on Philœ's isle  
 The feeble King had seen that smile—  
 That smile that once the hope of heaven  
 To the young monarch's heart had given.  
 Relentless fate since then had crushed  
 The hopes that to his bosom rushed ;  
 His bride was stol'n, her murdered sire  
 Lay unavenged amid the pyre  
 Whose ashes mingled with his own,  
 And Laīza's army too had flown,  
 Or lay upon the bloody field,  
 Never again the sword to wield :  
 And O ! than simple death far worse,  
 As if o'er him some fatal curse  
 Impended, he survived—A SLAVE ;  
 Worse than the tomb—a living grave.  
 But O ! what transport filled each vein  
 As now, beside his bed, again  
 His mourned, his long-lost Zillah, stood,  
 No airy phantom—flesh and blood.  
 Days passed, until one eve they heard  
 The deck by hurried footsteps stirred ;

Bernardez' voice was loud and high ;  
 Faster the vessel seemed to fly ;  
 Then, as of late their wont had been,  
 When ought disturbed their life serene,  
 They sought the slaver's deck, and saw  
 Marked on each visage care and awe :  
 The seamen, spreading every sail,  
 Went to their work all stern but pale.

Wond'ring they stood—but soon the roar  
 Of cannon from the windward bore ;  
 A gallant ship, with canvas spread,  
 Like fleecy clouds high over head,  
 Came on careering with the gale ;  
 'T was this that made the seamen pale.  
 Just then that fearful storm awoke  
 That on the sea in fury broke ;  
 But while the tempest's uproar grew,  
 As o'er the mountain waves it blew,  
 The maid, in Laïza's arms entwined,  
 Recked not the sea or eddying wind :  
 No fear the breasts of either thrilled ;  
 Their hearts alone with love were filled.

'T was midnight when the moon in heaven  
 Looked out upon the starry seven—  
 Looked forth upon the glitt'ring bay,  
 And smiled upon the waves at play.  
 Just where her bright wake gleaming shone  
 The slaver had her anchor thrown,  
 And, bathed in silver light, her spars

Stood out amid the myriad stars.  
 The island shore, with woodland crowned,  
 Solemn and mystic, near them frowned ;  
 By that uncertain light, the eye  
 Could naught amid the woods descry ;  
 But when the slaver's men had placed  
 A mirror,\* that the bright moon faced,  
 Upon their deck, the gleam it shed  
 It seemed that sombre shore had read ;  
 For suddenly there flashed a light  
 Vivid and quick, but full and bright,  
 Amid the forest's shelt'ring shade,  
 As 't were a quick night signal made,  
 By some who in the dead of night  
 Watched for the slaver vessel's light.  
 Quick as the beacon's blaze was thrown  
 Aloft, it vanished and had flown ;  
 But 't was enough—the slaver's crew  
 Full well the appointed signal knew ;  
 And lowered now the boats and yawl,  
 Quick, at the captain's whispered call :  
 Then steps were heard—a dismal crowd  
 By sickness worn, confinement bowed,  
 All naked, issued from the hold,  
 Chilled by the night breeze, damp and cold ;  
 There warriors from Caffraria stood  
 Mingled with those of Æthiop blood ;  
 But these were rare ; th' Amhàra horse,  
 And infantry of Laïza's force—  
 A noble race of bearing high,

\* This is mentioned by Dumas as a signal made by a slaver to the planters of the Isle of France.

But feeble now, and like to die—  
 The bulk of that dark cargo made,  
 The fruit of an inhuman trade.  
 And oh ! their sad, relentless fate,  
 What tongue shall tell, what pen relate ;  
 Amid the swarth and trembling band  
 Were helpless women seen to stand :  
 One, with an infant on her breast,  
 Close in her arms the poor babe pressed :  
 She could not stand, her feeble form  
 (Her child was born amid the storm)  
 By seamen to the boat was borne,  
 Her heart with unknown terrors torn.  
 Each on his ankle bore a chain ;  
 Some sullenly, and some in pain  
 Groaned, as athwart the deck they passed,  
 'Til all the boats were filled at last :  
 The seamen then, with noiseless oars,  
 Pulled for the dark and silent shores.

Laïza, meanwhile, and Zillah, stayed,  
 Moved by the noise, yet each afraid  
 To seek the deck, and face the fate  
 That did the weeping pair await.  
 “ No, Zillah ! dear one, no ! I swear,  
 Thee from this heart they shall not tear.”  
 Then like the tender vine that clings  
 To some proud tree, and 'round it flings  
 Its tendrils in a fond embrace,  
 Zillah, with pure and modest grace,  
 Her head did on his bosom place,

And closer clung unto his side  
With woman's love and woman's pride.  
Long time they waited thus, and heard  
At intervals the feet that stirred  
The peopled deck, as now and then  
Fresh cargoes sought the boats again.  
Silence al length above them reigned,  
And then their anxious ears were strained :  
And as the lone watch went his round,  
Wild with suspense their hearts would bound.  
At length, to Laiza's list'ning ear  
The sound of muffled oars came near :  
A moment more, the captain's call  
Announced it was the slaver's yawl ;  
She touched the side, the slaver sprang  
On deck, and then his clear voice rang  
Throughout the ship at dead of night—  
“ See in the East the dawning light ;  
Up anchor—weigh—prepare for sea ;  
A cruiser has been signalled—see,  
By heaven ! that sound : it is the roar  
Of cannon, warning us once more ;  
Come Signor, come ! your slaves are here ;  
Take them while yet the coast is clear.”  
An instant more, before them stood  
Bernardez, in a hurried mood,  
With him a Creole planter came,  
And Laïza's eyes, with kindling flame,  
Darted a wild and frenzied look  
At him who for a foe he took ;  
But in the planter's kindly mien  
No cruel tyranny was seen :

His brow was gentle, full of care  
His gaze, that rested on the pair ;  
But when he caught the furious glance  
That shone from Laïza's eyes askance,  
He started back with doubting air,  
As if that fierce and sullen stare  
Sent daggers to the old man's heart,  
And signed, as though he would depart ;  
But fortune willed it otherwise :  
Bernardez saw his quick surprise,  
Saw, too, the cause, and bid him stay ;  
That sullen look would soon give way ;  
Then turning to the captive King—  
“ Laïza,” he said, “ I hither bring  
A friend, whose house will ever be  
A home for Zillah and for thee,  
Until ye, in some happier hour,  
Are sheltered by the arm of power ;  
’Til your glad people once again  
Shall hail the dawn of Laïza’s reign :  
Well do I know your noble soul  
Will stormy grief and hate control.  
Doubt you my words ? ” “ No,” Laïza cried,  
With all a debtor’s jealous pride—  
“ I doubt not, for the proofs are here :  
Thy faith is sworn, I need not fear.”  
Then, suddenly, erect he stood,  
With smiling face, and altered mood ;  
The planter’s proffered hand he took,  
And, with a searching eye, he looked  
As though he sought to read his heart,  
But all was guileless there ; no art

Or struggle to conceal his thought.  
 “ Think not, O, Laiza, thou art bought,”  
 He said, “ or doomed to be a slave ;  
 I sought thee—trust me—but to save :  
 Thy story sad, I learned to-night—  
 Thy valour in unequal fight,  
 Thy love ; and now these eyes have seen  
 How bright thy destiny had been  
 If fortune on thine arms had smiled :  
 By treason now, alas ! beguiled,  
 The threshold of a living tomb  
 Before thee yawned, with sullen gloom :  
 But I have sworn to do thee right  
 Henceforth, for ever, from this night.”  
 He ceased, and Laïza, weeping, knelt ;  
 His noble nature keenly felt  
 The joy, the hope, those words had given,  
 When, from his home and kingdom driven,  
 By Heaven deserted, man betrayed,  
 An angel offered him his aid :  
 And Zillah, too, what words can tell  
 The joy that did her bosom swell,  
 As, kneeling there with Laïza, she  
 Adored this new-found deity.

An hour had passed, perchance ’t was more,  
 When, swiftly speeding to the shore,  
 The planter, with the exiled King  
 And Zillah, from the ship took wing.  
 And now ’t was morn—the grey dawn broke  
 Over the solemn woods, and ’woke

The feathered choristers to song,  
Borne on the balmy air along ;  
Over the bright and halcyon sea  
That laughed as if, in childish glee,  
It welcomed back the joyous light,  
Dispelling all the shades of night.  
Off shore a gentle breeze was blowing ;  
The slaver's sails were spread and flowing ;  
But, like the evil-omened bird  
Whose cry at midnight lone is heard,  
That loves the dark night's cov'ring shade,  
When are its feasts and orgies made,  
So with the bright and joyous dawn—  
Albeit she bounded like a fawn—  
Seemed not in unison to be  
The dark felucca, on the sea :  
She like the airy sea-gull flew  
As the land-breeze now briskly blew,  
And bellied out her latteen sail  
With a low, soft, and murmur'ring wail ;  
Dark was Bernardez' brow—a storm  
Was gathering there, of fearful form ;  
Although in sea, in air, and sky,  
No sign of tempest met the eye :  
Wherefore was then that angry mood,  
That flashing eye, that bodes no good ?  
See how he started—hark, that sound  
That boomed from yonder headland 'round !  
And now, behold a gallant sight—  
A frigate, 'mid the red sun's light,  
Rounding the headland, came in view,  
And proved Bernardez' surmise true.

Soon a white wreath of curling smoke  
 From her dark line of port-holes broke ;  
 An instant—then the cannon's roar  
 Came rolling o'er the sea once more ;  
 Then graceful bending to the breeze,  
 She rode the monarch of the seas ;  
 And as the slaver strove to fly,  
 Bernardez with the naked eye  
 Could all her armament descry :  
 To fight were madness, so they ran,  
 Then the soul-stirring chase began.  
 With topsails and topgallants set,  
 The ship the lighter breezes met ;  
 But still the dark felucca gained ;  
 'T was plain her every nerve was strained.

“ She holds her own,” Bernardez cried,  
 With all a fearless seaman’s pride ;  
 But still his cheek, though bronzed, was pale ;  
 He muttered to himself—“ A gale !  
 If ’t were a gale, what joy ’t would be  
 To see the good Princeza flee,  
 Careering like the light sea-gull,  
 Her latteen sail close reefed and full.”  
 He felt that sinking of the heart  
 Which prophet fears sometimes impart :  
 A dark foreboding, undefined  
 Yet threat’ning, strangely filled his mind.  
 Sail upon sail the frigate spread,  
 Nor recked she whither she was led ;  
 And now in that exciting race

She gained at length upon the chase.  
Who hath not felt, upon the eve  
Of battle, that the blood may leave  
The bravest cheek ; and through the heart  
A mystic fear of death may dart ;  
The cannon's loud portentous roll  
Quicken the pulse, alarm the soul ?  
Bernardez, though to danger used,  
Stood silently apart, and mused :  
No faintness shook his iron soul,  
But awe, which mastered his control :  
A voice within him seemed to cry—  
Thine hour is come, and thou must die !  
Though stern, unwonted sadness now  
Dwelt on his open manly brow ;  
And still he watched, with eager eye,  
The frigate through the water fly :  
Three hours or more the chase held on ;  
A cable's length the frigate won ;  
But now, not half a league before,  
There loomed a dark and threat'ning shore ;  
A reef of coral lay between,  
Beneath the ocean's treach'rous green :  
But on the dark Princeza flew ;  
For well the brave Bernardez knew  
That though her light and airy hull,  
Skimming the wave like some sea-gull,  
Over the coral beds would float  
Like some light coracle or boat,  
The frigate, if she ventured there,  
The Gallic cruiser's fate would share :  
Thus 't was the slaver's only chance :

Bernardez saw it at a glance,  
And held his course ; and soon, beneath  
The waves, in many a beauteous wreath,  
Like trees with interlacing arms,  
The coral spread its fairy charms.  
Onward the light Princeza spread  
Over that fair but dang'rous bed ;  
Onward she flew ; but in her rear,  
Where still the waves were deep and clear,  
The frigate bounded on her way,  
But knew not of the reef that lay  
Hid 'neath the dark wave, sharp and fierce,  
Ready her gallant sides to pierce.  
Soon, as they neared that sullen shore,  
A seaman heaved the lead before,  
And suddenly his trumpet sounded,  
His voice throughout the ship resounded—  
“ Starboard your helm ! ”—the captain caught  
Those ominous words with danger fraught—  
“ Starboard your helm ! ”—the vessel veered,  
But ere the sunken reef was cleared,  
The frigate struck—’t was well her course  
Thus changed, had broken half her force ;  
All hands to shorten sail were called :  
Down top-sails and top-gallants hauled ;  
Her sails all furled, her yards all bare,  
Motionless lay the good ship there.  
With many a muttered curse, the crew  
Beheld the slaver bark that flew  
Unharmed upon the treach'rous wave,  
That yet might be the frigate's grave.  
On the Princeza flew ; and when

She passed the cannon's range again,  
Her anchor dropped ; the latteen sail  
No longer bellied with the gale.  
On high, the red sun fiercely shone  
Amid the azure skies—alone ;  
Slowly the breeze had died away ;  
Slowly had ceased the wavelets' play ;  
And as a molten sea of brass,  
Which mirrors every form like glass,  
The ocean seemed. Bernardez slept,  
But dreamed, and in his dreams he wept ;  
It was not joy, it was not grief,  
Though both, within those hours so brief,  
Swept o'er his seared heart left to cope  
First with despair, and then with hope ;  
'T was that his mind the past recalled,  
His soul, a future dark appalled.  
Thus passed the day—but ere the night  
Had fall'n upon the ocean bright,  
The frigate's boats were lowered all,  
Silently, at the boatswain's call,  
To windward of their vessel's hull  
That loomed above them dark and dull ;  
Soon they were armed, and at a word  
The measured sound of oars was heard :  
But still, so soft the even stroke,  
It might have been a bird that broke  
The silence—plunging in the stream—  
Like sounds that break upon a dream,  
But change it not : thus on they held ;  
The deity alone beheld,  
And the bright stars, each silent boat

On tow'rds the doomed Princeza float.  
Poor Bernardez, that peaceful calm  
Brought to his anxious soul no balm :  
He longed to feel the fresh free breeze,  
And watched on shore the cocoa trees :  
No tremours swayed the graceful palm,  
But all was still, and dead, and calm :  
Save the dim starlight, now no light  
Fell on the ocean, late so bright ;  
A darkness reigned almost profound ;  
When, ha ! his ear had caught that sound,  
He listened, heard it once again,  
Then, in a low voice, called his men :  
“ The hour is come, prepare ! prepare !  
The frigate’s boats and crew are there ! ”  
Again—and nearer, nearer still,  
Those sounds the seamen’s ears did fill ;  
But all was ready now, if night  
Would yield but to some fav’ring light :  
“ Hist, men ! behold ! ” Bernardez cried,  
For now his eagle eye espied  
The boats approaching through the gloom,  
He heard the shout—“ Give way, make room ! ”  
On, on, with lightning speed, they came,  
When suddenly a gleaming flame  
Burst from the slaver’s long low hull,  
And then a sullen sound and dull,  
’T was the first gun—Bernardez fired,  
And ere that sudden flash expired,  
He heard a loud and angry cry,  
And saw the boats together fly :  
The aim was true : the yawl had filled,

One man was wounded—three were killed.  
 Then from the tiny squadron came  
 A booming sound, a flashing flame ;  
 Then once again the men gave way,  
 And loudly rang their fierce hurrah ;  
 With flash on flash the cannon roared,  
 And forth the dark Princeza poured  
 Her deadly missiles on the foe,  
 'Til lit the heavens a lurid glow.  
 'T was all in vain : each hardy tar,  
 Bronzed 'neath the tropics, born to war,  
 At every shot more loudly cheered,  
 And onward to the slaver steered ;  
 Then from the boats a deadly fire  
 'Woke like the rattling thunder's ire ;  
 And still the British tars gave way,  
 And still was heard their loud " hurrah ! "  
 Just then uprose the silv'ry moon—  
 Surnamed the chaste—but oh, how soon  
 To gaze on carnage, death, and blood  
 Poured forth in many a crimson flood.  
 They touched—the slaver's deck they won  
 By twos, by threes, or one by one :  
 But there—his cutlass waved on high—  
 Bernardez stood, to win or die :  
 Then 'neath the moon the bright steel flashed,  
 Or on some cloven forehead crashed,  
 Or rose the soul-inspiring cheer,  
 Or thrilled the death-cry on the ear.  
 Not long the unequal fight could last ;  
 The slaver's crew were thinning fast ;  
 But still Bernardez' spirit rose,

As some dark stream when first it flows  
 From mountain gorge, a murmur'ring rill,  
 Its waters bright, and clear, and still,  
 But, leaping from some dizzy height,  
 Full soon it gathers strength and might ;  
 Then, whate'er checks its onward course,  
 Seems but to give it new-born force ;  
 So now Bernardez' spirit rose  
 As 'round him pressed his gallant foes :  
 Upright, amid a pool of blood,  
 The gallant slaver captain stood,  
 And blow on blow resounding dealt,  
 Nor fear of foe or death he felt :  
 But vain were prowess, courage, all—  
 He saw his seamen near him fall,  
 'Til all, save one, around him lay  
 A bleeding mound of lifeless clay :  
 Then, like the blood-hound, with a yell,  
 Upon his foremost foes he fell,  
 With desp'rate valour fought and died,  
 His only comrade by his side.

Morn in the tropics—glorious morn,  
 The dim stars fading, wan, forlorn ;  
 Aloft the great magnolias rear  
 Their heads to bid the sun good cheer ;  
 The cocoa palm, with graceful head,  
 Smiles that the sombre night hath fled ;  
 The broad-leaved plantains, far below,  
 Soon with a flood of radiance glow ;  
 A thousand flowers, of glorious hue—

All, save the marvel of Peru,  
Ranunculus, and those that love  
The darkness—hail their god above :  
Bright birds now greet, upon the wing,  
The sun, that light and life can bring :  
The parrot, and the parroquet,  
And gay macaw, the sunlight greet :  
The red flamingo, from the marsh,  
Starts with a cry prolonged and harsh ;  
And all that teeming land is rife  
With colour, song, and light, and life.  
Alas that such a morn should rise  
On pallid cheeks or tear-dimmed eyes ;  
On youthful bosoms full of care,  
Or young hearts loaded with despair ;  
Yet it was so : that morn beheld  
The planter's head by Laïza held :  
Stretched on his bed, the dying man  
Looked ghastly pale, and worn, and wan ;  
But, strange to tell, a heavenly smile  
Played on his ashen lips the while.  
Zillah was kneeling there, and prayed  
To God—the only God—for aid.  
Long since, beneath the old man's care,  
She thus had learned to frame her prayer ;  
And, sooth to say, since Laiza too  
Worshipped one God alone, she grew  
To think that it were grief and shame  
If Heaven to them were not the same.  
So, though her mem'ry oft recalled  
Her father's Gods, the thought appalled  
Her heart that she should ever be

Doubtful of Laïza's deity.

Throughout that weary night, the pair  
 Had watched in tearful silence there ;  
 And now, when that bright morning came,  
 The mournful group was still the same ;  
 At length a feeble murmur broke  
 The silence, as the sick man spoke—  
 “ My children—for my heart has learned  
 The name your constant love has earned—  
 My time is come ; nor would I grieve  
 But that I know I soon must leave  
 A world that you have rendered dear :  
 Nor would I ask to linger here,  
 Save that I leave you thus forlorn  
 On this your destined bridal morn.  
 Alas ! when I am gone, what hand  
 Between you and the world shall stand ?  
 My son, my son—O God ! that he,  
 E'en at this hour supreme, should be  
 The death-blow of my fond desire—  
 Nor by the death-bed of his sire—  
 O ! for one hour—O, God ! O, heaven,  
 That one short hour to me were given !  
 But death—I feel his icy hand,  
 I see his form beside me stand ;  
 He comes—he comes—farewell—’t is o'er ;”  
 Then backward sank to rise no more.

Months had flown by since first the pair  
 Who now sat mute and weeping there,  
 Had met that kindest, truest friend,  
 Whose spirit now did heavenward wend :

No cruel tyrant they had found ;  
 No manacles their limbs had bound ;  
 But home, a peaceful, happy home,  
 And freedom at their will to roam.  
 'Neath the old planter's roof they dwelt,  
 And oft with rapture list'ning knelt ;  
 Zillah would thrill at Laïza's praise,  
 And Laïza feast on Zillah's gaze ;  
 No labour was to them assigned ;  
 Free as the light and laughing wind,  
 Zillah would tend her garden flowers,  
 And Laïza watch her thus for hours.  
 Days flew along, but seemed not days :  
 So happiness the soul can raise  
 Into a fairy world of bliss :  
 The beaming eye, the thrilling kiss,  
 The whispered words that speak of love,  
 Bright flowers below, blue skies above.  
 Thus in that land, with beauty rife,  
 Flew on their dreamlike, happy life ;  
 The old man smiled to think that he  
 Promoter of such joys should be :  
 And when the lovers near him knelt,  
 His eyes with rapture on them dwelt,  
 Then turned to Heaven—a silent prayer  
 He murmured for the guileless pair ;  
 He heard them fondly plight their troth ;  
 Invoked a blessing upon both ;  
 Then taking them by either hand,  
 While smiles lit up his features bland,  
 He led them through a forest way  
 Down to the bright and sparkling bay,

And there, beneath some cocoa trees,  
 Whose long leaves fluttered in the breeze,  
 Where jessamine and wild flow'rs grew,  
 Of perfume rare, and various hue,  
 Beneath the broad-leaved plaintain's shade,  
 Where the light sea-breeze fondly played,  
 A cottage 'neath the foliage peered,  
 As if the eye of man it feared :  
 Eastward it looked upon the wave  
 That rolled from Afric's shores to lave  
 The islands of the Western sea—  
 Bahamas, and the Caribee : \*

“ Children, this happy home is yours ;  
 And when the wedding tie secures  
 Thy right, O Laïza, to possess  
 The treasure that your home will bless,  
 Here dwell, and learn her love alone  
 Is worth the proudest Empire's throne ;  
 Forget that you the sceptre wielded ;  
 Think only that from danger shielded  
 By your strong arm and loyal heart—  
 Thence never more again to part—  
 Your Zillah lives, and to your arms  
 Yields boundless love and priceless charms.

'T was but a week since then ; but now  
 That gentle heart lay cold and low ;  
 Those lips exhaled no longer breath ;  
 Those eyes so bright were closed in death :  
 Their friend, protector, father, lay

\* The Bahamas and Caribbean Islands in the West Indian Archipelago.

Cold as the lifeless form of clay :  
 Fast fell each hot and burning tear  
 Upon the kind old planter's bier :  
 The dazzling sun, to mock them seemed,  
 As on the pallid corpse it beamed.  
 Their wedding morn—O, God ! again  
 'T was one of anguish, tears, and pain—  
 Again, perchance, 't was doomed to be  
 The herald of their misery :  
 They called to mind the old man's cry—  
 “ One hour, but one, before I die :  
 My son ! my son—O, God ! that he  
 E'en at this hour supreme, should be  
 The death-blow of my heart's desire,  
 Nor by the death-bed of his sire : ”  
 Those words a fearful import bore,  
 Now that the old man lived no more :  
 For well the sorrow-stricken pair  
 Knew that nor tears nor earnest prayer  
 Would shield them from the old man's heir :  
 Unlike his sire, whose tender heart  
 Had aye inclined to mercy's part,  
 Alonzo, with a keen delight,  
 Would view unmoved the harrowing sight,  
 The fearful scourge, and joy to hear  
 The suff'rer's cry of pain and fear ;  
 Oft when his sire had left the field,  
 In wanton sport, the thong would wield,  
 And on some writhing wretch's back  
 Laughed to behold its bloody track :  
 All this, and more, on Laiza's mind  
 Came rushing like the tempest wind :

He knew the cruel tyrant's soul,  
Not long its impulse could control :  
He felt that Zillah's beauteous face,  
So fraught with loveliness and grace,  
Would in Alonzo's breast inspire  
A dang'rous love, a dread desire.  
Harrowed by this o'erpow'ring thought,  
The maiden to his breast he caught,  
And thus addressed her—“ Zillah, hear !  
My heart is filled with woe and fear :  
I fear the old man's son will dare,  
While yet his sire lies breathless there,  
To dream of thee ; then, Zillah, fly  
Ere yet the sun in heaven is high ;  
Fly to the cot beside the sea,  
Where none shall dwell save thee and me ;  
And if the tyrant planter dare  
To seek thee within Laïza's lair  
(For, like the lion king at bay,  
Perchance I may not face the day),  
Were he a thousand times the son  
Of him whose earthly course is run,  
He shall not issue thence unscathed,  
E'en if these hands in blood are bathed.”  
One kiss upon the old man's cheek—  
So cold and pale, so still and meek—  
Then Zillah and her lover flew  
With steps that brushed the morning dew.

Again the morn dawned bright and fair,  
As if nor death nor woe were there ;

As if upon no human guile  
 The glorious summer sun could smile :  
 And yet Alonzo's brain was rife  
 With thoughts that menaced Laïza's life :  
 Long had he seen, with smothered ire,  
 The pref'rence of his agèd sire :  
 His haughty spirit would not bend  
 To brook a slave his father's friend ;  
 He treasured in his heart the hour  
 When his would be both will and power :  
 And when his father's lips disclosed  
 That Laïza's freedom he proposed,  
 The young man cursed, in fearful ire,  
 The dotage of his trembling sire :  
 And now, his treach'rous mind revolved  
 (At length from every check absolved )  
 What torments dire the way should pave  
 To Heaven for the devoted slave.

At mid-day in the field he stood,  
 With frowning brow, in angry mood :  
 Laïza before him stood, and said—  
 “ I had thy sire's consent to wed ;  
 Nay, more, by every solemn right,  
 To make me freeman in the sight  
 Of God, and of my fellow-men :  
 I ask from thee that pledge again.”  
 “ Slave ! ” with a wrathful impulse, cried  
 Alonzo, who the monarch eyed—  
 Thou dar'st to ask a boon of me,  
 Proud minion, without bended knee ?  
 oo

Methinks 't is well my father died,  
 Or, by the light of Heaven, thy pride  
 Had so outgrown thy present state,  
 Thou wouldest have dreamed thyself my mate :  
 Thou ask'st a boon—I grant thee none,  
 But bid thee to thy task begone.”

Laïza replied not, but his eye  
 Upon his foe looked with'ringly :  
 “Thou wilt not grant the boon ?” he said—  
 “T was granted by thy sire who 's dead :  
 Thou wert his son, and, 'til this hour,  
 Couldst claim me subject to thy power :  
 But now the tie is broken ; I,  
 A freeman born, will freeman die.  
 I owe no fealty—own no lord,  
 Save one, in Heaven, by me adored.  
 Mercy you spurn, and cling to power :  
 Beware, then, of the midnight hour ;  
 Beware thy thousand deadly foes,  
 Whose boundless hate no measure knows ;  
 Beware thy slave ; I warn you—fly,  
 Or without mercy you shall die.”

He spoke, and vanished in the wood.  
 Alonzo, mute and speechless, stood ;  
 Fear in his coward heart had quelled  
 The passion that his bosom swelled :  
 And then that dark, revengeful threat—  
 The flashing eyes upon him set—  
 Curbed the remorseless tyrant's wrath :  
 He turned to take his homeward path.  
 His slaves, as by one impulse moved,  
 Laïza's defiance had approved ;

And when they heard his signal cry,  
 Had turned them to the woods to fly.  
 Alonzo heard this tale, and knew  
 From whence the storm of danger blew.

'T was eve ere to the neighb'ring town  
 The tyrant, with his men, had flown :  
 The startling news, from mouth to mouth,  
 Flew like the whirlwind of the South :  
 The planters armed in fear and haste,  
 For each was threatened, each might taste  
 The hate of that barbarian horde,  
 To vengeance and their rights restored.  
 At length, 't was thus agreed, that they  
 Should march upon the foe that day :  
 So, armed with muskets, swords, and staves,  
 They issued to attack the slaves.  
 The shades of eve were falling fast  
 When from the town the planters passed ;  
 But spies, who watched them since the morn,  
 Long had the news to Laïza borne.

Deep silence, that portends the storm ;  
 The air at midnight close and warm ;  
 No breath in heaven to stir the trees ;  
 Upon the sluggish sea no breeze :  
 Such was the hour when in the wood  
 Laïza amid his warriors stood :  
 A thousand torches shed their glare  
 Upon the sombre faces there ;  
 Fierce gestures swayed the swarthy crowd ;

Revenge for all their wrongs they vowed ;  
 'Til once again deep silence reigned,  
 As Laïza's voice an audience gained :  
 "Chiefs, warriors—(slaves they call you here)—  
 By every right to freemen dear ;  
 By every wrong in silence borne—  
 Your homes, your altars, from you torn ;  
 Swear in this sacred cause to die  
 Worthy of men—our liberty."

"We swear—we swear!" That startling word,  
 'Mid the primæval forest heard,  
 Rolled like the gath'ring tempest's breath :  
 "Death to the heartless tyrants—death!"  
 "'T is well," the exulting monarch cried—  
 "The justice to our prayers denied  
 Shall yield before the stormy breath  
 That heralds thus the tyrants' death :  
 Of yore your monarch, now I own  
 No realm but in your hearts alone."

With shouts, that made the forests ring,  
 They hailed him once again their King.  
 Then, by the torchlights' ruddy glare,  
 Laïza a moment knelt in prayer ;  
 Then, with his swarthy warriors, took  
 His path beside a mountain brook ;  
 Their torches in the stream they cast,  
 And, noiseless, on their journey passed.  
 Silently, long ere dawn of day,  
 Beside the road, in ambush, lay,  
 A thousand strong, the rebel host,  
 Their forms amid the darkness lost :  
 Not long they lingered thus ; for soon,

Not by the light of star, or moon,  
But by the quick ear, sharp and true,  
The advent of their foes they knew.  
Nearer, and nearer still, they heard  
The clash of steel—the signal word ;  
The sound of horses' hoofs that came ;  
And soon beheld the torches' flame.  
On either side, a tow'ring wood,  
Dark as the fabled Hades, stood ;  
A silence, as of death, prevailed,  
'Til a low moaning wind that wailed  
Suddenly gathered strength and rage :  
Unprisoned from its dismal cage,  
It shook the air—the heavens were rent ;  
Huge trees upon the whirlwind went  
Careering through the murky air,  
As if a war of giants there  
Prevailed, and earth and ether lent  
Their forces in the contest blent.  
While thus in heaven confusion reigned,  
The planters, struck with fear, remained :  
Their flambeaux, when the tempest-blast  
Above them, like a fury, passed,  
Went out ; and darkness, as of hell,  
On their benighted forces fell :  
Suddenly, 'mid the howling storm,  
They heard a voice, but saw no form ;  
Each to the other drew more close,  
As now the cry of vengeance 'rose,  
As if ten thousand demons there  
Were borne on the storm-laden air.  
From right, from left, behind, before,

The dark host gathered more and more :  
 They fell upon their cruel foes,  
 And still the cry of vengeance 'rose.  
 O, who the horrors of that night  
 Could paint, or that revengeful fight—  
 The random shots, the dismal cries,  
 The reeking knives, the gleaming eyes ?  
 Palsied by fear, the planters fell ;  
 Nor knew they if from earth or hell,  
 Like the destroying angels, came  
 These demon forms with eyes of flame.  
 Soon on that blood-stained road they lay,  
 Nor lived there one when dawned the day.

The storm had ceased when morning came ;  
 The brilliant sky was still the same—  
 Blue, bright, unclouded, spotless blue ;  
 Clear as a mirror—heaven's own hue :  
 At length upon the exiled pair  
 The sun so bright, the heaven so fair,  
 Shone cloudless ; and their nuptial day,  
 As their own hearts, was clear and gay :  
 The warriors of Amhàra kneeled  
 As Laiza swore their rights to shield :  
 But when the King and Queen exchanged  
 Their nuptial vows, their posture changed ;  
 They 'rose, and from that countless throng  
 Swelled shouts of triumph, loud and long.

So, with the tale, my lay is ended.  
 While thus the victor's cheers ascended

To Heaven, they hailed their former King  
With shouts that made the welkin ring ;  
And as the Island Queen stood there  
By Laïza's side, with joyous air,  
Graceful, majestic, proud of mien,  
They owned her, as of right, their Queen.

THE END.





## ERRATA.

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- Page 25—8th line—for “the flames that lights,” read “the flames that light.”  
28—15th “ for “Count De Melum,” read “Count De Melun.”  
143—28th “ for “bear,” read “bears.”  
144—23rd “ for “Ætes,” read “Æetes.”  
155—2nd note—for “perpetrators,” read “perpetrator.”  
180—3rd line—for “And in righteousness and in holiness,” read  
“In righteousness and holiness.”  
208—1st “ for “Syrian,” read “Lybian.”  
255—18th “ for “right,” read “sight.”  
298—13th “ for “with the terrors which,” read “with terrors which.”  
310—6th “ for “spread,” read “sped.”

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